



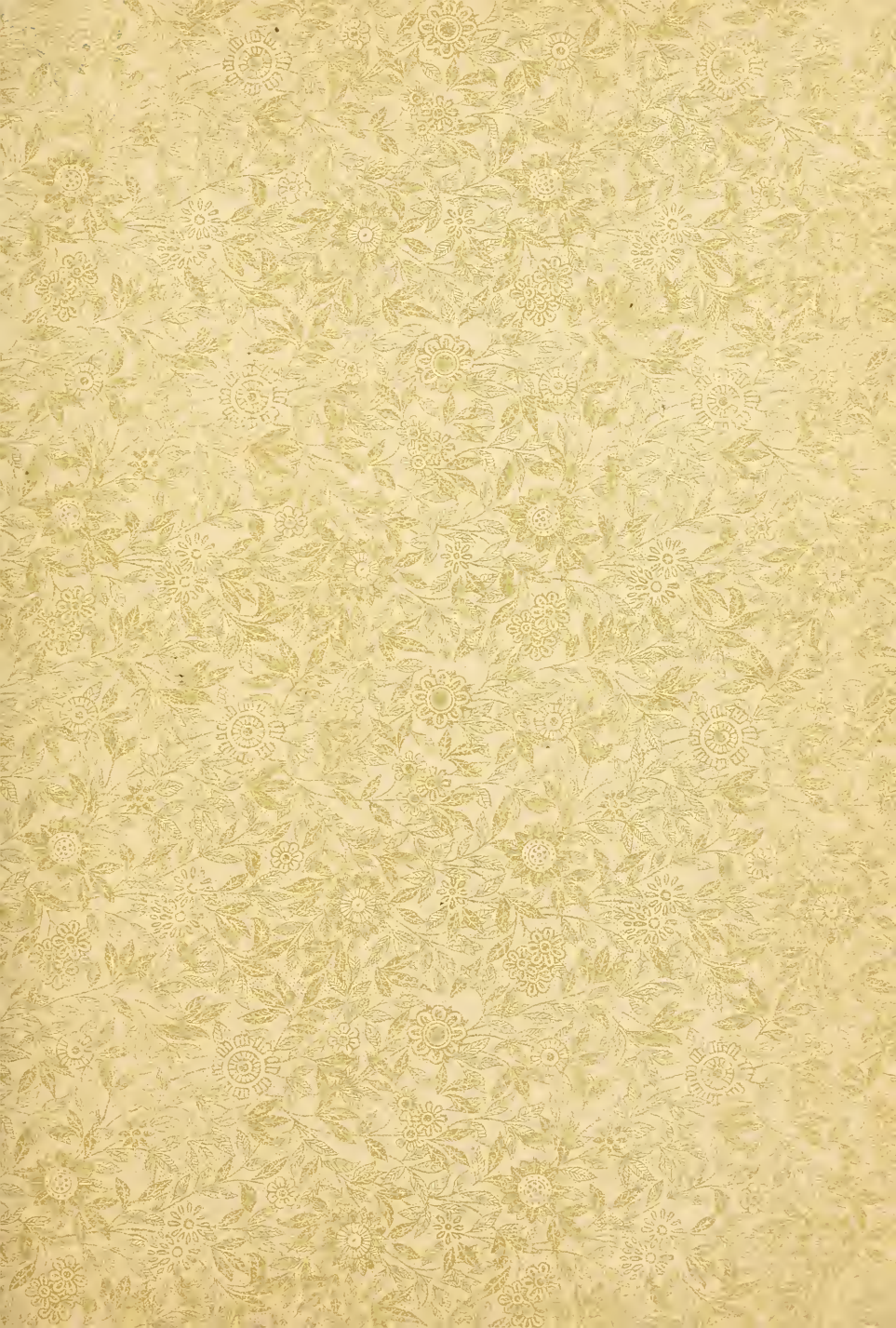
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Gours for truth  
See I. Kinck



# LIFTING THE VEIL:

OR,

INTERIOR EXPERIENCES

AND

MANIFESTATIONS.

BY

*Finck*  
SUSAN J. AND ANDREW A. FINCK.

*6*  
"Between the Here and the Hereafter,  
Heaven's repose and earthly strife,  
Hangs a mystic screen, dividing  
Souls from souls, and life from life.  
Soft as dew falls on the waters,  
Or the mist o'er hill and dale;  
Soundless as a bud's unfolding,  
Is the lifting of the veil."



BOSTON:  
COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS,  
9 BOSWORTH STREET.  
1887.

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Dedication.

[GIVEN BY INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING THROUGH THE MEDIAL  
INSTRUMENTALITY OF ONE OF THE AUTHORS.]

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TO  
THE LABORING  
MEN AND WOMEN  
OF AMERICA, WHOM WE  
ARE STRIVING TO UPLIFT AND BLESS,  
IS THIS WORK MOST LOVINGLY  
DEDICATED BY THE PRE-  
SIDING SPIRIT OF  
A FAITHFUL  
BAND.





## PREFACE.

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IN offering this narrative of incidents and experiences to the public we make no apology. Should they but encourage investigation, and serve in any degree to strengthen the fainting endeavors of some earnest seeker after light and truth, we shall feel amply rewarded.

We do not claim all the ideas herein given as original, neither do we acknowledge them as borrowed. Some, we doubt not, are the offspring of our perusal of other works — perhaps their echoes still lingering in the brain. Yet we do claim, simple as is the style in which this work is written, the constant influence, and often the complete psychological control of various spirits who once inhabited human forms. Whenever we have attempted to write, or during our circle hour have been requested by the presiding spirit to record any event, when the time for writing came we invariably felt the presence and inspiring influence of the particular spirit whose thoughts and experiences were to be given, be that one a red man of the forest or a poor negro slave. If, however, some note was to be made in regard to a spirit who still inhabits an earthly

form, some friend or relative of theirs from life's other side would be present, supplying the needed aid and influence. And we would state that we have found it impossible to write only when surrounded by conditions of perfect quiet and content, — such as are invariably found needful for all spiritual intercourse.

These different influences and inspirations, we think, will account for much in this work being given in a somewhat disconnected manner. While the influence of one immortal was upon us, we have sensed a feeling of hurry, as though others who were around were impatiently waiting for an opportunity to give some message or have some forgotten incident recorded. Often has the hand while writing been forcibly moved aside, and made to pen other and different thoughts from those being written. At times these feelings of haste and interruption have been so decided, that we have been compelled to lay the writing aside until the emotion subsided and order was restored.

The greater number of the following experiences and events have been written just as received, seemingly regardless, at times, of that order and system which should characterize a work on any subject.

These pages have not been intended for rhetorical display, but are meant to reach down into human souls, and awaken the tender emotions of the heart, — to stimulate higher and holier aspirations, which this age of rapid thought and ceaseless activity too often ignores.

While some who peruse these pages, hungering for "the bread of life," may be enabled to gain some spiritual sustenance, — for which we shall feel both pleased and proud, — others will consider it delusion or some "cunningly devised fable." Of all such, we frankly say, they are assuredly entitled to their own opinion. We would not, if we could, deny them the freedom to think and speak upon this as well as all other subjects. We have ever considered freedom of thought, and its expression, as the first plank of the spiritual platform, — the first principle to be recognized in any and all reformatory or formatory movements.

To these sceptical minds we would state, that there are millions of people in our own country alone who believe as we do ; who have had positive proof of immortality, and that our departed can and do bear us messages of love from unseen shores. So great a number of persons would hardly band themselves together for purposes of fraud ; neither can they all be charged with delusion. Some must be honest and sane ; and had we but a single well-established fact of the return of one spirit, the proof that others could do the same would be complete. The same law permitting one would another.

The door to the inner mysteries of the soul is as broad as the universe, but so low, that each individual must enter it on bended knees, with the trusting simplicity of little children.

Nature kindly provides for all our wants, and is

found adequate to meet every demand; and where but in Spiritualism can be found an answer to that oft-repeated question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" From what source can the hungerings of the human soul be as fully satisfied?

All through the sad scenes and troubled changes of our eventful lives the spiritual philosophy has been our staff and stay, — the only gleam of light that gave to life a ray of hope. It has been the comfort and light of our souls when our darlings were taken, — one by fire, the other through flood. Even when our fair land was deluged with the blood of its braves, and the heart grew sick over the memories of the slain, — even then, amid the smoke of the field of battle, would their radiant faces be seen; and above the sound of the deadly cannon's roar could their cheering voices be heard, giving the comforting assurance that "there is no death!" And to-day we find it the only panacea to offer as a balm of healing for every bleeding, mourning heart.

THE AUTHORS.



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# LIFTING THE VEIL:

OR,

## INTERIOR EXPERIENCES AND MANIFESTATIONS.



### CHAPTER I.

#### EARLY DAYS AND MEMOIRS OF ONE OF THE AUTHORS.

“ But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men : for ye neither go in *yourselves* ; neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.” — JESUS.

BORN of Christian parents, and early taught the faith and customs of an Orthodox church, I soon began to seek for spiritual nourishment within its sacred enclosure ; yet its stringent rules at that time were anything but inviting to the buoyant feelings of childhood. In those days there were but few inducements offered to children who excelled in Gospel lore. No cards of merit, no picture books or papers, to encourage the weary hearts and weak endeavors of the little ones. No church fairs, picnics, or festivals to change the monotony. Oh no ! children were expected to accept the Gospel without these inviting entertainments. My earliest recollections are of my religious training ; of the hard lessons to be learned Sabbath after Sabbath, with only the promise of an unending Sabbath in the hereafter as a reward : no wonder little

children of that time sighed to have Sunday come. Well do I remember how I would try to look pious, and creep about the house, with bated breath and quiet step on that day, lest the solemn stillness be disturbed. The long hours will never be forgotten which were spent poring over the theories of the early fathers of Christianity, and puzzling the tender brain with theological problems that the brightest lights of the church had failed to solve.

At times I would look up from the difficult task of unravelling orthodox mysteries, and see my kind father restlessly walking about the house. He had but little time for study, as the children were ever asking him the most perplexing questions. He must have had the spirit of a martyr to have endured as he did the constant questioning and close scrutiny of his children. He, of course, must be their example, and he did his best to lead them right; yet he could not conceal the weariness and impatience within: it was plainly pictured upon his face. But he would while away some of the long hours humming the old song, "How tedious and tasteless the hour," which was a great favorite with him, and strange to say was the only song I ever heard him attempt to sing. He must at such times have been inspired.

I well remember with what mortal awe and dread I used to regard ministers. They always made my father's house their home, on their monthly ministerial visits to the little country village in which we lived. My father was then a slave-holder and planter in the State of Louisiana. These small towns, that were often seen through the State, were located among the hills, some distance from the rivers, to insure health.

At the time of which I now write these towns were

inhabited almost entirely by Red River planters and their families. They had smaller farms surrounding these villages for the purpose of cultivating and raising such things as were necessary for home consumption, while the more fertile river soil was appropriated solely to the production of cotton.

These villages were adorned with fine churches and creedal colleges, wherein the rising generation was thoroughly instructed and prepared to act their part on life's stage. With all their wealth, however, and material display, they seldom had a settled minister, but were dependent upon what was then, and it may be now, styled "a circuit rider," and "presiding elder," for religious instruction. When the stated time came for our share of the labor of one of these, great preparation was made for his reception. At such times the children and servants would be taken aside and lectured in regard to their manner of conduct while the minister was present. Each child and servant would listen, looking into the honest, candid faces of our parents, with open-eyed wonder, yet taking their first lessons in the art of dissembling.

On the occasion of these visits the negroes were all called from the different fields and given a Saturday holiday, that they might prepare for the coming Sabbath instruction. The children always enjoyed these days quite as much as did the slaves, for they were about the only times that either of us were granted much liberty.

While the older members of the family were engaged entertaining the preacher, and drinking in every syllable that fell from his godly lips, I was usually infilling with inspiration from a very different source. I would go hopping gladly as an uncaged bird, to what

on southern plantations was called "The Quarter." This was built up with small cottages, in which the various negro families dwelt. A somewhat larger building usually stood in the centre of these, in which the odious "overseer" lived. At the time referred to he always took his holiday, and the blacks were left in full enjoyment of their freedom.

On all well-regulated plantations, where the slaves were properly cared for and humanely treated, and their comfort regarded, these quarters presented quite a pleasant scene. The Sunday garments of each negro were overhauled, aired, and put in order, ready to be used on the eventful to-morrow. The inside of these houses would then present the appearance of a curiosity shop. Fashions that were in, and fashions that were out, were displayed and seemed to vie with each other as to their beauty and utility. These various articles of clothing had been gathered from year to year, usually from the cast-off wardrobe of their more fortunate owners. Many such articles had been worn half a century previous by "ole massa" or "ole missus." Not unfrequently would be seen a lady of color clad in the fashion of the day, with a thirty years ago Leghorn, rearing its tall front high on the top of the head; thus attired she would strive to imitate the manners of her mistress. By some method to me unknown these blacks have the faculty of adapting their forms to any size garment. They seem to contract when the garment is too small, and expand when too large: either way, they manage to make them suit.

They had their gardens, and fowls, and other personal property, and were often more contented than their more enlightened owners. They seemed to verify the old proverb that, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly

to be wise." Be it said, however, of the greater number of them, that they were sincere in their religious devotion, while the services lasted and the minister remained; but when "meeting" was over, and the preacher was gone, the next Saturday night would find them dancing to the entrancing music of the famous "tin pan" or banjo.

The village churches were generally located about a mile distant, in some quiet, shady grove, and were surrounded by the resting-places of the sacred dust of the so-called dead.

At the entrance to these church buildings seats were usually prepared for the accommodation of the colored brethren and sisters. Although not so near the sanctuary, yet they seemed to imbibe a full share of the divine afflatus. Those were indeed happy days in the lives of the slaves. No potentate ever felt so important or half so happy as did they, when standing behind the family coach, or seated proudly in front, attending their masters to church. When later years came, bringing their burden of grief and care, I have often gone back in memory to the old days, and looked upon these poor slaves with feelings akin to envy. My father cared for his apart from their moneyed value, and now that they are free, they revere his memory, not as a master, but as a kind benefactor. When we take into consideration the responsibilities and care that attended slavery, we are forced to regard the master as the greater slave of the two; that is, where slaves were well cared for and kindly treated. All such slave-owners are now more than content that they are free, and would not, under any circumstances, assume their former places as owners.

These negroes had the greatest reverence for ministers. The younger ones used to tell us they rained

down from God, and to disobey or insult one, the offender would be struck dead or paralyzed. I was half inclined to believe this, as well as other remarkable stories they would tell of certain calamities that had befallen persons who would have the courage to assail one or their doctrine. The deference that was ever being shown to them by our elders, and the preparation always made for their reception, left the impression upon my mind that ministers were widely different from other men.

There was amongst these slaves one of those rare curiosities seldom found in negro communities,—a “disbeliever.” He was an old rheumatic man, who did nothing but manufacture baskets for plantation use. He was looked upon by all his comrades as a monstrosity, and the subject of much abuse and ridicule. By some then unaccountable influence I felt much drawn to the helpless old man. His mind was well stored with fairy tales and stories of witchcraft, to which I often listened with the most rapt attention. He had in past years been owned by a minister who misused and abused him, and finally sold him away from his wife and children; and the presence of one on the place always provoked in him feelings of great indignation. Often he would remark, “Chillun, I ruther ’long to old Saten heself, dan for one of dem preachers to own me.” The old man wept like a child when a beautiful sister was wedded to one. During the ceremony, when the officiating minister was asking the bridegroom “if he would take the woman to love and cherish?” the poor old man turned to leave, and with tears streaming from his eyes, he exclaimed in an undertone, “Yes, Lord, it will be to perish!” which prophecy in after years was fulfilled in a spiritual sense, as my dear sister never



could with patience wear the galling chains of creedalism. Her spiritual nature was starved.

This old man, ignorant as he seemed, and unnoticed as he was, nevertheless had his uses. He closely criticised and watched the other negroes who were "professors," as well as those who, as they termed it, were "yet in the wilderness." He also served to lessen my regard for pious professors and ministers, and awoke in my young mind thoughts that would have greatly shocked me, had they been expressed in words.

On these Saturday holidays I usually persuaded the cook to give me a portion of the dainties in course of preparation for the ministers. Then I would hasten to the Quarter, followed by a bevy of little negroes, each eager for a taste of the good things I had in my possession.

After the cravings of father Adam's appetite had been fully satisfied, I would take a seat on a low stool in front of the old man, and in the midst of the small negroes, and quietly await further developments.

After a few moments of silence, in which he seemed in profound study, he would say, "What de white folks doing up at de big house?"

"Talking to the preachers," I would answer.

"Ah, law, chile!" he would say; "dey better go to work for dere libin'. Dey don't know no more about 'ligion dan dis poor old nigger."

"Dey aint no niggers; de devil's a nigger," a little darkey would saucily interrupt.

"Keep your mouf; the devil made you all the same," old Adam would reply. Then he would continue: "De preachers never seen God nor hebin, nor likewise de debil, and dey knows nothin' tall about any of dem any more dan we does; and if ole massa done

quit feedin' dem on ham and eggs and chickens, dey wouldn't trouble dis place much. Dey never goes roun' poo' white trash, and dem is de main ones what needs dare sarvice. Dat's de Lord's truf, hunny. Dey not give a cuss whar old massa went, so dey gits plenty to eat, and a sofa to lay down on. It's truf, chile, fore de Lord; dem preachers every one are lookin' out for demselves. I would just like to be in old massa shoes for awhile. I would bust the las' one of dar galls fore dey should lay roun' dis place, and eat up de las' chicken; fore de Lord I would, hunny."

While such talk would sound coarse and harsh, it served to awaken serious thoughts and doubts in my mind, of the reliability of much that was doled out Sunday after Sunday from the pulpit, and which we were taught to believe was truth; and years of theological training never did obliterate them. In fact, these conversations with old father Adam, proved to be the first of those waves that in after times landed me upon the bleak shore of infidelity. They awoke in my mind a strange mixture of faith and distrust, and caused me to avoid the preachers.

When Saturday evening came round, we were all called up to be catechised by the minister, that he might judge of our spiritual progress and the condition of our souls. We were all marched up, trembling in every limb for fear we might stumble or step amiss. Never did a soldier go to battle with more dread than I went to face these messengers who professed to bring "glad tidings," and try as I would "to be good," and answer correctly the questions asked, I was sure to leave in disgrace. At one time, on being told the devil was a fallen angel, I unhesitatingly asked "why God did not kill him or burn him up, so he would not make



people bad." "That is not a proper question for a little girl to ask," the minister very solemnly replied.

I hung down my head in confusion, while a blush of shame suffused my young face. I felt I had in some indefinable way committed a gross error; the preacher's stern look said as much: but were any one to-day to receive a like reprimand, the blush would be apt to mantle the minister's cheek, as children of larger growth will no longer suffer such evasions as the mysteries of Godliness, and other subterfuges to which the clergy are constantly being driven when they fail to explain what they do not comprehend.

My childish inquisitiveness was always plunging me into difficulties and disgrace. A mischievous feeling to ask perplexing questions would invariably arise when in the presence of ministers (and I must say it is still the case). These infidel ideas were ever swelling up in my mind, and, try as I would to suppress them, they would, in defiance of all efforts to the contrary, find expression. They would not down at the bidding, but were ever cropping out in the form of some question that was considered blasphemy to ask, and to which an answer was always denied.

Upon one occasion, when catechised, and being instructed in regard to the fall of man, and his consequent expulsion from Eden, the question was asked, —

"What made Adam eat the apple which caused such dire destruction to his own happiness, as well as that of the whole human family?"

Without the least thought as to what should be said I unhesitatingly replied, "Because he thought it was good."

A reprimand for want of reverence was the result, and the correct answer stated to be, "Because Eve tempted him."

My brain was more puzzled than before, but I managed to crush down the doubts that were surging through my mind, fearing the keen scrutiny of the minister, and the usual disgrace. I wanted to ask why God had placed it thus; all the while thinking how cruel it was to place delicious fruit within the sight and reach of a man and woman, and then forbid them to eat of it. I inwardly decided that I would have eaten it too. The minister went on to tell of the beauties of Eden, of its silvery streams and fair flowers, in whose blissful atmosphere neither sickness nor death could enter, and how our first parents had forfeited all, both for themselves and us, and were turned out strangers in a strange world, "to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow" (the most redeeming feature of the fall), and meet every imaginable difficulty, and henceforth be subjects of sorrow, disease, and death. My feeling of sympathy became so wrought upon that I raised my eyes to the minister's face and sobbingly said: "I am so sorry; but I can't help it. Why did God not undo his work, and make another good man and woman, and see if they would not do better?"—another "mystery of godliness," and a question altogether wanting in reverence—one which after-years of study and investigation could not satisfactorily solve.

Quite an amusing incident occurred in these days of ministerial visits and training. The minister in charge had wedded a lady many years his senior, and at the time they were comfortably quartered at my father's house, taking a week of rest and quiet. It was a cold November day, and Father Adam was sitting in the warm sunshine in front of his cabin door plying his trade. The oaken splits were moving in and out around a half-finished basket. The motion was accompanied

by a low, plaintive tune of an old plantation song which the old man was pathetically humming. Something in the words must have touched a tender chord within his heart, for, as he raised his head to look at the minister, who in his morning walk had strayed that way, a tear glistened upon his ebony cheek. Regardless, however, of this sign of emotion, the minister in a careless tone of voice said, —

“Good morning, Adam; where is Eve?”

“You got her, massa,” the old man replied.

This got abroad, and was a source of much amusement at the preacher’s expense. It fully compensated the old negro for the want of consideration in the preacher who thus addressed him.

About three years were passed. These ministerial visits and instruction came as regularly as clockwork, with about the same monotony, excepting that one month in each year the minister’s services and visits were missing, as he would go away to attend the yearly conference. Usually we had sent us a new or strange one; but that brought but little change; it only served to keep alive the awe the first inspired.

These years, notwithstanding their sameness, were fraught with much joy. Much of the time was passed roaming over the virgin hills of a Southern forest, beneath the grand old pines, which waved their feathery leaves above, and whose sturdy branches reached out and around, with a seeming promise of protection.

With what a gladsome heart have I listened to the cheerful songs of the birds, and the merry chirp of the squirrel, as it sprang lightly from branch to branch.

With what eager, childish delight have I gathered the wild fruit, which was then to be found in great abundance throughout these woodlands — fruit of God’s own plant-

ing. Thus immersed in the very bosom of nature, I would feel that freedom of soul that is the legitimate birthright of every son and daughter of man. Nature's lessons were far easier learned than were those of theology, and left a deeper impression — one that time cannot efface. It seemed that a force was acquired that counteracted all erroneous instructions and awoke within my soul a feeling of profound reverence; and, from the depths of a worshipful heart, I have thrown up my hands in childish delight and exclaimed, "God is good!"

Kind reader, if born and raised within the confines of a city home, and denied the blissful privilege of being alone with nature, in the days of childhood and youth, then you are to be pitied, for you have been cheated out of a great luxury, and debarred from the holiest influences of life.

But with me, these silent teachings of nature must, alas! be hushed, and the Eden of childhood's innocence closed. I was sent off to college, after an affectionate leave-taking of every familiar scene, a good-by to all the birds, the grand old trees, and fair flowers of my early home; also a tearful parting with all the faithful slaves, who were much endeared to me.

I was sent to a Methodist college in the eastern part of the "Lone Star State." In addition to the usual knowledge obtained, I there received a most thorough orthodox training. In that respect I never found any cause to complain of the least neglect. Religious instructions came regularly day by day, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little," until all the natural emotions of my heart were for the time crushed, and I so infilled with orthodoxy, that it required years of effort to regain my former selfhood.

While at college the Sabbath was regarded with the

most profound reverence, and no indulgence in any youthful pastimes was ever tolerated. Any amusement was enjoyed at the expense and sacrifice of some inborn good, which should have been stimulated into action. We were never allowed to converse upon any subject which did not relate to religion, nor even enjoy a merry laugh, and we invariably did both, feeling all the while condemned, not for the act, but for the deception practised to hide it. All were required to attend church, read the Bible and other religious books, and look mournful and solemn. In this way we all learned to dissemble. In this way I, like thousands of others, was educated.

When my school days were ended and I returned to my childhood's home, I could scarcely realize I was myself, — the once happy-hearted, trusting, and innocent being, who a few years previous was exiled from its sacred precinct.

When I heard the praise of a fond father and friends bestowed upon me because of my great improvement, I turned away with the utmost loathing. Of the little useful knowledge gained I indeed felt proud, yet the vague sense felt of not being the same joyous, innocent creature as before cast a shade of sadness over all the pleasures of home; not that I had been any worse than others, but thanks to my noble parents, who bequeathed to me a fine sense of honor, I could not look upon the false life I had been leading with any degree of allowance. The little acts of deception I had been led into through the force of religious circumstances grew in proportion as they were reflected upon, and the contrast between the then and now was too great to be reconciled. A feeling of melancholy which could not be cast off settled like a dark cloud upon my life. It was soon



observed by the family that my former cheerfulness was gone, and great fears were entertained for my health. However, after becoming satisfied that my physical condition was as good as could be desired, the minister suggested that I might be under "conviction," which, upon the whole, may have been tinctured with truth. It was evident that I was not *myself*, but a breathing bundle of orthodox ideas. I was a medium, and had been taking on and in all the influences by which I had been surrounded; and if I was not a "sinner" and "fitted for the wrath of God" when sent away to be schooled by ministers, I now felt there must be something I knew was interiorly wrong. I even hated myself for the repeated dissemblings I was driven to enact of seeming to be what I was not; all was outside show and glitter, while the inner temple was a scene of unrest and commotion. How simple and easy now seems the remedy, kind reader; yet I had no human hand to point the way, and was so enwrapt in the darkness of error that I could not see the light from above, or hear the interior voice of truth. It seems from the present standpoint that orthodox training and exercises make more sinners than orthodox ministers will ever be able to convert.

The remedy for these mental agitations I must give, hoping that in doing so I may aid some other troubled soul that has drifted into a sea of uncertainty: it is, *Be thyself. Make no outward professions to any creed that in your soul you cannot fully accept.* Had some good angel but whispered these words into my dull ears, they would have saved me a world of mental torture.

The minister lost no opportunity to persuade me that I was under "conviction," and at last it ended in my being admitted on probation into the Methodist Episco-

pal Church, and I tried with all my heart and soul and strength to be what they called a Christian, and failed. I was not long in realizing that I had made bad worse; that now I was from necessity compelled to assume far more than I could feel or approve; but I kept striving to get used to it for six months, and could not: then I withdrew with feelings of extreme repulsion and disgust.

As soon as the clergy had us all safe, as they thought, within an orthodox enclosure, they laid aside much of their former reserve and ministerial dignity. They would have much merriment over the efforts of some simple-minded sister to entertain them, and laugh heartily about how the poor fowls would fly, run, and hide at their approach. They used frequently to congregate at our house and discuss the tangled doctrines of their creed. Upon one such occasion, previous to my withdrawal from their number, my father ventured to take a part in one of their arguments, and he became so angry and disgusted with their unjust and unreasonable ideas, that he denounced the minister in charge as an unmitigated fraud, and ordered his name erased from their church book; nor was he struck dead, or paralyzed for the act.

I have always regarded my dear, honest father as a type of honorable manhood; but that day he, to me, assumed the appearance of divine manhood. I thought how brave he was, and my admiration for him was never before so great. After this we all experienced such a feeling of relief, that we laughingly called it our "conversion," and I suppose we were not far wrong. We seemed to breathe a free atmosphere, and needed no longer to creep about the house on tiptoe when these pious gentlemen were about. We felt some independence, and they saw it. Light enough had dawned upon our darkened

mentality to see that these holy men were no better than others, and many times not half so good; that they often made a cloak of the ministry with which to cover some vice or deformity. The estimate now upon their worth in the light of our clearer judgment fell far short of what it formerly was. They had suddenly been precipitated from the high pedestal upon which, in our minds, they once stood, to their legitimate places among other men. We at last found out that the church made no man better. We knew very many good men and women belonged to it, but we also knew they were such before being church members.

We easily perceived by their discussions and disagreements that preachers are in serious doubt of many things they dole out as facts from the pulpit Sabbath after Sabbath. Some of these "blind leaders of the blind" had now "fallen into the ditch," and could there lie, so far as their future use to us was concerned. Preachers and followers were in my estimation much like the colored minister and his flock of whom I have heard, who was striving to indoctrinate them in regard to the origin of man.

He said, "My bruderin, God made the first man out of clay, and sot him agin de fence to dry."

"Who made de fence?" asked another brother.

"Keep silence, bruder; anoder sich a question gwine to bus' up dis church," replied the preacher.

I found the further I went into these theological thickets, the darker and more tangled they became; and both my father and self began to investigate its claims as to divine origin. This however was done with the greatest privacy. It was not popular to doubt the prevailing belief, and the utmost caution was observed. We were like birds with untried wings, fearing to leave the parent nest.



## CHAPTER II.

“Use and Habit are powers  
Far stronger than Passion, in this world of ours.  
The great laws of life readjust their infraction,  
And to every emotion appoint a reaction.”

OF all the difficult tasks to perform, that of divesting one's self of life-long habits is the hardest; habits and customs, too, established by our forefathers, and handed down to their children from generation to generation.

New ideas and theories are strange and untried. The old are at least familiar, and at that time, it required a larger amount of independence and moral courage than now to go out to — we knew not where.

That huge giant, Public Opinion, stood just before us, grim and forbidding, and was the most formidable foe to our spiritual progress.

After being cautioned by my over-prudent father not to make public our doubts, he declaring that it would be considered a disgrace to array our opposing views against those of the church; that it would bring upon us useless reproach and ostracism, as we should be unable to persuade others to think and feel as we did, we began our search for the true church; but as thousands of others have done, and still are doing, we never looked *within*.

My father began his investigation by carefully reading Josephus, to ascertain what he had recorded about

the divinity of Christ. He found the little information there given by the Jewish historian only proved him to be a most wonderful man; no more so, however, than many who have since lived.

One night after I had retired to rest my father called to me to come to him. I immediately arose and entered the room in which he was sitting reading Josephus. He had come to the description of the seance of Saul with the woman at Endor. He wanted me to hear it. He had often read of it in the Bible, but said it now seemed to convey to his mind a different impression. Said he: "The woman certainly manifested an unusual foresight. She knew that it was the king, and greatly feared. She described Samuel, who prophesied of his coming fate. She showed much sympathy for the erring Saul, more even than the Jewish deity; for when the consultation had ended, the poor frightened woman, in the night-time, 'killed a calf and kneaded dough' for the king. This," said my father, "she seemed to do with as much ease as one would draw for a neighbor a cup of tea."

I could have related some startling discoveries I had made, but feared his displeasure at the progress I was making. My dear, honest father! he had more trouble in his efforts to free his mind from religious superstitions than I. He was more prudent, and with him they were of longer standing. He, too, was less sensitive to spirit influence and impression.

A few days previous to this a man had been employed to make some repairs about a well in our yard, and I felt a strong impression to go where he was at work and talk with him. This man was a notorious character in our locality. Persons who made any pretensions to ordinary respectability scarcely ever addressed him,

particularly women. It was well known that at one time he had been a Methodist minister, and an intelligent one; but that he had committed an unpardonable sin, no one entertained the least doubt. Preachers, every one who knew him, said he had; that was sufficient. He was now an infidel, in consequence of which he and his family were shunned and ostracized by the entire community. My kind father, although doubting the whole religious system, would have thought one of his children contaminated by showing the man any courtesy or countenance. So with caution, fearing I should be discovered in conversation with him, I sought an interview. After going to where he was at work, and standing some moments in silence, I ventured to ask, —

“Mr. Woodruff, were you once a minister?”

“I am ashamed to own that I was,” he replied.

“Would it be amiss to ask you why?” I inquired.

“Not in the least.”

After a moment's pause, he continued: “I was raised by Christian parents, and in my early years never entertained a doubt in regard to the truthfulness of the orthodox creeds. I preached several years, and acceptably; was finally sent as a local minister to the city of M——, in one of the States. The preachers here all know me, and are aware of the fact. The sisters of the church there fitted me up a suite of rooms good enough for a prince, and I was petted and flattered by them to my heart's full satisfaction. None could desire to be more happily situated; my word was considered gospel truth, and I assure you I felt both happy and proud of the attention bestowed so freely upon me. But I did not long enjoy either the deference shown me, or my sumptuous surroundings. One winter

morning when the snow had robed the earth in its emblem of purity, and I was comfortably seated in my cushioned chair, in front of a warm fire, I found it difficult to withdraw my thoughts from the beauty without. However, after repeated efforts, I succeeded in applying my mind to the Sabbath morning's sermon. I had during my study occasion to refer to the Bible, and as I opened it, my eyes fell upon these words, 'If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.'

"You will find them in the Gospel as recorded by Luke, fourteenth chapter, and twenty-sixth verse.

"They seemed to stand out in letters of fire. My eyes were fixed upon them, while a feeling of unutterable horror and repugnance pervaded my entire being, I thought, could these be the words of God? Did he create these sacred loves within the human heart to be crushed out by their possessor? What is there left of any man or woman, worthy of immortality, when the best part of them has been murdered? Could I worship a God who required *such* sacrifice? The murder of love! No, no, a thousand times no! So many thoughts of a similar kind passed swiftly through my mind, it would take hours to relate them. It seemed in a very few moments I was enabled to see a lifetime of errors, and before I could fully realize what I was doing, I threw the Book that contained this monstrous doctrine into the fire, and rushed wildly from the house. I presume I had many times before read these same words, and why they had so affected me at that time I am unable to say. Ministers say it was the tempting of the devil. But what the devil does and says should not affect the goodness of God. The words were in

the Bible, given as words of God, and they seemed burned upon my brain. They are now as vividly pictured there as they were that day I went forth friendless and alone to vindicate my manhood and what I considered truth. Since that eventful time I have been the byword of the clergy. I had, in their judgment, 'sinned away the day of grace,' and forfeited all claims to respectability. Every business avenue to me has been closed. No man can combat successfully against such odds, and my days have been passed in poverty; often have both my family and self suffered want. Preachers, through ostracism and persecution, have caused it. The influence they exercised could not be withstood. I am to-day pointed at as a living example of God's displeasure, but I have my self-respect left, which is a rich reward. I would rather be cursed than blest by such a God as theirs; would prefer to endure all the ills I brought upon myself and mine than to appear to worship at such a shrine."

He then drew from his coat pocket a well-worn copy of Paine's "Age of Reason," saying, "Read this; it will help you through a wilderness of doubt."

I did read, and re-read it, by hiding away to do it. I kept it in the hollow of a large oak-tree, beneath whose cool shade I often sat to read and think. The knowledge I obtained through its perusal I was most anxious to share with my father, but could not call forth the courage at that time, and I think he never did know of the act. He was more experienced than I was, and well knew the storm of abuse that was sure to follow should such things become public. At the very name of "Tom Paine" the hands of the church would be uplifted in holy horror. Neither was my father willing to be landed upon the bleak shore of infidelity. He had

loved ones gone to *somewhere*, whose memory was too dear to be ignored; and not for a moment would he part with his belief in meeting them again.

This night, after our conversation about Saul and the exiled medium, we both were silent for some moments, during which a strange feeling of the presence of others came over me. I realized in particular, and distinct from others, a beautiful Indian maiden, of whom I had many times dreamed, and become in that way very familiar with her appearance. In a state of somnambulism I have wandered through the woods with her, over hill and dale, and returned home, much to my father's annoyance. I would always wake him up on returning, to show him something beautiful which the Indian had given me, and which I thought was safely held in my closed hand. I had in waking moments heard her voice, when alone in the woods, and she was interiorly as real to my consciousness as any one of my human associates.

While silently sitting that night, my father and I, the voice of the Indian was heard saying, "Worship the Great Spirit." Intuitively I was able to quickly grasp the entire meaning. We had been much with Indians, and were familiar with their customs and belief. That the views of these aboriginal worshippers, and their cherished tradition of an endless possession of a hunting-ground in the hereafter, was by far the nearest approximation to truth, I felt inclined to accept.

I could not at that time explain the manner in which this was conveyed, for then any allusion to spirits or spirit intercourse would have been considered the height of folly and superstition. I did not know but these influences were felt by all, and that these soundless voices were heard by all alike, and never



questioned their origin, or philosophy. Therefore, without any comment, I said to my father "that I thought the views of the Indians the most satisfying, were they divested of their crudities, and accepted by progressed minds on a higher plane of life." He laid aside Josephus, and I left him walking back and forth in the room, pondering the problem of what is to be our future condition, and where in infinitude are we to dwell.

A few evenings after this, the conversation about Indians was resumed, and I remarked that "whenever we were speaking of the subject of death, a hereafter, or a person who was dead, that I experienced a most chilling sensation, so much so that it often made me shiver, and it seemed as though persons who were not visible at such times attended us."

My father immediately arose, and in an excited manner said, "Then let us speak of other things; you must not encourage these feelings; they will ruin you. People who get their minds absorbed on such subjects are in danger of becoming insane. You are too young to grapple with such problems, and I see it has been unwise in me to stimulate your imagination. We will drop the subject altogether, and trust to wiser heads than ours to investigate and expound these mysteries. Never let the idea enter your mind that the dead are around us; I know that it is impossible for them to return. Had it been true, your dear mother would have come to me. She believed she had seen her loved departed, and by them had been warned of danger, and comforted in sorrow; and she many times assured me that she would return if I would go to certain places at stated times, and wait for her. It was all imagination. I went and waited as directed, but she never came. I would have parted with every earthly possession for the

least sign of her presence, but she never gave it, and had I not by determined effort discarded it from my mind, I should have gone mad. Let us never resume these conversations. The effect might prove ruinous to you."

My dear father was so overcome with emotion that he took his hat and went from the house. This completely put an end to any exchange of ideas between us, of a religious character. I was left alone with my thoughts, yet with intense hungering to express my feelings to some congenial listener.

With me, my beloved mother did not seem to be far away; she seemed to be present yet in our home, and in my sleep I lived with her as in days of yore, and her angel presence brought in my waking hours sweet memories of her kind counsel and tender care. This knowledge I could not then express by words, but it was a joy and comfort to my life.

Not long after this, I was taken violently ill, so much so, that all hope of recovery was gone. I was speechless, although not insensible, and knew all that was being said and done around me. During this time, I felt myself to be at a great distance from all that surrounded me; too far off to be heard, were I to make an effort to speak. The voices of those near by, though distinctly heard, seemed at a distance. My mother then was plainly visible; she stood over me with anxious face; while the beautiful Indian maiden would come at times, bringing with her a milky looking atmosphere, in which I would become enveloped. She would pass her hands over me soothingly. This was repeated two and three times a day, until the crisis was passed and I began to recover.

One day, while still too weak to leave the bed, my



father and step-mother were sitting close beside me, and I requested that a slate and pencil be given me. I was restless from long confinement, and passed much of the time drawing pictures and puzzles upon the slate. A servant was called, who brought them, and placed the pillows that I might recline in a comfortable position. When she had finished, and was turning to leave, I looked up and beheld my beautiful mother standing over me; on her face was a look of intense pity and affection. For a moment I gazed on this heavenly vision with feelings of rapture, then she stretched forth her hand and gently passed it over my face. It was icy cold, and I screamed through fright. In an instant my father clasped me in his arms, and I told him what had transpired.

Some time elapsed before he succeeded in allaying my fears. He said it was all imagination, or hallucination, caused by extreme debility, but I afterwards overheard him telling my step-mother "that he was at the time thinking about my mother, and feeling her to be so near that he could scarcely resist the impulse to reach out his hand and try to touch her." This was consoling to me, as I could not be persuaded, nor did I wish to be convinced, that I had not seen and felt my mother.

My father was now as willing and ready to account for any spiritual phenomena, upon the plea of imagination, as were the ministers to account for what they could not explain by their favorite resort, "the mystery of Godliness."

I have always regretted my needless fear on that occasion, for never since, but at rare intervals, have I ever been sensible of my mother's loving presence.

The watchful care of the Indian girl has never failed.

Through all the after years of my life I have been conscious of her attendance and aid, and upon occasions when human assistance and sympathy were beyond my reach.

### CHAPTER III.

“But what then? I push on  
 All the faster perchance that I yet feel the pain  
 Of my last fall, albeit I may stumble again.  
 God means every man to be happy; be sure,  
 He sends us no sorrows that have not some cure.”

SOME years after this I was persuaded to join another church, holding different views from the first, and twelve years of my life were spent among the Baptists. While my association with these good-meaning people lasted, the time that should have been passed in spiritual culture was devoted to wrangling over the essentials and non-essentials of the Christian church.

It is amusing to look back a few years at the Christian ardor that was manifested in the heated debates on baptism, election, and final perseverance of the saints. Truly, we were engaged in “Christian warfare,” — not “with the world, the flesh, and the devil,” but with one another.

Learned men of the past dispensation did just what learned men of this new spiritual era are in great danger of doing; namely, they lured the unthinking masses beyond the simplicity of the gospel, into the frozen regions of theory and science. The prophecy given through Paul of “the destruction of the wisdom of the wise,” and the “bringing to naught the understanding of the prudent,” and “the foolishness of the wisdom of this world,” has on the part of the Christian church been fully realized.

When the Christian dispensation was first inaugurated, it was to the learned Jew "a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness," yet it gained a mighty power which is gradually lessening the further its expounders and followers get from its original simplicity.

The kingdom of heaven, or harmony within, which can only be entered in the spirit of innocent, child-like trust, has been the "stumbling stone" that was in the Zion of the past, and unless great foresight and care be exercised, it will prove "the rock of offence" in this new spiritual dispensation.

The wisdom of the learned to account for and explain the phenomena and interior manifestations of the present time will prove a failure so long as they resort to human skill and science as the means to attain the coveted knowledge. Men can no more test the reality of spirit phenomena by the use of their chemical knowledge than they could by its laws test the strength of human affection. They need to study in a higher school the chemistry of the human soul.

As before remarked, the members of this last church into which I had drifted were forever contending for essential doctrines, and each was closely watched by all others, lest some false doctrine should be introduced in their assembly. Upon one occasion, I was told by the minister in charge of the church, who at the time was teaching a Bible class to which I belonged, that I was subject to church discipline for entertaining and expressing my views on the new or second birth. The question was asked: "What do you understand by the new birth?" Answer: "The birth of the spirit at the death of the physical body." I well knew what the answer should have been according to orthodox dictation, but the answer was given by the promptings of that interior voice.

When reprimanded, I excused the reply by saying I spoke without thought. I had spoken wiser than I knew, and to-day feel a confirmation of its truthfulness.

For some years I remained in this church, earnestly striving, with numbers of others, to reconcile its doctrine with the teachings of their scriptures, and both doctrine and scriptures too with the character and attributes of a God whose nature and name is Love.

During these years of creedal contention, study, and investigation, I felt much like a ship at sea, without compass or rudder, drifting about with every changing wave of thought. At times I seemed to stand on the highest pinnacle of hope; at others was cast in the deepest, darkest, gloom; but most of the time I was upon the stool of repentance, for I would doubt, and "he that doubteth is damned." I have suffered agony because I could not believe orthodox doctrine.

Repeated contentions and disagreements finally caused me to sever my connection with the Baptist denomination. These creedal agitations and heated debates did not meet my views of "brotherly love"; and I greatly preferred no existence to that of an eternity spent in such strife, and in a heaven, too, from which many whom I loved would be excluded. I came out from among them, heroically determined to share the fate of thousands of others who cannot believe in the dogmas of the Christian church, and tried to believe there was no hereafter.

Not long after this, my attention was attracted to the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism; and we began holding circles within our own home. To my great delight, we were blest with most remarkable results, some of which will be given in coming chapters. The happy discovery was made that the entire family were mediums.

The first sound of the "tiny rap" that ever fell upon my mortal ears thrilled and filled me with unspeakable delight. I intuitively knew that I had found what to me was "the pearl of great price"; I had found that which would bring evidence of immortality; the evidence for which I had so long searched, but in vain, until now. In all the darkness through which I had passed I was assured that wisdom was at the helm guiding life's frail boat; that angels' hands had led me safely through every wave of doubt and distrust to where the soul could rest satisfied.

I have raised a large family of children to manhood and womanhood, who have enjoyed religious freedom. They have had but one moral precept urged upon their consideration,—the one given by Confucius hundreds of years before Christ, and promulgated by every moral law given in after years,—which is, "Do unto another what you would that others should do unto you."

At one time one of the little girls expressed a wish to attend an Orthodox Sabbath-school. She had permission to do so. I knew the little ones felt the need of some social gathering on that day, which has been wisely set apart for rest and spiritual culture, even as children of larger growth do. She went a few times, and then no persuasion of teacher or children was sufficient to induce her to go again. [A few Sabbaths were spent at home after this; then she said, "Mamma, would you care if I went to the German Sunday-school?"

"My child," I replied, "you would not understand one word the minister or teachers would say."

"That is why I want to go, mamma. When they preach and teach about burning people in fire and brimstone forever it frightens me. If I go to the Ger-



man school, then, you see, I won't know it when they talk about that. And it is near Christmas, and I want to get something nice off the Christmas-tree."

While I greatly admired the little philosopher, I at the same time reproached myself with having neglected the spiritual wants of the children. I felt that through my fear of restricting their liberty I had neglected their interior needs, and had left their souls to starve.

Such incidents show the demand for places of public instruction; places that will draw out and develop the thoughts of the young, and furnish means for their social enjoyment. Is it not the imperative duty of Spiritualists everywhere to see that this is done? Many have the money, ability, and time, which cannot be appropriated to a more laudable purpose.

The close of the great rebellion left us, like thousands of others, perfectly impoverished, and with but little experience in any kind of labor. The demand for constant activity to provide for our material wants precluded the possibility of giving the desired attention to spirit communion and interior unfoldment; yet I must say, had it not been for the timely aid of unseen guardians and friends, my spirit would many times have fallen into despondency on life's rugged roadside. Many are the times that my way has been hedged about with seemingly insurmountable difficulties, and loved ones "over yonder" have been prompt to answer every call of need, and have opened avenues for our deliverance in the most unexpected ways.

Thus, kind reader, have I struggled through the most trying scenes, receiving the aid and direction of the blest immortals when heart and flesh had failed. Others, too, have been consoled and strengthened by loving messages given through my humble organism,

when conditions were favorable and opportunities offered.

My children, now men and women grown, have never given me cause to regret allowing them perfect liberty; each one of them any mother might justly feel proud of. They each fill their places on life's eventful stage with credit to themselves and honor to me.

With more time, and better conditions, my son and self have again organized another home circle, for the purpose of developing his mediumistic gifts, and giving to others our experiences in this new phase of human life. If but simple and little, these experiences will, we trust, encourage others to investigate the subject of spirit communion. We present them as the only and best return we can offer the angel world for their ever-watchful care through life's changing scenes.

"'Tis well; the way was often dull and weary,  
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load;  
No sunshine came from skies all gray and dreary,  
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future facing,  
We leave behind the dusty, footworn track."





Andrew A. Finch



## CHAPTER IV.

“And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life; there are no dead.”

WE do not propose to write an essay on the spiritual philosophy, but to give the reader an honest and candid account of some seances and experiences held within the privacy of home; also incidents in private life that may prove interesting and instructive.

We are told that there is at least one medium or sensitive in every family: often we find more.

We are ever urged by our unseen friends and loved ones to make conditions, and they will joyfully come and convince us that death was powerless to destroy them, and that they can return and tell us of their present existence, homes, and occupations.

These home circles will compel charlatans and tricksters who have long been as festering sores on Spiritualism to seek other means of gaining wealth than by ruthlessly trifling with the most sacred feelings of the human heart.

Bankrupts from every department of life have flocked to Spiritualism, with the hope of finding a field of labor in which they might build anew their different fortunes, and retrieve their past social positions. And Spiritualism with open arms received and welcomed them all.

Religious bankrupts many, together with the social,

political, financial, and, in fact, bankrupts of every class and from every ism.

Is it at all surprising with such an array of seekers for knowledge and assistance from spirit friends and loved ones, that we have had such a variety of manifestations and such different grades of inspirations and influences?

Many of the learned, the wise, and good have indeed sought light from on high solely for the purpose of elevating and emancipating a creed-bound humanity, and to gratify a heart-felt yearning for some tidings of their dear ones.

Science and religion as ever have arisen in bitter opposition, and Spiritualism has battled for every inch of ground gained, steadily moving onward independent of all obstacles, and to-day numbers among its advocates thousands of earth's brightest and best.

The "Old Ship of Zion" was not large enough, nor suitably provisioned for the hungry millions, — the millions who, in answer to their cry for bread, were receiving the stones of tradition; and when asking for fish were handed the old serpent of Theology (the devil.)

This new ship, "Progression," can accommodate all, feed all; furnish the nourishment sought by every class of intellect; take on board all nations, all creeds, their saints and sinners, their wise and foolish, and land them safely in their appropriate places, their own mansions which day by day each is building.

We regret to say that Spiritualism has not yet in the southern country attained that position in society to which it is justly entitled, nor a just recognition of its phenomena; hence we, with others, suffer and have suffered much social ostracism, mostly, however, from the

churches and their followers. But when we count the benefits that in various ways we have received, together with the comforts and blessings our departed have bestowed upon us, we are more than willing to accept the inconvenience and struggle it has cost.

The high price that travelling media are necessitated to charge for spiritual seances has debarred many of the laboring poor from the benefit of much knowledge and comfort that the more wealthy can easily obtain. We, however, hope that they will be led to do as we have done, *make conditions*; that a Jacob's ladder may be raised in every household, whereon angels may descend to illuminate their homes with their shining presence, and bring warmth, courage, and comfort, to their waiting souls.

All along the checkered paths of our lives we have felt the attendance and ministry of loved ones who have passed away; but in our gross materiality and through our ignorance have often abused it.

After such times, long intervals would elapse between messages from the dear immortals. During these seasons of silence on their part, we were made to realize that a knowledge of their presence was needed to promote our happiness. Then we would be overwhelmed with penitence, on receiving some new token of their continued love and watchful care over us.

Some time previous to Dr. Henry Slade's visit to Galveston, Texas, and while passing through one of these seasons of coldness and neglect, to our great pleasure and surprise, the well-remembered voice of a son and brother who resides above was heard saying "A noted medium is coming." At the time, we were out for an evening walk in company with a friend; as soon as we received the message we repeated it to her. She

said, "I have heard of none coming." We walked on a short distance in silence, when again the same well-known voice slowly said, "Go to Mr. Talbot's."

Being at the time near this gentleman's residence we concluded to go in and see what would be gained. On entering we spoke of the message just received, and were informed that a letter had a few hours previous been brought by the postman from Dr. Slade, announcing his coming. That no one had been told of the letter, the above-named gentleman assured us. The test was simple, yet it brought to each of us renewed faith and joy.

On Dr. Slade's arrival here, this same precious spirit acquainted us with the fact, and we were so influenced to go and have a sitting with him that we found it irresistible. We first went to hear him lecture, and came home filled with a wonderful sympathy for this noble instrument of the spirit world, and wondered that any could neglect the opportunity of learning something of the great beyond and those who resided there. Most of all, we could not see how two young men, who were with us, could resist the influences of their sainted mothers, — influences that we strongly felt to be urging them to go. They were both sensitives, and we could see they felt altogether uncomfortable. We hoped they would yield to the tender mother pleading, but, alas! they resisted it, even as we overcame the influence to tell them.

Oh, what cowards do our surroundings make of us! We so fear crossing the line of discretion, in this delicate and but little understood subject, that we often fall short of accomplishing great good to others. This we now feel was the case in this instance, as both the young men have since manifested the greatest interest in spirit communion.



On the day after attending the lecture, we called at the Washington Hotel for a seance with the world-renowned Dr. Henry Slade, with the following results:—

In a sun-lighted room we took our seats at a common leaf table, with both leaves up and table uncovered, and were at once inspired with the utmost confidence in his honesty.

Just at the moment he placed his hand upon the slate, for the purpose of ascertaining if any spirits were present, the slate was pulled with great force from his hand, and handed to one of us. Dr. Slade excitedly remarked, "Why, young man, you are taking my power." He then took another slate, upon which was written, "They have no need of coming here for communications; they both are good mediums, and only need to make proper conditions to obtain all they want." This intelligence gave us both spiritual strength and joy; it was a confirmation of our mediumistic gifts, apart from ourselves, through the organism of another.

Two new slates, that were carried there by us who were sitting, were now placed together, with a small bit of pencil between them, one end of the slates resting on the shoulder of the son, Dr. Slade holding the other ends together with the thumb and fingers of one hand, while the other joined ours upon the top of the table, in full sight. These slates had not been touched by Dr. Slade, until he took them up for the purpose of getting communications.

We would here remark we had a son and brother drowned in that long to be remembered storm of 1875, which did so much damage to life and property on the western coast of the Gulf of Mexico,—the same who had informed us of the intended coming of Dr. Slade to Galveston.

We were both thinking that if he would only give us information concerning that sad event, how thankful we should be. We wanted to know if he was at the light-house he was keeping in Matagorda Bay, or where, when drowned, and what he had suffered. These thoughts were passing through our minds while listening to the movements of that magic pencil. However, the following was written, under the above-named conditions:—

“My dear Mother and Brother: You ask the cause of my death. I do not care to refer to it; let it go; it will do you no good to know. I wish Jim\* would sit for me; I could do much for him and you all. I do come to you, and try to make you feel my presence. Give my love to all. I am your affectionate son and brother, Ned.”

Immediately following this were a few lines, imperfectly written, as though by a child, and signed “Charley.” The remark was made by one of us that we thought it a good test, as he had passed away some years ago, when quite small. In a moment the following was written:—

“My dear Mother: I am not a child. I have grown to be quite a man. Say to papa I often am with him, with Ned. *Do* hold circles at home, and we will come. I am your loving son, Charley.”

We were touched by unseen forms or forces; leaned against heavily and sensibly. A hand, quick as a flash, took from a slate a pencil that was lying upon it, and tossed it very lightly and quickly upon the table. One of us was raised at least two feet from the floor, with

\* Another brother, who is a fine medium, but refuses to have anything to do with circles.

the chair upon which we were sitting. A chair was lifted in the air. A slate was passed around the table by a force as strong as ours, which was tested by one of us catching hold of the slate. All this took place with Dr. Slade in full view.

When we say wonderful, the word does not half express the feeling that this seance inspired in our minds.

With grateful hearts we walked homeward, resolving never again to doubt this blessed truth of spirit return; resolving that we would do our utmost to make conditions, that our darlings might come and hold sweet converse with us in our own home and by our own fireside. In so doing, we have felt their sweet presence and holy ministration.

## CHAPTER V.

"The discovery and application of truth is the constant problem of human intellect; thus investigation is found to be the precedent of all progress; research, the requisite of all happiness."

EDWARD S. WHEELER.

WE formed a circle consisting of ourselves and a lady friend, making our number three. We arranged the circle by our impressions, with hands joined in the usual manner of forming such circles. At some few sittings we had raps and tipping of the table, by which we learned nothing worthy of note, only to be punctual to time and to have a certain hour and day to meet. Soon, however, we failed to receive the raps and tipping, and for some unknown cause seemed to be deserted by our unseen friends. For some days we were discouraged and impatient, but felt a strong desire to persevere.

One evening, after getting nothing and having left the circle room, one of us, becoming psychologized, gave the following message:—

"My name is 'White Eagle.' I superintend many circles, my friends, and have come to assist you in your efforts to establish a line of communication between yours and the spirit world. You will need the assistance of the red man. This is his country; he is an outgrowth from this soil and climate, and can effect more as a spirit than can his pale-face brother and successor. Fear him not; he will bring you no ill. His

is more material than are the spirits of pale-faces. He lived nearer to the requirements of nature; while on your earth, had a better developed physical body, one free from abuse and disease. He can bring health and strength to mediums. He can come *en rapport* with your material conditions, far easier than can the pale-face spirits. He gave his help to make conditions for this to be a country and clime fit for the pale-faces to inhabit. Now he comes in a more sublime capacity; he comes to aid in making fast the cable, and bridging with magnetic wires that great gulf which has so long been considered impassable. The blood of both races flowed through my veins, and because of this I can form a connecting link between the two, and bring them into harmonious relations, whereby both will be benefited and elevated. Both races were and are my brothers by ties of blood and affection. I speak in the interest of both. (

“The red man will serve faithfully at your command, and as a compensation will learn of your more enlightened modes of life. See that you give them no unholy example, for it will bring unto you curses in the place of blessings. Live holy, just, and pure lives, with clean bodies, and souls filled with lofty aspirations. Never suffer them to become your masters, but accept their services as aids. You will soon find as you live they will imitate you, and adopt your customs, be they good or evil. Mediums have the power to mould or educate these untutored minds much to their liking. I warn you to beware of your daily thoughts and actions. Purify yourselves from every evil thought and desire, that the good and true may be attracted to your side.

“The war whoop is never heard in the prairie land of the Great Spirit. The tomahawk lies buried in the red

man's grave; and now he stretches forth his hands in kindly greeting to his pale-face brethren. Bid him welcome; he will safely pilot you through the dismal swamps of life's journey, and be unto you a source of strength in your mediumistic work. My friends, I bid you adieu. I shall again visit you; until then, adieu."

The control then left, after throwing showers of magnetism on all present, which was long and sensibly felt by each one.

On the memorable evening of Oct. 10, 1884, we were sitting by an open window, admiring the wonderful system and beauty of the universe, as far as the limited physical sight could penetrate. The air was fragrant with autumn blossoms, and laden with the richness of maturity. Through the atmosphere there came, while thus sitting, a cool stream from above, which seemed to penetrate to the brain, and cause what felt to be an opening on the top of the head. With the sensation came these words: "We are here." For some moments we listened, but heard no more. After the expiration of some thirty minutes, a low, faint, buzzing sound was heard in the adjoining room. It gradually increased in volume, until the entire upper portion of the house was filled with the softest, fullest, sweetest, most enchanting strains of music. At times it would die away, and almost cease; then on again rising, we could discern hundreds of voices, which would soon become so harmoniously blended that it seemed one grand melodious strain. We went below, but could hear nothing. The house was undisturbed by sound or motion; all was profound silence. Upon again coming up stairs, it would be repeated. It was in the atmosphere outside, as well as the inside of the upper portion of the house, and to our great delight, was heard by



each member of the household as they came in and up. This lasted at least an hour; but the memory of that evening will abide with us while time endures.

At our next seance, soon after taking our usual places, an Indian spirit psychologized the medium, a most powerful one, if judged by the influence each one felt. He said, "Me am big Indian, me got much power, me come from the spirit hunting-ground, me will help young brave; will make his wigwam light and warm. Now Swift Foot go."

We would here say that many times we have gone to our circle room feeling tired, depressed, and almost ill, and after one of our Indian brothers had come, we would be relieved and strengthened, both mentally and physically. After the Indian's departure came the presiding spirit. He manifested great delight, as one would who had long been absent, and inspiring each one present with the same feelings of inexpressible joy. After an affectionate greeting, and the emotions of the meeting had subsided, he said:—

"I have come, I have come. At last I have entered my earthly home in a tangible form, and can speak words of love to its dear ones. I have long been trying to be more fully recognized, to make you more sensibly realize that it is indeed I, your loved brother, not dead, nor lost, but alive in every sense of the word and with you to-night. Oh! the joy of this meeting! the joy it gives me to once more clasp the hand of loved ones! Joy untold that I am privileged to use the precious hand of her who gave me life (patting the medium tenderly on her cheeks and head). Oh, my dear ones, long have I been trying to make myself known, and would have done so the last sitting you had, but those strange men were here (here he whispered to his brother), and I feared they

would laugh at me. You know, brother, when we do come to speak a few words to earthly friends, they expect too much from us; you know we have had no education, and I feel its effects when assuming earthly conditions and coming in earthly atmospheres; yet in time it will wear off, or I shall progress in the use of language and be able to overcome it entirely.

“You know so-called death don’t make us any wiser; we walk out of the material body and step into the spiritual just the same men and women as we were before, with the same affections and feelings, the same morally and intellectually. Death don’t make a philosopher of an idiot, as many suppose, nor a saint out of a sinner. Literary attainment with us, as with you of earth, must be sought and won by earnest endeavor. I have studied hard and learned much since coming on this side of life. You know, my brother, we were poor; had none of the refining influences that wealth might and sometimes does throw around persons, if used wisely. We still are poor, are still struggling to surmount the ills that ever follow in its train. Don’t despair, we shall yet succeed; succeed in gaining riches that will be imperishable, that will clothe us in garments of light, and deck our brows with jewels of priceless value and immortal brightness. Let us strive to attain something higher, gain something better than earthly gold or material positions. I have learned much since leaving earthly scenes, gained much knowledge that will benefit you, and I need more of earth experiences which I can gain from you. Let us work together, my brother, hand in hand, in this great field of progress and reform. This is the way I am to grow rich and rise; you want to rise; Blue Jacket even wants to rise; all our band are aspirants after something higher and better. My brother, you wanted the raps:

we gave them ; you might sit in circles and listen to raps one hundred and fifty years, and end where you first began, — with raps. They are needful for new beginners, skeptics and investigators. But you are convinced of the power of spirits to return. I took you to Dr. Slade and gave you proof positive of our continued existence and ability to manifest our presence ; and even now, you feel that it is I, your brother, and no other. Oh ! with what eager interest and impatient yearning did I follow Dr. Slade ! I knew he would help me open the door of communication, — the door whose hinges were growing rusty. Now we will give you raps, through the aid of Blue Jacket : command him, and when conditions are favorable you shall have them by way of desert ; but we must not let them hinder nor interfere with higher and more important work.

“My brother, understand me fully. I do not wish to interrupt nor control you in any of your earth-work, nor control you in any way against your reason, which should ever be your highest and best authority ; but I ask the privilege of being near you, that I may warn you of danger, strengthen your righteous resolves, and help you to resist all evil.

“I want us to work together in this way. Have a record kept of some of our seances ; do it honestly and faithfully. All the little details which often to you may seem trifling, but to others may be important, showing the efforts of the spirits to be identified, have them carefully written down — the good, the bad, and indifferent. When we have finished all that is required, we shall find a way to have it published and give it to the world. It may touch some other hearts and cause them to open a door, that other yearning souls, on life’s spiritual side may come to bless and bring comfort to dear ones.

"Thanks to you, my kind brother, for this harmonious home; you have labored for it late and early, and have succeeded in surrounding our dear ones with comfort. How I have longed to put forth a helping hand. Thanks to you, my brother, thanks.

"When we once get our band in good working order and in harmony with your circle, we shall be able to give some food for which thousands, especially of the laboring class, are now hungering, and all the while be gathering unfading laurels to bind upon our brows.

"We need a scribe, and I thought our mother could fill that place, and Jimmy would let me control him; but he is not ready yet, so we must fall back upon our mother. You know that I must talk and you must keep order on your side, until we get things well regulated. You are self-centred and most fitted for this. In the meantime you will be developing your mediumistic gifts — seeing first.

"Be careful that no disturbing influences enter on your side. Suffer no arguments nor discussions within the circle nor within your home; don't suffer indiscriminate mortals to take all the life and strength from your circle. There are human vampires many, that would leave you drained. We must take care of our mother; Oh! I want her with me, but must wait; she is needed on your side now. Charley is here and is so anxious to speak. Brother, we have Magnetic Institutes in spirit life, and we have in our band an Indian who is well acquainted with the way to them, Swift Foot, who is a noble specimen of the red man, quick to go, and can be safely trusted with all messages. We have a Dr. C. Smith, who will come when needed, and with the help we can command, can with your assistance, prepare magnetized paper for the sick and for developing

mediums, which will help you some financially. I don't want you always to stay in that shop, and don't think you will. We want you to help us prepare food for starving thousands of the laboring class, that class of which we are honored members. Have no fear of the result. Those who are hungering for spiritual food will gladly partake; those who are not will refuse, no matter in what guise it be given.

"Now, my brother, I would impress upon your mind that we over here are unchanged, and that we live in a world similar to yours in all respects, only it is purer and better. We have laws, few but better, and far more rigidly executed. There is no evading any of our spiritual laws, try one ever so much. Why, it would amuse you to see John\* who belongs to this band. He is what you would call a police officer. He is proud of his office and regalia, which he has a right to be; he has earned them by industry and faithfulness.

"Here we all earn everything we get, and furthermore, we get what we earn; never wanting to take, neither being allowed to take what has been earned by another. We do this in obedience to the eternal law of justice. I am reluctant to leave, but must go."

We wish it were in our power to pen the above with the same impressiveness with which it was given, but language fails to portray the deep soul-stirring pathos that attended its delivery.

With grateful hearts do we receive these messages so fraught with love and stimulating to our faltering footsteps. The time was, in the past, that we feared ridicule, and kept such things wrapped in secret within our own hearts; but that day has forever passed away.

\* A friend of both brothers from boyhood.

It would now be as futile to tell us these manifestations were delusion or imagination, as for one who is blind to try to convince us that there was no sun or that it does not shine.



## CHAPTER VI.

"Theology sits like a tyrant enthroned,  
A system *per se* with a fixed nomenclature,  
Derived from strange doctrines, and dogmas, and creeds,  
At war with man's reason, with God, and with Nature;  
And he who subscribes to the popular faith,  
Never questions the fact of divine inspiration,  
But holds to the Bible as absolute truth,  
From Genesis through to St. John's Revelation."

LIZZIE DOTEN.

LEARNED theologians have preached and prophesied of the second coming of the Christ, and lo! is it not here,—"*The Christ spirit*," and yet by them it is rejected.

The Jews refused to welcome the teacher and reformer whose coming their prophets and seers had predicted. They were expecting the advent of a Messiah, who was to appear in great material splendor, and when he came, born of a woman in a lowly manger at Bethlehem, it shocked their national dignity. When he went into their gorgeous temples and drove out the money-changers, it was as a death blow to their theological pride.

Are present orthodox Christians not following the example of the ancient orthodox Jew in their rejection of the present spiritual outpouring? We think it a parallel case.

The incoming of this new spiritual era was foretold by the Christian prophets, as this light that was "to shine

out of darkness," but it did not come in accordance with the views of the established creeds, and behold they reject it. It came rapping for admittance in the humble home of the Fox's, through the instrumentality of little children, and Christians closed their hearts and eyes, and cried devil, delusion. We pity them! We were once of their number, and know that there are thousands who are being led blindly along, fearing to think for themselves, who are sincere and honest in their professions. We will aid them to our utmost in the spirit of love, knowing that as long as their theological garments are comfortable they will wear them, and when outgrown, they will be willingly laid aside as were their infant clothing. When orthodox food becomes distasteful, its advocates will seek greener pastures; when their inspirations of other ages become stale, they will search for that which is new and fresh, and adapted to the present age. Their war upon Spiritualism is doing no harm. Calumny cannot mar the truth, neither those who live above it. We were once bound by these same chains of old theology. During that spiritual bondage we realized all its strength and power over its victims, and regard its errors with charity.

At our next seance the presiding spirit came, but with less animation than at our previous sitting. He said:—

"I am tired; you, too, are tired.\* We have worked too hard. I have been busy at one of our Electric Institutes studying the powers of electricity. Oh! it is grand to see men of scientific mind and ability making it subject to their wills. They work with an energy

\* The spirit doubtless felt the medium's condition.

and determination beyond the conception of the human mind. I cannot express to-night my thoughts; have not the power. You need more in your circle to give it strength. Good night."

Then came another spirit who said, "I ain't Master Edd. You is Miss Susan's son, ain't you? Well, young master, I belongs to dis ban', and being that the whole ban' has to come so you can get acquainted with them, I took this time to make myself known. Mass Edd. give me the privilege, sir, to come.\* I used to belong to your grandfather in slave days; but we all are free now. Then I used to be round about the white folks, and waited on old master. Hope, sir, you won't take any 'ceptions at my coming. You see, young master, I has the soul dirt to take from this room when you all get done settin. Blue Jacket only makes the lights and knocks, and I cleans the room. I am learning like white folks and does a good many things for you. I flung some lightning on your sick turkey the other night, and in the morning you all found it able to eat corn and gobble. I see Mass Edd. working round the lightning, and so I tried; yet he told me in particular not to try it on any human. Some time I want to head a ban' of spirits my own color, but they are too scary now. I know one woman whose eyes looks two ways that I can come through. I must go; they are pulling me from the other side. Good evening, young master."

This closed our circle for a limited time. We were instructed by the presiding spirit to write up the result of our seances at their close, but have neglected it until we cannot do justice to the record. We also feel so

\* The spirit felt that some hesitation was manifested in his reception.

incapable of such an undertaking, with the cares of living pressing heavily upon us; yet we shall strive to be faithful, and see what the outcome is to be.

Our circle next met at 8 o'clock, the hour agreed upon. After sitting quietly for a few moments, Charley, another son and brother, took control, yet could say but little. He fondly caressed his brother and inquired for the other members of the family. He seemed delighted, but suffered some inconvenience from having never before manifested through a medium, and finally said the atmosphere was pressing so heavily he could not stay.

A hand was then clairvoyantly seen, very bright and luminous, making the deaf and dumb alphabet, which was recognized. After this we had raps loud and distinct, more so than on any former occasion. This encouraged us and stimulated our interest in the seances. After rapping and moving the table about for some time, the spirit influenced one of the mediums in quite a rough way, striking upon the table, throwing magnetism about the room and upon members of the circle, producing upon all a most chilling sensation. He gave a few big Indian grunts and left.

Swift Foot, our Indian messenger then taking control, and fondling in a most tender manner his young brave said, "Squaw not strong; not big like young brave. Us want young brave; us go with him; us stay long, and do much; us make young brave heap strong. Blue Jacket not talk; can't understand. He got to learn; not been here many moons. Blue Jacket want peace pipe, want pale-face brave and squaws smoke."

Here the pipe was prepared and given to the medium to smoke, then passed around the circle; when all had gone through the smoking process, the pipe was again taken by the medium and passed about the room, as if

to invisible attendants. After a benediction upon all, our kind messenger gave up his control.

Perhaps some reader not accustomed to spirit control may exclaim, How foolish! yet we reply, if these red brothers of ours do return to earth, and are unchanged by the process of death, they must come as Indians, with their former characteristics, else they would not be Indians, but other intelligences.

Upon one occasion, when the medium was under the control of a familiar spirit, the question was asked if they never improved in their manner of expressing themselves in spirit life. The answer was: "We never use human language to express thought on our side of life. There is no need of it, as the faculty of perception is more developed, and by its use we can understand each other's wishes and thoughts more perfectly than if expressed by your earthy mode. So you can perceive, through disuse of language, we often fail to impress the fact upon your minds that we are progressing intellectually and morally."

## CHAPTER VII.

"Not in vain the distance beckons,  
Forward, forward, let us range ;  
Let the people spin forever  
Down the ringing grooves of change."

TENNYSON.

OUR household has been undergoing quite a change. We were, at the commencement of our sittings, boarding the two young men referred to in a former chapter. We felt much attached to one of these, who had for a long time been an inmate of our home. He was extremely sensitive, and possessed many sterling traits of character ; but our kind spirit attendants insisted that they were a great obstacle to our spiritual progress and development as mediums, though they possessed fine mediumistic gifts themselves. But from causes which we do not feel at liberty to give, they opposed with much determination all intercourse with the dwellers of the other world. Although it cost us many a bitter pang, caused, we know, from that sweet mother-love that ever attended them, our connection with them ceased. This change in our home affairs resulted in our having more time and mental quiet to devote to our circles and to do the required writing. In parting with our young friends we invoked the blessings of the angels upon them.

The last communication we had from the presiding spirit was a request that we have in our next entry a description of a picture painted by what purported to be



an Indian spirit, calling herself Wildflower, — the same who had ever attended us since our earliest recollections. (See page 34.) This was painted about five years ago, through the organism of one of the mediums now used. It was done in a psychological state, under very unfavorable conditions, the medium knowing nothing whatever of painting or drawing.

As some years have elapsed since this with other pictures was given, we feel it impossible at this time of writing to give the reader all the information we then received from our spirit friends and guides about their present homes in spirit land.

The painting is very crude, yet it may serve as a lesson perhaps to many who know no higher aim than a love to gather gold.

“The love of gold, that meanest rage,  
And latest folly of man’s sinking age :  
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,  
While nobler passions wage their heated strife  
Comes skulking last with selfishness and fear,  
And dies collecting lumber in the rear.” — MOORE.

“O cursed love of gold ; when for thy sake  
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,  
First starved in this, then damn’d in that to come.”  
BLAIR’S *Grave*.

“Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold;  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled :  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;  
Price of many a crime untold.”

“Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Good or bad a thousand fold!

---

How widely its agencies vary —  
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless, —  
As even its minted coins express,  
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
And now of a Bloody Mary.” — Hood.

The foregoing lines of these inspired poets well express our ideas of miserly minds.

The subject of the painting was brought by the spirit guide of the medium. He was seemingly laboring under some heavy weight, which was soon discovered to be that of gold and silver, the miserly hoardings of many long, painful years. He refused to give his name, or any clue to his identity, save what is represented in his spiritual surroundings. He said during the most of his earth life he resided in Galveston, Texas, where, from year to year, he had gathered this filthy load, and now he wished others who were spending all their energies for wealth alone to see the outgrowth.

He said: “My first resolve when on the verge of manhood was to obtain wealth; my second and last resolve was to obtain more. I forfeited my manhood, stunted my poor body, and starved my soul, all for this gold.”

His money was pouring from the sack on his shoulder, all over his torn and soiled garments, but it never grew empty. Serpents were crawling all around his dismal cave in all their slimy filth; dark spirits, even more repulsive than himself, were his companions, many of whom had been tempted and ruined through his gold. His countenance was expressive of great agony; his cheeks sunken and tear-stained. The trees about his cave were black and leafless; the weeds and grass looked burnt and crisp. These were the outgrowths of the





materials his earth life had furnished. Yet he is not beyond the reach of angel love and holy ministration. Above his bent form are spirits he cannot see, robed in colors symbolic of their office. Those who are nearest, seem to be pouring from something resembling a horn an amber colored stream, which we are told is the baptism of knowledge. It has been the influence of this baptism that roused his mentality to a consciousness of his condition and its causes, and a desire to escape their penalties. The next figure above is administering to him the baptism of fire, which awakens within him a feeling of the keenest remorse. The highest angel is trying by the magic power of love to throw some gleams of light into his darkened abode. But he knows of none of this, only feels the influence,—like the man in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, who was so busy with the muck rake that he could not see the crown above his head.

We have been asked how long we thought these conditions would last, and have often wished the opinion of others more gifted than we.

Some years past, while residing in a small village in the far west, an old gentleman came to us for a spiritual seance. He said, "I have no rest, day nor night."

In a few moments we were taken with such severe cramps through our body and limbs that we were compelled to leave the room for a short time. On returning, a spirit took control of our organism, telling him the day of judgment had come; that often it came before death; that he was suffering all the torture of having helped to poison his wife years ago, and that was what had affected the medium.

Much more was communicated which has escaped our memory, and which it is not necessary to mention. Said he: "It is all true; but what am I to do? How long must I suffer?"

The spirit replied : " We cannot tell ; if you transgress any physical law, the penalty of a certain degree of pain is attached to its violation which cannot by any possibility be avoided ; as, for instance, you burn your finger, you must suffer until offended law is appeased. So in the spiritual universe, you must pay the penalty of every transgression of its laws."

The poor man got no comfort, and so great was his mental agony that our souls went out in sympathy to him, as we wiped the falling tears from our cheeks. Sad indeed it was to be brought face to face with such mental anguish and heartfelt contrition.

Our spirit guides and friends tell us ever to be watchful over the materials we are constantly furnishing, in thought and act, for the building of our future homes. That if they be low, gross, and grovelling, we must not expect to find our mansions beautiful. They say many come from earthly huts into rich palaces, and many come from magnificent homes into hovels.

From all the information we have been able to gain from those residing on life's other side, we are forced to the conclusion that man is the architect of his future home, and perhaps he dwells in it interiorly even here and now.

The surroundings of the poor spirit in the picture, the toads and vipers, were recalled to memory when, in later years, reading of the clairvoyant experiences of the Chevalier de B. in Mrs. Britten's "Ghost Land." He says he saw upon what he calls the "photosphere" of his companions, in distinct and vivid characters, the events of their past lives and the motives which had prompted them to their acts. "Now it became clear as sunlight that one set of motives were wrong and another right ; and that one set of actions (those



prompted by wrong motives) produced horrible deformities and loathsome appearances on the photosphere, while the other set of actions prompted by right motives seemed to illuminate the soul aura with indescribable brightness, and cast a halo of such beauty and radiance over the whole being, that one old man in particular, who was of a singularly uncomely and withered appearance as a mortal, shone as a soul in the light of his noble life and glorious emanations like a perfect angel. I could write a folio volume on the interior disclosures which are revealed to the soul's eye, and which are hidden away or unknown to the bodily senses. I cannot dwell upon them now, though I think it would be well to write many books on this subject, provided men would read and believe them. In that case I feel confident human beings would shrink back aghast and terror-stricken from crime, or even from bad thoughts, so hideous do they show upon the soul, and so full of torment and pain does the photosphere become that is charged with evil."

The Nazarene said, "the kingdom of heaven is within you," and it may be that it is projected as far without and around us as the soul aura extends. If heaven or harmony dwells within, so also, in its absence, must hell be within.

To further corroborate the fact of these spiritual outgrowths and surroundings, we quote from "The Heavenly Home," by A. J. Davis, pages 35, 36 and 37:—

"I beheld a city of living, throbbing, rainbow-tinted beauty. The streets and the buildings on either side, the trees in the parks, the water flowing through the pipes, the very air—all were perfectly represented, down to the minutest detail, as plainly as any of these things ever looked to my external eyes. I could see

the shape and location of furniture in the rooms every where, and the appearance of the occupants, and their situation and circumstances, whether sick or well, whether rich or poor; and often I could even discriminate as to the color of their garments, but especially the affections and thoughts which were occupying their feelings and brains and time. It was like stripping New York of its material vesture, peeling off its coating or shell, so to speak, and viewing its actual, vital, spiritual existence. Even after so much of this kind of experience, I could hardly guard my mind from believing and my soul from exclaiming: Why, truly, this is New York in the spiritual world; that is to say, it was so difficult to keep faithfully to the fact, which for the time was totally obscured and forgotten, that what I was witnessing was actually and locally within the familiar city on old Manhattan Isle. Therefore, the people in the streets and stores, in the saloons, hotels, habitations, and hospitals, began to assume appearances, according to their ruling loves, desires, qualities, conditions, and occupations. One gentleman's shoulder was loaded with the head of a certain horse, upon which his thoughts and affections were set; another presented the head and face of a lamb, although he was awaiting the day of execution for a crime proved against him; another's right arm and hand looked like a vicious serpent; a black bird rode on the head of a gentleman high in office; a man, seemingly great in control, wore a dog-collar around his neck, with the initials of his office engraved upon it; a handsome-faced man in a beautiful residence had the hind legs and hips of a goat; a quiet, very modest person in a great store had the bust of a lion; a ministerial looking man walked like a beetle, which was an

Egyptian symbol of the world; a splendid ram's head surmounted the face of a public character, which corresponded to intellect and pride destitute of love and good will; a medical gentleman carried a dove upon his shoulder, which meant pure affection, while another doctor had the facial expression of a night-hawk; and yet another wore upon his bosom the image of a wolf; a lady, beautifully organized, was covered with sores, and repulsive colors; a very ordinary appearing woman had the most attractive crown of white lilies upon her brow; a procession of persons, intent on deeds of charity, for the sake of their faith, looked like a flock of ravens; a cluster of thorny vines enveloped the head of a dealer in cheese and butter; a man in the attitude of prayer, in a church, had the top of his head covered with a cap of gold coins; a dealer in gold and silver was all over perfectly black, except his hands and forehead; another man, in the same place, had beautiful, tiny flowers growing out of his shoulders, showing that it was only the force of circumstances that made him a money-changer, his affections and aspirations being far different."

We also take from Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature" the following: "These spirits also presented very different aspects; some were entirely pervaded by a mild, clear radiance, like that of the full moon; through others there appeared faint streaks that diminished this splendor; while others, on the contrary, were distinguished by spots or strips of black, or of a dark color, like the marks on the skin of a viper."

We presume the reader will be very sceptical and hard to be convinced that every detail of his life, however small, has produced something either beautiful or repulsive, but as nothing in nature's boundless realm is

ever lost, it might be either to our sorrow or joy, that each thought and act exists somewhere, on some tablet in the unseen, and that some day, not a great distance in the future, we may have them to face, or their spiritual realities.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Oft from the summer heights of love,  
 Along the ways of time,  
 The pilgrims of this lower sphere  
 Catch gleams of light sublime,  
 That stream adown the azure way,  
 From heaven's unshadowed clime."—LIZZIE DOTEN.

WE feel impressed to record a vision given not long since, and a few hours after the transition of a sweet babe closely related to and much beloved by us.

We had just left the house where its little body lay cold in death's embrace, and its fond parents, whose hearts were torn and bleeding over the loss of their only child. We entered our home, saddened and sorrowing, and gathered around our circle table, hoping to receive some consoling message from spirit friends. We had waited but a short while when there was clairvoyantly seen, a short distance above, a large concourse of angels. So bright was this heavenly assembly that the surrounding scene became illuminated by the light they emitted. They were slowly coming from the direction where the body lay. In front of this shining multitude was a crowned angel of indescribable brightness and beauty. She bore in her arms the spirit form of the darling babe. The procession passed over our heads in a northerly direction, slowly ascending, until lost in the distance.

We had not expected this, but looked for some comforting message from the unseen world; yet it came

not. But while sitting in that holy calm and silence a hand was seen, with a finger pointing upward; no more, not even a rap; but we were thankful for the beautiful vision. In the innermost depths of our souls we could, like one of old, exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

When next we held a seance we were informed by the presiding spirit that he was not present on the evening the vision was presented. He said he was with his brother, who was the father of the child, imparting to him consolation and strength to enable him to pass through the trying ordeal.

"Holy ministers of light,  
Hidden from our mortal sight;  
But whose presence can impart  
Peace and comfort to the heart."

Not long after the departure of the little babe, our precious son and brother sent to the mourning parents the following message:—

"Tell my dear brother and wife to dry their tears, to grieve no more; that their darling still lives, and is tenderly cared for; that it will be a guiding light to their on-going footsteps. Tell them to come up out of the valley and shadow of death where they now languish; come up into the glorious sunlight of the new dispensation."

Alas! we wish that not only they but every bereaved heart would come and drink, not of the waters of death, but "life," freely.

During seasons of great persecution and ostracism we have often resolved we would never name spirit communion to another, save those of our own household; yet we soon found ourselves again pouring its consoling



balm into some weary mourner's heart. It seems such an admirable characteristic of human nature to wish others to share their joys, and to desire to impart any good they think they possess, especially if it is calculated to throw any light or give any information upon that great question: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

On relating this incident to a friend a few evenings after, she very interestedly and feelingly remarked: "I wish I could believe as you do; but I cannot. I fear it may be wrong to hold converse with the dead; were it right, God would not allow any obstacle to intervene; our friends could approach us at all hours and at all times."

Now, were such reasonings extended through every department of life and applied to the obtaining of all knowledge requisite for our development as men and women, where would it lead, unless, as we think, to Egyptian darkness and complete mental stagnation? We think, we labor and plan, trade, study, and investigate; imagine, invent, and construct, to obtain any standard of eminence or perfection in any and every avenue of human existence.

When it was imagined by Columbus that there was a western continent, God did not remove the impediments attached to its discovery from the fact that it really existed; neither does any sane mind to-day doubt the perfect righteousness of its discovery.

When the over-tender conscience is assailed by fear of the right to commune with their loved departed, we would suggest a good remedy: let such bear in mind that God is the "God of the living spirit," not the dead body.

We feel impressed to state that when a little more

than another century is sleeping in the past that humanity will be divested of these old theological dregs and encumbrances to progression, and no man or woman will doubt or deny the fact of spirit intercourse or its righteousness: "For all shall know, from the least even unto the greatest" mentally developed.

When interiorly analyzing our own feelings, experiences, affections, and fears, the more are we convinced that we have inherited much of the doubt of the present age from our ancestors; that the psychological influence of our fathers and mother still encircles us. We feel assured that the character of ancestors have affected the lives of their successors more or less, generation after generation, mentally and morally, even as their children bear their physical resemblance.

One generation has its agitators and reformers, who wage a warfare against wrong, and by dint of hard battling succeed in establishing a higher state of excellence both morally and politically. They then usually settle down in that groove, well satisfied that the cost has been great enough to ensure all the truth for all time to come. But by and by their children come along singing, and very truly, too:—

"The sound of the gospel is passing away,  
That sound that enraptured my mother."

And forthwith, some brave, bold one among them is fired with enthusiasm, and begins to look forward and upward, in search of the next higher and better. His inspirations urge him on; yet who can realize the struggle it takes to break away from customs grown hoary by age and pull up out of the time-worn grooves? Memory goes back to the brave sire, and the valiant labor performed to establish the very order of things

that the son is so ardent to demolish. The tender, loving tones of his sainted mother's voice is still sounding in his ear; her words of encouragement and hope. These are yet so dear; the memory of the past so sacred; and it is comfortable travelling so easily along the old paths that the aching feet of loved ones had made smooth. It is hard to leave them for those untried, that lead he knows not whither. But in answer to the interior cry of onward, he rushes forth with his new theories, new discoveries, and new inventions; with his more exalted ideas of truth, his keener sense of wrong, and higher views of justice, and repeats on a broader platform the same scenes his forefathers had before enacted on life's ever-changing stage.

## CHAPTER IX.

“Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven ?  
Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth ?”

MANY events in human life prove the fact of some governing intelligence over the affairs of men, which stands apart from the consideration of either their wills or calculations. We hear “special providence” coming as an answer or cause from many minds.

From whence or whom this interposing influence proceeds, we are unable to say. But that we do not always, if ever, shape or control material life or its affairs, we most firmly believe. That while man “proposes” some unseen and more powerful intelligence “disposes,” we have not the least reason to doubt. We are aware that many things that are constantly transpiring are the results of past causes, either individually or collectively ; it is not to such that we allude, but to those that bear the stamp of both cause and effect.

As straws are said to indicate which way the wind blows, we shall relate a simple occurrence that transpired a short time ago, wherein we can trace the interposition of spirit power or planning. We had long promised to visit a friend who resides near a distant village. This estimable lady is an invalid, but a firm believer in the spiritual philosophy. The place was so isolated that public media found it too inconvenient to visit the little town. Our dear sister and friend insisted that we should spend some time with her in her beauti-

ful forest home,—a week, which was to be to her a spiritual feast, and on our part, one of pleasure and rest. Between us was arranged a certain time for our departure for her home, when a month before the time, to our great surprise, we received from our kind guide this message: “The time has come to make the promised visit to Industry, Texas. Go by all means on the morning train.”

We went as directed, and every incident of the journey proved favorable. Our visit was one of extreme delight and rest on our part, and on that of our sister a season of spiritual joy. Later developments proved the fact that had we awaited the expected time for the visit, it would not have afforded either the pleasure to us or benefit to her, that was expected.

We were at one time much amused, as well as interested, by a controversy going on near us, between two Christian gentlemen. One was a Baptist, the other was of the Methodist persuasion. The Baptist said, “I tell you, my brother, the Word of God confirms the doctrine of fatality. We are not free agents; if we are born the children of wrath, and not elected to heaven from before the foundations of the world were laid, then no prayers, no tears will avail; we shall surely be lost.”

Said the Methodist, “What a pernicious doctrine! I would not believe it for this world filled with gold. No, sir; no.”

*Baptist.* Do you believe the Bible to be the Word of God?

*Methodist.* Every word of it is from God.

*Baptist.* Then what are you going to do about the ninth chapter of Romans, wherein it states, “it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy,” and other and similar verses in the same chapter?

*Methodist.* I don't propose to do anything with them. I read such portions of Scripture backwards from what you do.

*Baptist.* That is an evasion, brother.

"Well," replied the Methodist, "I am a free agent. I do just as I please in all things. Good and evil are placed before me, and it lies in my power to choose whichever suits me best, and I alone am the responsible agent; I stand on my own footing."

Now this man was so very poor that he had not sufficient food for his family, nor clothing; neither a shelter to cover their heads, except one furnished by the kind charity of a human angel.

At this crisis in their conversation, we presumed to ask, "Would you not like to better your present condition, to have some money, some food and clothing, and a home for your wife and self and children? If you do just as you like in all things, you must be easy pleased, or you would immediately go to work to better your condition. If by your choice you have surrounded yourself and family with want and poverty, you, indeed, must be a singular man. Now, it seems that either yourself or some other planning, governing intelligence has been manifested all along through your life, and if it is yours, why not place yourself and family at least above want."

"Why," he slowly replied, "I never looked upon it in that way. Of course, I've always been fighting against poverty and misfortune, and it's no fault nor will of my own that I'm so situated, and I can't think it the will of a good God, so it must be the devil's doings."

And thus, candid reader, do we all seem to be pushed into life, and pushed through life, with very little will of our own; finding ourselves often pursuing distasteful



occupations, and meeting at every turn in life's lane uncongenial companionship, difficulties, and dangers, all of which we would most gladly divest our lives of, did it lie within our power.

Since, however, we cannot by any means avoid many sorrows consequent upon this rudimental plane of life, we may, if wise, draw from them many useful lessons.

Said the Methodist brother, "I had just as well sit quietly down and fold my hands, if I am governed by some other intelligence than my own."

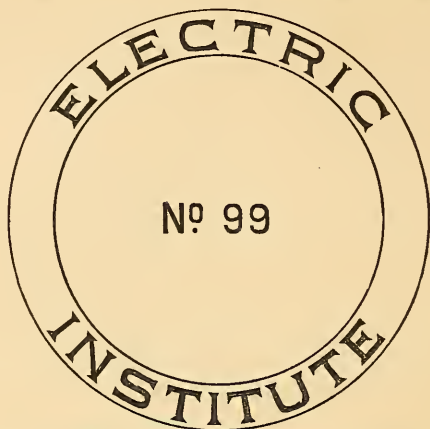
Yet we find ourselves even powerless to do this, for there is a something within us that will not allow it, be we ever so much inclined; a something that is ever forcing us onward and upward.

About this time a lady friend and true Spiritualist, who had been regularly sitting with us, was preparing to leave the city. She came over and requested that we would sit for her benefit, which we readily did.

The controlling spirit expressed great regret at her expected departure, thanked her warmly for her kind help, and at her request prepared her some pieces of developing paper.

For this purpose common blotting paper was used, from three to four inches wide and some eight inches long; on it in the centre was the design shown on the next page, which we were told was the seal of one of the institutes where electricity was divested of its crudities and humanized, made into human magnetism. We were told that Indians were used to effect this, and were constantly employed bringing it within earthly circles.

On the reverse the directions were written as follows: "Place the paper upon a table and sit passively, in a darkened room, at the same hour of the day and on the same day of the week."



We much missed the presence of our kind friend at our meetings, her cheering words and happy influence. Truly, as she often remarked, we had received during our sittings "a baptism of love," and each member of our household felt the benefit derived from its sacred influence.

Life to us was fraught with new meaning, and material things assumed new beauties. Even that grim old monster, Death, was looked upon as the kind deliverer who would some day "unlock life's golden door and set the imprisoned spirit free."

On several evenings after her departure the presiding spirit would psychologize his brother as soon as he returned from his place of business and became rested and passive. Then others would follow, leaving as soon as recognized. While this lasted no clairvoyant perceptions were given.

The last sitting up to the present writing we were plainly touched, and upon one of us becoming frightened something fell beneath the table, producing a sound like that of the breaking of a bundle of dry

sticks, and something seemed to rush suddenly away. We were afterwards informed by our presiding spirit that Blue Jacket got frightened and spoiled some manifestation he was in the act of giving.

This announcement was entirely new and strange to us, yet in a conversation since with a gentleman of much and varied experience in spirit phenomena, he said it very frequently occurred that when any one in the circle became alarmed, most especially mediums, the Indians would also take fright and for some time be very shy at circles.

The further we investigate and the more we see of this beautiful philosophy, the more do our hearts go out and up in wonder and thanksgiving to that great Source of every good and perfect gift.

At our next regular seance an order came for the magnetized paper for a suffering woman who resided in the city.

As soon as we had formed a circle the presiding spirit psychologized one of the mediums, and said he would give Swift Foot the number of the Institute where magnetism was prepared for the sick, under the superintendence of Dr. Smith, and summon him, which was immediately done. In a few moments we were informed that the doctor had come and he would give place for him. This spirit then took control and wrote, "We are not allowed to use up the vitality of this circle at the present time only for the purpose of magnetizing paper for the sick."

This was done by a process similar to that of preparing the paper for development, but it had a different seal and number on one side of it; thus, —

On the reverse was written, "Apply to the part affected until relieved. C. Smith, D.M."



The writing was all done from right to left, and in order to read it we were compelled to hold it in front of a mirror.

Some one present inquired how long the paper would last or retain the magnetism, and we were informed by the presiding spirit that it would last "about as long as a human body would keep, uninhabited by a spirit, which, on an average, was three days, unless wrapped up."

He said that when we wished to preserve any package we always wrapped it carefully up. He told us when we wished the paper to send away or to keep for any length of time, to request Swift Foot to wrap it up before we left the circle, just as soon as it was magnetized. He stated, also, that it would make the paper impervious to any influence, save that of the sick.

This paper has been tried in numbers of cases already, and has never failed so far to effect a cure when the directions were followed. We do not pretend to give the *modus operandi* of these cures; we can only say they have been effected.

We would here remark that after preparing paper for development or for the sick, a feeling of great exhaustion always follows which often lasts for many hours.

We are well aware that all this is hard to accept by a sceptical humanity, yet they accept more on far less evidence. They really believe that there is a north pole, yet no human eye, so far as is known, has ever looked upon it. They believe there is a Pekin, a London and Paris, although many have never visited them. Scientists may deny spirit communion, because they cannot test the phenomena by physical laws, quite ignoring the fact that they are governed by interior and spiritual laws. They might as well try to determine the moral status of human kind by their crucibles and other chemical apparatuses, as to endeavor with them to fathom spirit phenomena. And should they fail in their analysis, then comes the cry of delusion, illusion, sleight-of-hand and humbug, with a general denunciation of all mediums and mediumship.

These painful thrusts, that are ever being thrown out, bear, like all other thoughts and acts, their own legitimate fruit,—some, we think, in the shape of humbugs and tricksters, which humanity has well earned; others crop out as obstructions in the way of honest and effectual communication between the two worlds.

Do not for a moment suppose we uphold fraud, impostors, or mountebanks; far from it. Yet we do assert that this sceptical age has more than earned them; and maintain that when not qualified to distinguish the false from the true, it is not best to sit in judgment on any. If food neither morally nor spiritually be given through media, none are compelled to partake. If Spiritualism be from God, no one can effect its over-

throw; if it be of man it will come to naught; it is useless to resist it.

The wise gardener uses great care, when pruning and cutting thorns and weeds, lest he injure or uproot some plant of value. In our endeavors to classify, analyze, and arrange spirit phenomena and communications, let us, at least, be as wise as he.

From our present plane of life and standpoint, we behold such a multiplicity of causes for what is called dishonest mediumship, that we feel slow indeed to censure.

All mediums should be placed above material want, that they be not tempted to use their gifts for mercenary purposes. They should be wholly free from all unholy, disagreeable magnetisms, and approached only by earnest seekers for spiritual light and truth.

Mediums during development, in the privacy of their own homes and when they first appear before the public, are generally reliable, and doubtless would so remain were it not for the many obstacles that are ever being thrown in their pathway.

When it is once realized that *media* are as mirrors, reflecting whatever is presented before their surface, be it good or evil, mankind will begin to take much of the blame upon themselves that they now so freely bestow upon them. Were they to endure but for an hour some of the many bitter pangs that all media must necessarily bear, the souls of human kind would more frequently go out in sympathy to them.

There is no "royal road" to mediumship. The mediums to-day, as did the medium of Nazareth, have their Gethsemanes to enter, temptations to resist, their own crosses to bear, and, too often, crucifixions to suffer.

In the place of so much fault-finding, time could be



more profitably spent in analyzing, appropriating, and digesting the immense spiritual outpouring of good, bad, and indifferent, of the past few years. Just so long as men and women who are good, bad, and indifferent hunger for the bread of life, just so long will their attending spirit friends bring to them a quality of spiritual sustenance best suited to their condition and needs.

| In a private conversation with Dr. Slade, while in Galveston, he remarked to us, "Use your mediumship for your own comfort and upbuilding, but I would advise you to never go before the public unless you expect to suffer martyrdom." | Oh! what a sad reflection upon the human family has been the experience of this brave defender and noble worker in the present field of reform. Our prayers and sympathies will ever follow him. Our dear attendant spirits ever speak of him with the most interested affection. They say they shall "make for him a wreath of myrtle; that while the world may condemn any faults found in him, they should remember they evoked them." They tell us that "unseen bright immortals hover over him and minister to his wants, and when hardly dealt by, they place healing, strengthening hands upon his weary, aching brow."

Sensitives, more than any other class of persons, are constantly coming in contact with forces and influences of which the world is yet ignorant, and the wonder is that they do so well.

We were speaking with a gentleman at one time, who has had remarkable manifestations, and who had been cured of a long-standing disease by spirit power, one that had baffled learned doctors. This gentleman is wealthy, and an out-spoken Spiritualist, yet he thinks as the spirits do these things, they should be done free,

without cost. Said he: "If clothing and other articles can be materialized in the presence of media, why can spirits not make them durable, and bring along money and food, so that mediums can give their time without charge."

In short and plain phraseology, Why not do this and let men hoard their money to their future ruin? Immediately these lines of the poet flashed through our mind:—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring;  
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking deeply sobers us again."

This good gentleman seemed entirely to forget that man should earn what he gets, if it is to be truly a blessing, either spiritually or physically. Without exertion, into what a deplorable state of degradation would man soon fall! Mediums would furnish no exception. Mankind are not yet educated up to that high standard of spirituality, which only craves gold for conditions of comfort and the good that may be accomplished through its use. Every physical surrounding and possession should be subordinate to spirit to be truly a blessing; but instead, spirit is a slave to its material conditions; a prisoner bound to earth by the strong chains of materiality.

A medium who could transmute some other metal to a nugget of gold, or materialize it from favorable surroundings, would perhaps be, as it were, swallowed up by the people; at least, we feel from various evils it would generate, that their mediumship would soon be a thing of the past.

Mediums, like others, are human, and unlike others

often possess but little individuality. They are influenced by every changing condition and each passer-by, whether mortal or immortal, and are, as a consequence, drawn hither and thither; and while at times borne to greater heights, are liable to be carried to greater depths than ordinary humanity.

All things are moving forward and tending to regulate themselves; when we are prepared for a higher order of conditions, they will surely come in answer to the immutable law of demand and supply. Nature holds somewhere in her great storehouse, that which meets all demands and supplies all wants; and we need only to grow up to her requirements to have them freely lavished upon us.

Since the advent of Modern Spiritualism we have been supplied with more instruction than we can appropriate, so much light that we seem at times overwhelmed by its brilliancy.

## CHAPTER X.

“Not with anguish — nor with weeping —  
But with rapture should we hail  
Every beckoning of the angels,  
Every lifting of the veil.”

WE have found it extremely difficult, in fact, quite impossible, to determine how many of the thousands of thoughts that daily pass through our minds originate with us, and how many of them are the production of some other intelligence. It is difficult to decide where our own planning ends and that of others begins.

Some days ago, to test the capacity of Swift Foot as a messenger, he was sent by one of us from the office where employed, to bring a message regarding the departure of a person with whom we had important business still unsettled. It was the hour of twelve, and no one at home. An hour or two later, we were impressed to return, and soon after a gentleman came in quite unexpectedly, bringing the information. In the evening, during our seance, Swift Foot was asked “if he delivered the message,” it not having been previously spoken about. He said he came to our wigwam, and there was no light; that all were gone; but he had impressed us to return; also the gentleman, who is a sensitive, to come and deliver the message; the gentleman, however, being in ignorance of the fact of having been used merely as an instrument by the spirit. Thus do our unseen and faithful attendants often contrive ways and means we least expect, to aid and bless their mortal friends.

Upon another occasion, a gentleman was approaching the house about twilight, and when about two blocks distant, we were suddenly seized with a feeling of intense cold, so cold that we could not persuade ourself but that we had ague; and by the time the gentleman had entered the house we were wrapped up in bed.

This being our regular circle evening, it was by a great effort that we rose to attend it. While there we were informed that a little Esquimaux spirit that attended the man, and who had preceded him to the house, had affected the medium with the sensation of cold. No further inconvenience was felt.

About five years ago, we awoke one morning much earlier than usual, with an unaccountable feeling of restlessness, together with a strong desire to see a much-loved absent friend who was a medium, and through whose organism we had previously received many messages; among others, one telling of the writing of this book. The mental disturbance was so great that we found it impossible to fix our mind upon any subject. In our impatience we had tried to will it away, to work it off, but to no purpose. It had, it seemed, come to stay, at least until it had accomplished that for which it had come. Near evening the postman brought from our pure, sweet sister and sufferer, a letter which proved to be the sequel to our disturbance. The sad contents, most of which we give below, deeply affected us:

“EVER DEAR SISTER AND FRIEND: —

“Your last kind letter should have been answered last week; but it seemed impossible to write. . . . Oh, the trials and sorrows of this gross earth life! How happy we shall be in the bright summer land, after we have

learned all the lessons and passed through all the needed experiences of this rudimental plane, and are purified and fitted for it! I suppose you will be very much astonished to hear that I have joined the Methodist church. Take a long breath, but don't cast me from you. I love you; *I love you*; and firmly believe that the same hand that led me out twenty years ago, has led me back for an especial purpose. At all events, I am most powerfully influenced, and still trust in that kind providence that reigns over all. My faith or belief has not changed; but I have been made to mourn in sackcloth and ashes, as it were, the presence and partial influence of dark, undeveloped beings for two years. Long years have they seemed to me, and all my efforts to progress them, or prayers to get rid of seeing or feeling them near, have signally failed. When you were here, they left, but returned again soon after your departure. I wished then to tell you, but could not. My poor, aged, mediumistic mother, I have feared they would set distracted. They are here now, and seem to be very angry because I tell you. I cannot class them; in appearance they resemble both human and animal, or brute, beings. When there has been fervent prayer, as at church meetings, they disappear. One day, however, at church, thousands of them appeared and entirely surrounded the house. No words can picture the scene, nor language express the terrible agony I suffered. It was so intense that I was obliged to kneel and try to pray for some relief; but it was all of no avail; and, as if nailed to the spot, there I continued to kneel, until the minister suddenly exclaimed, 'Let us all pray!' And when in his prayer he said, 'Oh, great God Almighty, drive back the powers of darkness and let thy good angels surround the house,' they disappeared in



all their slimy filthiness. Oh, the millions of wretched souls who wander in darkness and doubt; some who are not even sorry for their wrong-doing, and are not in a condition to receive light. Age on age will perhaps roll on before they will be free.

“Precious sister and friend, let me hear from you soon; your impressions freely and fully. Never mind feelings; spiritual media are not supposed to have any, particularly those of twenty years of toil, self-denial, and persecution.”

Thus wrote our friend; and as soon as we had finished reading the contents of the letter, we arose to get writing materials to reply, when — will you believe it, friendly reader? — we were seized with a sudden and most startling blindness. Stunned by fear, we stood for a few moments irresolute; we knew not what to do; when lo! there grew out of that dense darkness horrid human forms, reeking with blood and crime. These were as distinctly before our mental vision as is this paper on which we now write. They had a menacing and threatening appearance, and told us if we attempted to answer that letter we should remain blind. Horror of horrors! what moments of mental anguish were suffered, until we decided not to write. Then both they and the darkness passed away, we trust never to return.

Now, we would ask of the metaphysicians who profess to know something of the science of the soul, if through the above experience they cannot trace direct spirit influences? if not, to what can it be attributed? Why was the minister moved to offer that particular prayer at that very time, and why were we so disturbed before the arrival of that sad missive?

It seemed that these demons of darkness had come before the letter, and had overshadowed us with their restlessness and gloom, and had by that means opened an avenue through which they might gain access to us, and thereby cut off all possibility of affording any consolation or counsel to our sweet sister and suffering friend.

This is the darkest spot in all our spiritualistic experience; and we would gladly pass it over, but for the fact that this negative power of good does exist, and forms the dark side of the spiritual philosophy. And we think it well for us all to understand that there is a dark as well as a bright side to it, in order that we may strive to shun the former by all and every means within our power.

We believe, from the little light we have been enabled to get, that all media should be very certain that they are surrounded by a strong band of reliable spirit friends and guides, before they give way to their influences and control. But you ask, candid reader, how are we to know? We reply, by that infallible rule, "*Try the spirits.*" When they come with great promises of wealth and material grandeur, under the disguise of high-sounding titles and great names, and tell you things that your better judgment and higher reason contradict, *know* to be impossible, discard them at once.

Spirits of all classes are eager to possess themselves of earthly organisms, more especially the earth-bound spirits, some of whom are good, many of whom are not. They have various purposes for wishing to return; as various, perhaps more so, than mortals for seeking intercourse with them. We should bear in mind, as a general rule, "like seeks like"; yet there are exceptions to this rule. Some of these dwellers on immortal

shores come fraught with love and blessings to mankind; but often others come to gratify their evil passions. If a person, particularly one who is mediumistic, should be suddenly seized with a desire to do some horrid deed or commit a crime, such a course being wholly foreign to his nature, he may take it as strong evidence of the presence of an unseen evil influence, which should be discarded at once, by a determined exercise of will-power.

We think some one who may read this will exclaim, "Well, if Spiritualism has such a dark side, I don't want anything to do with it." But these facts really exist, whether we reject or accept the philosophy; and mankind are in much ignorance, daily meeting and striving, often blindly, to combat them.

Spiritualism seems to be less troubled with these demons of darkness, however, than were those of the past dispensation in its early stages of development. We rarely hear of a person being possessed of more than one evil spirit, but in the record of those early days of the dispensation referred to, we read of a man who had so many he was named "Legion." We sincerely hope, before the close of this present new era that all evil spirits and influences will have become extinct.

We must not suppose that innate goodness is always a safeguard. It did not so prove in the case of our dear friend. We assure you some of earth's brightest and best have fallen and are falling a prey to these unseen evil influences. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, in her "Ghost Land," says:—

"I may be asked: Where, then, are our good angels? And why do they not interpose to save us from these dark and malignant powers? I answer, they are ever near, potential to aid and prompt to inspire us, either

to fly from or resist the evil; but that they are always successful the facts of human history emphatically deny. Perhaps coarse, gross, and material spirits are nearer to earth than the pure and refined. Whatever be the cause, it is as idle as injurious, to disregard the facts for the sake of upholding a theory of morals which is only valuable when it is proved to be practical. Our best safeguard against evil powers and evil machinations in general is to cultivate a pure and innocent nature, which, in itself, is a repelling force against evil.

“But when that pure and innocent nature has become the subject of magnetic influence, it is imperative for us to deal no longer with moral, but with magnetic laws, and these, as I have frequently alleged before, act upon principles of their own, which do not regard morals at all. We must adopt the principles of nature as we find them, not as we deem they ought to be, nor as we in our egotism suppose they will become, in deference to our peculiar excellence; neither must we delude ourselves with the idea that our ignorance will shield us from dangers we know nothing about. . . . It may be very satisfactory to remain in ignorance of the fact that the midnight marauder is prowling around our doors, provided he takes no advantage of our fancied security to break in upon us; but when we are aware of his presence and our liability to danger from his intrusions, we shall be able to guard against him, without any proviso.”

We have every reason and the best of reasons for believing our much-loved friend to be among the purest and best, and yet she had long suffered from these dark and repulsive influences. We have speculated much upon her particular case, without, however, arriving at any conclusion until very recently, on the occasion of

a visit from her spirit husband, who urged us now to write to her, saying we should not suffer anything unpleasant. Over five years had elapsed since receiving the letter that had caused us so much pain. During these years nothing had been heard of the husband, although he was before much around us, and had on many occasions given messages to his wife through our organism. The kind spirit went on to say that the locality where his wife resided afforded very favorable conditions for spirit return and manifestation. But very unfortunately it was noted for its many deeds of violence and bloodshed. That bad men and women had been murdered there, and often these same murderers were taken out of prison and lynched. That their spirits had attached to them others equally vile, until the spiritual side of the little village presented a perfect pandemonium. That their power was so great that no good angels could for a time approach the place. That they had repulsed him, and he could not afford his wife the needed aid and comfort. That she had from many causes ceased to use her mediumistic gifts in a way her guides had directed, and the consequence was the bright spirits who had formerly attended her had disbanded, leaving her a prey to these diabolical influences.

In our late reply to our beloved sister's letter, we did not state these particulars in regard to our long silence; but she will read them here, and from the depths of her own loving heart we feel she will forgive us.

Over twenty years ago she prophesied of the present writing, and oh, we often yearn for her kind encouraging words and sympathy. We must not pass over a seance held with this lady on our first acquaintance many years since. She was just returning from a northern tour, upon which she had gone with an afflicted



relative, and was at the time our guest. Soon after entering the house her countenance assumed an expression of great pain, whereupon she arose to leave the room, saying, "I—— is here and trying to get control of me; I must leave the room and try to throw it off, and rid myself of his presence."

This relative died raving at her for a loaded pistol, with which he might take his life and end his misery. Just as she was passing through the door of the room, the influence left her and controlled us, saying to her, "Come back, I will trouble you no more"; and she came back, sank down upon a chair, and began to weep. These were the first tears she had been able to shed since the departure of her relative. This too was the first definite communication ever given through our organism as far as we know, and we felt to be in the same dilemma as was a prophet of old, who went to a king and told him, "The Lord thy God saith thou shalt surely die, yet thou mayest recover;" we were doubtful.

"Oh!" said our friend, "it is I——; do I not see him? He left me, and I saw him approach you."

We replied, "We cannot say; this experience is entirely new and strange to us. At least, the expression of our interior conviction is. We have all through life on different occasions been similarly affected, but dared not give voice to what we felt was foreign to our own minds. Fearing that we might deceive ourselves and mislead others, we said, "It must be the spirit of your relative, yet we cannot say. Judge for yourself, and take it for what you think it is worth."

This spirit had much to say to her of his affairs and family, which perfectly proved his identity; but as the greater part was of a strictly private nature we do not



feel at liberty to give it here. However, we will relate that which was not of that character.

He through us ordered all his clothing, which had been left in a distant city, to be well fumigated before they were sent to his family, that the unpleasant odor caused from his disease might not be offensive to them and wound their feelings.

Said he, "In the inner pocket of a black satin vest there is a five-dollar note, given me by Mr. H—— on our way north, that will pay all expenses."

No one knew of this money having been given, yet upon inquiry it was found to be correct.

The spirit requested his relative to go with him to the home of his mother.

"Why not to your wife and children?" she asked.

"No, no," replied the spirit. "I have much to learn, and must begin again beside my mother's knee."

She did as he requested, and after expressing many thanks for our assistance to his mother, they went.

On next meeting our dear friend she told us the spirit often insisted that his mother should sing to him the old songs she sang in his childhood, for they were soothing to him.

The mother was a fine medium, and she and her spirit son held long and comforting conversations together. At one time he requested his mother to place him a chair and plate at the table whenever they dined or supped. After this had been done a few times the mother remarked, "I——, we have prepared you a place, but you never partake of food."

"Mother," he replied, "I occupy the seat, and can absorb the vapor that arises from the food, and it is needful for me while I am so earth-bound."

This recalled to our mind the custom of a tribe of

Indians, who some years before the Indian war lived in what was then called the Creek Nation in the State of Alabama. These natives would always, upon the death of one of their number, bury with them all their earthly possessions. They have been known to even kill the ponies of their warriors and put them in graves with their owners. The surviving relatives would then carry food to the graves and leave it, that they might not hunger during their journey to the happy hunting-ground of the Great Spirit. They would then build a fire in the centre of their wigwam, form themselves into a circle and with joined hands dance around the camp-fire, chanting a low, mournful dirge.

Underlying these crudities, we doubt not, are many beautiful truths, overlooked and ignored by learned religious expounders of this enlightened age.

Numbers of spirits came manifesting feelings of hunger and thirst for some particular article of food or drink. It would not be reasonable to suppose that they could appropriate it in any other manner, apart from a medium, than by absorbing the spiritual essence.

We once went to the home of a lady and held a seance; she had not long before parted with her only daughter. Soon this daughter manifested her presence, and gave to her sorrowing mother and friends unquestionable evidence of her identity, closing by saying, "I would like for you to get a nice orange, such as Mr. — brought me last summer when I was so ill; cut it in two, and place it on the mantel in my room, mother dear; it will do me good."

At the time the orange was brought by the step-father we were unacquainted with the family; this gave satisfactory proof of the identity of the spirit, and the request for another orange was complied with.

Negroes who once were owned as slaves by this family, but who were regarded as dead, came, giving them positive proof of their continued existence.

As to the manner of appropriating food above-named, we know nothing only what the immortals tell us, which we have no reason to doubt. We do not assume to give it as fact, neither do we deny its possibility.

What information the immortals give, that we perhaps through our ignorance cannot now comprehend, we are slow to contradict, but prefer to await further investigation and future developments.

We do not even attempt to give the whys and wherefores of much we have experienced, but only state the facts that actually occurred.

Since the sad experience with our dear friend and fraternal sister, a gentleman friend of ours asked our opinion of his case, wherein his spirit attendants had long been silent, after giving through him many remarkable manifestations. We instantly felt that his mediumistic gifts had been misused, and so informed him. He said upon reflection he believed it to be true, that they often would trifle with the communicating intelligence for amusement, unaware that it would be attended with serious results.

We have known of other similar results, on not using wisely these powers so little understood, or through using them for mercenary purposes, or, perhaps, for selfishly keeping them secret and not exercising them for the benefit of others.

Some years ago we were made to sorrow by the long silence and seeming departure of our spirit attendants. Various causes might be suggested in our case. The manifesting intelligence would be tested, cross-questioned, and disputed with more critically than ever was a witness in a court of justice.

Through our gross ignorance, we would often order them to leave, condemning them as evil spirits, when on further trial we found them altogether truthful.

At this time we were having remarkable sittings. Tables were covered with lights, that shone like so many diamonds, and thus illuminated, were raised to the ceiling. Rings were taken from the finger of one person in the circle and put upon that of another. We had clairvoyant visions and personations through the children. Writing was beautifully done by one so young he had not learned his letters; yet we would not be satisfied; the material scales were still blinding our eyes. Our spirit guardians wished us to give the light to humanity, which we felt we could not do. We feared it might be wrong; we were not prepared to suffer the consequences which we knew would follow, and resisted their influences.

On one occasion the controlling spirit was requested to give his wife's name, which was unknown to every one present except the person who had asked for it. The spirit, who purported to be the brother of the questioner, could not give it at the time, perhaps for the reason that the positive state of our minds interfered, as each one would think or ask if it were a particular name. The spirit in either event, or from some cause, refused to give the name; he was, consequently, ordered away and denounced as evil. However, in a few moments the child medium began to draw lines across the slate upon which he had been writing; then proceeded to cross them with other lines, forming a number of squares, in which he made the letters that formed the uncommon name of Katrina,—the correct one. The letters were made in an irregular manner, and afterwards pointed out by the medium, until the

right name was spelled. We were much grieved and vexed with ourselves on account of the rudeness we had shown the spirit; and, while trying to frame some apology in our minds to offer, he left.

After many months of silence on the part of our unseen friends, and unfeigned regret and repentance on our part, we were again blessed by other spirit attendants. But that one has never returned; nor have we ever thus far had the same class of physical manifestations.

While sitting a few evenings since, a most imposing funeral procession was seen wending its way to the city of the dead. The impression was that some person of notoriety had passed away. The next morning brought the sad intelligence of the death of a warm advocate of the spiritual philosophy, a government official, and gentleman of culture and high social position here. An illuminated hand was at the same time clairvoyantly seen, with the finger pointing upward.

## CHAPTER XI.

“Through the shadowy past,  
Like a tomb-searcher, memory ran,  
Lifting each shroud that time had cast  
O'er buried hopes.” — MOORE.

MEMORY has taken us back to scenes and incidents of other days; and the influence of past years is upon us. Thus have we been moved to look up and again peruse an old tear-stained letter of long ago.

It was written by a loved brother and uncle, whose name we feel it would not be wise to give, as he opposes the philosophy of spirit return. He is an eminent physician, and possessed of every quality that constitutes true manhood; and, although we know his conclusions to be incorrect, we at the same time know them to be honestly held and expressed. Yet how the letter pained us! Even now we feel its withering effects. It was written in reply to one from us, bearing him a spirit message. He wrote:—

“I know something about the workings of the human mind, both in a natural, and a diseased condition. Your mind is in an excited, feverish state. The mind being diseased, all its imaginative products are diseased also. You coin facts out of a diseased imagination; and your good sense is bound to tell you when you reflect that such coin is of a spurious nature. It will not bear the test of reason. Its glitter and brightness attracts and allures the weak mind, and, finally, reason is no



longer called to act in the matter. The result is a monomaniacal condition of the mind, which is the result of not applying to and testing our thoughts and imaginations, by reason free from all prejudice. Excuse me for thus expressing myself upon the subject of spirit communion. Ours is a difference of opinion, and, I trust, an honest one."

This portion of his letter still remains unanswered. However, we would here say, if we have lost our reasoning faculties, it is consoling to think that in these United States alone we have the company of some ten or eleven millions of others, besides vast numbers in all parts of the habitable globe, among whom may be found some of the most scientific minds and deepest thinkers of the age.

We would try just here to apply "unprejudiced reason" in the case of the messages received through Dr. Slade, and see what the result would be. Could our diseased minds have had anything to do with the messages given between two closed slates? Could it have caused the movements of that tiny bit of pencil between them? Could our "monomania" have furnished the intelligence written, and the correct names — names of others who were not present, but living, and of whom we were not thinking at the time? We surely think not; but rather think we should show symptoms of lunacy were we to doubt that these messages came from any other source, or were produced by any other cause than that claimed by the intelligence writing. Besides what we have enumerated, we have other unmistakable tests of spirit power and presence, received at different times through other mediums. In addition, thousand upon thousands of tests are being daily received by others all over the world. Let calm,

honest, unprejudiced reason answer, if it be the most plausible to accept or reject the manifestations. We feel from our past experience that it is a delicate and painful thing to close our doors upon angel visitants — our mothers, fathers, and children.

Years ago, long before the manifestations through the little girls at Hydesville, one of us saw a negro woman brought from the field of our father in an insensible condition. The woman was brought to the house by negro men who at the time were working in the same field. They laid her on the floor of the portico where we were sitting, saying, "Master, Katy is dead." She was examined and no signs of life were discovered. A physician was sent for who lived some miles distant. When he came he pronounced it to be "determination of blood to the head," and said bleeding would relieve her. He immediately began to bandage her arm preparatory to the operation. But on applying the lancet no blood came — not a drop. Then the other arm was tried, but with no better success. The doctor looked confused. He again examined the woman more carefully and finally pronounced her dead.

She was ordered to be taken to the "quarter," and hot remedies applied, which was done; but the result was the same. She lay thus entranced for two or three days, and all hope of her recovery was gone. Suddenly, however, she arose, seemingly as well as usual, and went again to work without further inconvenience. She could give no account of the strange manner in which she had been affected. This trance condition became of frequent occurrence. It was soon a common thing to find the poor negro medium entranced, though it was some years before she could narrate her interior experiences, and then they were much distorted by the prevailing opinions of the day.

During these years of unintelligible trance the negro had been given to a sister and aunt of ours, whose husband was an Orthodox minister. Her change in owners was greatly to her disadvantage materially, yet it seemed to afford conditions for development spiritually.

Soon after her change of homes she began to make strange and sometimes startling disclosures.

She would become entranced at any time or hour, and dictate to each one what they should do or how act; whether they should go on some expected journey or remain at home; warn the family of danger, and prophesy of coming events.

We will remind the reader that all this occurred long before we had heard anything of Modern Spiritualism. Ignorance of spirit return and control is the only excuse to be offered for much of the injustice this poor negro medium suffered from all with whom she came in contact, especially her owners.

Upon one occasion, when the minister was going with rope and whip in hand to punish her for not being at work, he was met by the entranced woman, who told him she did not intend that he should lay the weight of that whip upon her, but that he should stand still and remain quiet while she related some of her interior experiences. Said she:

"You now, by an unjust law, hold me bound as your slave, but I shall yet be as free as you are. I have seen the white man who will sign my free papers"—here giving a most perfect description of the immortal Lincoln. "Furthermore, I saw a radiant presence approach me. At first it seemed but a cloud in the distance, yet it gradually grew nearer and nearer, until it was within three feet from where I stood. Then it seemed to open out and envelop me, and a man, clad in shining gar-

ments, stood before me. I thought it was the Christ; whereupon I asked, 'Master, are you our Saviour?' He replied, 'No.' 'Then are you the angel Gabriel?' 'No,' he answered, 'I am one who long ago was held in creedal bondage. Death broke the chains of that bondage and made me free; behold, I come to the lowly of earth, and to those who are oppressed by the galling chains of slavery, in the Christ spirit. I come to help open the eyes of the blind, and set the captives free. I am your guide; follow me.' And so, sir, he first took me to a beautiful country, whose surface was covered with trees and flowers of rare beauty and luxuriant growth; whose landscapes were interspersed with hill and dale, much like our own earth. Streams clear as crystal were winding through the valleys, whose musical rippling of waters fell like enchantment upon our ear. This, my guide told me, was heaven. I was grieved because I saw no God, no Christ. Yet I met many who had come out of great tribulation, which both I and you have known. Soon my guide said, 'We will go,' and we began to descend; the scenery all the while becoming grosser and less attractive, the trees assuming a wilted appearance, the flowers becoming less fragrant. Mingled voices of sighs and groans were beginning to reach our ears. My guide, on beholding my look of perplexity, informed me that we were 'journeying to the region of darkness.'

"The scenery now began to grow repulsive. Dark spirits were seen rushing recklessly over roads that had grown black and muddy. We saw, not far from the one in which we were going, a large, black hall. It was so very black I thought it built of tar. By request of my guide we approached it, and he said, 'Behold the half-way place between Heaven and Hell.' I looked in,

and beheld a lurid kind of light that seemed to emanate from the inmates of this dismal place. By this light I was enabled to see a woman, perfectly nude, lying upon a table in the centre of the room; all were black. A deck of cards lay upon the breast of the woman, and she was surrounded by drunken, hideous beings, in the form of men. At the woman's head was a jug of whiskey, from whose top issued flames of fire. The men were engaged in fierce altercations over the woman; their oaths and curses were terrible to hear. Wicked, sir, as I know I am, they made me tremble. 'The half-way place between Heaven and Hell, — *Woman, Cards, and Whiskey*,' — said my guide. Then on we passed until the scene became so horrifying that it is beyond the power of language to describe it. Human tongue could not tell it."

This was the first communication of that nature the poor slave ever gave. All who heard it were for the time spell-bound. Each one knew her to be utterly incapable, within herself, of any such manifestation. The minister was perplexed. The whip had dropped from his hand and lay beside him. He seemed for a moment dazed, then turned and entered the house, the worse whipped of the two. For some time he sat pondering in his mind what manner of woman this could be. Then he arose, saying, as it has many times been said by the clergy, "She hath a devil."

The negro was warned that if she persisted in this kind of demonstration she would be sent away and sold; yet the manifestations would be given as usual.

Not long after this, her young mistress, of whom she was very fond, was to be sent from home to a distant college. Her mother was employed arranging her wardrobe and packing her trunk, preparatory to her depart-



ure, when the negro came hurriedly in, saying to her mistress, "You must not let the child go: if you do you will never see her again."

But, as was the custom, the woman was denounced and repulsed. The young girl was sent away, and in a short time passed to a higher life.

The mother was informed of the sad event by the medium some days before the intelligence came from material sources.

The negro had been hired out after the young girl left home, and was passing the house on an errand. Her mistress was looking at her at the time. She saw the negro suddenly stop as she got opposite the house; she saw her stand a moment, then open her arms, and clasp them upon her breast. After this, the woman came quickly to where her mistress stood, saying, "Mistress, your child is dead. She died yesterday, just before the sun went down. She met me where you saw me stop, and I reached out my arms to embrace her; but they seemed to pass through her form, and my arms were empty. She said, 'Mammȳ, you can't touch me; I am a spirit. Go to my mother and tell her not to weep; I am well and happy. Say to her that papa will be home in three days, and will tell her all. I will meet you all again. Go to my mother now.'"

At the expiration of the time the father came, and verified the statement made by the beautiful spirit daughter.

The family became so afraid of the negro that she was finally sent away from her husband and children, and sold, the minister still alleging "She hath a devil." For many years we neither saw nor heard anything of this remarkable negro. But when the scales had fallen from our own eyes, and we began to know



something of the phenomena and facts of Modern Spiritualism, the memory of the manifestations, given through this humble instrument of spirit power, was a source of great encouragement and comfort. Especially was this the case when the presence of our angel visitants was withdrawn, or their forms obscured by doubt.

Some years after the close of the late war, we were informed that this woman had again found her children, and was then living with them, not more than a day's journey from where we now write.

We then knew how to appreciate her marvellous gifts, and we immediately penned her a long, consoling letter, asking her about her later experiences, and expressing our great joy at her reunion with her family, and their deliverance from bondage. In her reply to our letter, she wrote:—

“In regard to my mediumistic power, I will say I still possess it, although it brought unto me such intense suffering, I would pass through it all again, rather than part with the heavenly gift. I will relate the following experience, which you may be able to explain: Two or three years ago, as I was coming home in a trance from a neighbor's house, I saw a man coming from the north, on a white horse, and it seemed as if he had half the world with him. These people were all dressed alike, or very much so. They were earnestly talking together on some subject that seemed important.

“Their clothing was the color of a dove, and they all wore on their heads strange looking caps. The man on the white horse rode up to me and inquired, ‘Where are your husband and children?’ I told him the children were at work, and my husband was on a plantation up the river, living with another woman. He

looked on me, and said, 'Pity, pity, pity.' Whilst I was talking to him, a little boy rode up to him, and the man reached his hand into his *right* vest pocket, and took from it a chain, or the end of one, and gave it to the boy. The other end remaining in his *right* pocket. They then both rode on. I could now understand that these people were all talking of judgment, judgment.

"There came a lot of people from the north for about a month, and yet these last did not seem like human, when they came gliding through the air. They came upon the ground and ate of the grass and bushes. Their heads were like that of a turkey buzzard's, and their garments were like that of a peafowl's tail. They said their names were 'Jacks.' The same I saw many years before the war, and see them now every six months. Then they talk with me day and night. To other people they appear like peafowls, but when they see me, they stand up, and look like other people. They are very portly, and their heads assume a human shape. They sometimes holla out curiously, and when they do the owls answer them."

We have copied this from the letter just as it was written. We have our views of this strange vision; think it very significant, but refrain from giving our explanation, preferring that others judge for themselves as to the meaning. We must not forget that these strange revealments came through the untutored mind of a negro.

We indeed feel happy that memory recalls no unkindness on our part to this humble, misunderstood instrument of spirit power. She ever found in us warm sympathy and friendship. In a vague way we always felt that some great movement was beneath all this, and that it was very wrong to persecute the poor woman.

Since having ourselves been conscious of being used by the spirit world, we have remarked with how much more ease communications can be given to the colored than the more intelligent white people. To one gifted with seeing, their life lines appear plain, and may be read as an open book.

Not long since we had occasion to go to the house of a negro family, living near by, for the purpose of borrowing a rake. We found the man of the house was absent, but his wife came to the door, and to her we made known our want. Said she, "My husband is gone, but don't think he would loan the rake if he was home."

We saw she was looking us over in an uneasy, inquisitive manner, for which we could not account, until she asked, "Arn't you de folks what call up de dead?"

"Well, aunty," we replied, "perhaps they have no need of being called, as we now see beside you a mulatto woman, clad in a blue dress, dotted with white. She coughs as though she had passed away from consumption. She tells me she died at the city hospital, where you frequently went and ministered to her wants. She thanks you for your kindness, and wishes you to know that she still lives."

She here interrupted the message by excitedly exclaiming, "It's sister Dorcas, fore de Lord; O bless de Lord, den, we do live! Take de rake, honey; take de rake. Bless de Lord! take de rake. George not gwine to keer. Bless de Lord! take de rake."

Not many days after this the old woman came and asked us to tell her something more, and we had quite an interesting seance with her. An aged man came to her, — a white man, — who said he had been a minister. His head was white as snow, with eyes and brows black

as any raven. He said he had preached to the negroes, to the church of which the woman had been a member, but that he had misled them, and wanted now to say that if they expected to be saved from suffering they must not depend upon another; a good life alone was their only hope; that the good deeds of other men would avail them nothing; that they must work out their own salvation.

This sitting quite satisfied the poor woman that nothing was hidden; that we all are attended by some unseen watchers, and we notice a change in her daily life. She formerly had been quarrelsome and boisterous, now she is kind and gentle.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Judge not, the working of his brain  
 And of his heart thou canst not see;  
 What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
 In God's pure light may only be  
 A scar, brought from the well-worn field  
 Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

THE need of the present age is more confidence in the indwelling good of humanity. The distrust enlodged in the human mind through social, political, and religious upheavals cause men to stand in awe of one another; and a feeling of dread of what is yet to be, pervades the souls of each and all.

Scarce do time-honored institutions, governments, and religions arrive at the zenith of their power, and present to the understanding models of perfection, before they, in obedience to the law of progression, begin to topple and fall. They met the demand of the age in which they were founded, and warmed into life through the necessities of the times. Having met the demands, they become useless, and must pass away, giving place to the incoming tide of events. These continuous changes, which may be traced all along down the corridors of time, make men doubt the stability of every earth-born good. This is wise; were it otherwise, no forward step would ever be taken, progress would cease, and humanity stagnate.

While we admit the great and good results to which this building and tearing down and building again

lead, we cannot but also admit that it has its attendant evil: it creates in the mind a feeling of distrust in all things, and, most of all, of one another.

Distrust is contagious; it goes from the aura of one and intermingles with that of another, until to-day one man can scarcely trust his brother. This state of affairs brings forth its own legitimate fruit. Deny the fact as men may, they are constantly being swayed by the influences of their surroundings, both seen and unseen. They are more or less subject to the thoughts and opinions of others whom they come in contact with.

We know that many are generated with evil natures; but, at the same time, we are well aware that society is ever preparing a soil in which the evil will germinate in place of that which is calculated to call into existence and action loftier and better qualities. We hear it remarked of some particular person, "He is going down"; all thoughts and all eyes are forthwith upon that one, waiting and watching for his fall; thus actively stimulating the conditions to accomplish a fellow-mortal's material overthrow. Let a stranger suddenly make an appearance in any community, and numbers of the curious are anxious to ascertain every detail of his history; and should he be simple enough to gratify them, or wise enough to keep his own counsel,—it matters but little which,—some judgment of his character will surely be rendered. Should it be unfavorable, it is whispered from one to another, until the very atmosphere pulsates with evil surmises. If that individual be not endowed with the attributes of an angel, he will nine times out of ten succumb to public opinion. The good will be suppressed and all the evil aroused; and generally, he is found to meet



all the expectations of those by whom he is surrounded. But should the impressions and opinions be in his favor, he will strive to fulfil all requirements. We know there are exceptions to this; but they are monstrosities, and do not come under the general rule.

We need to keep our atmosphere cleansed of slanderous thoughts and expressions for the sake of moral health and vigor. Is it to be wondered at that when there is heard

"On all sides from innumerable tongues  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn,"

man feels intimidated, it matters not how irreproachable be his life and morals?

The mental machinery of some men and women seems wholly adapted to the manufacture of trouble for themselves and others; while others are as pure fountains of living water, casting their healthy emanations around in life's arid desert, generating sunshine and gladness wherever they go.

When small we read an old fairy story that is well worth recording here for the moral it carries with it. As we remember, it was this:—

Once upon a time, two sisters dwelt together; one was ill-tempered and exacting, the other amiable and loving. The first imposed all the menial labor and service upon her uncomplaining sister, whom she always rewarded with rebukes. It happened upon a time that this sister was sent for a pitcher of water to a distant spring. She there met a fairy, who asked of her a drink. Always kind and obliging, she was quick to respond to the request, giving, too, some kindly words to the fairy, who was disguised as an old woman. The

other sister becoming thirsty, and angered at the delay, went also to the spring, where she found the tardy sister in conversation with the old woman; whereupon she began to abuse both of them. When her ill-temper became exhausted, the fairy said, "Because of your harsh words and abusive manner, toads and vipers shall henceforth fall from your mouth with every word you speak." She left, abusing her sister, and the toads and vipers falling with every word. But to the sweet disposed sister she said, "Go, kind girl! henceforth there shall drop diamonds and jewels with every word you speak"; and as she went away, thanking the fairy, diamonds and jewels fell from her mouth whenever she spoke.

This mythical story fed the fancy of early years, and in after-times unfolded the fact worthy of note, that with our words fall either blessings or curses on humanity. Thought is potent for either good or evil; but words are either the jewels or vipers of human lives.

Of all classes of sufferers from the thought emanations and expressions of the public, mediums are the greatest, owing to their extreme sensitiveness. To be reliable, they require conditions of perfect trust. None should enter their presence with a feeling or atmosphere of doubt. When they cannot be met without such feeling, it is far better, for investigator and medium, that they remain apart.

We have been instructed by our kind spirit guide to beware of such as carry with and around them repulsive influences, and not to allow fierce discussions within our home; for they are sure to produce spiritual swamps and muddy pools, through which they must pass to approach us.

The general outcry throughout the world, especially

in the ranks of Spiritualists is, "Give us pure mediums", yet what conditions are furnished by humanity to produce such? This is a question in which all are interested, as Spiritualism is wholly dependent upon mediumship for existence. No imaginative mind can picture the varied and many times startling revelations made in the seance room, or the different motives that influence people to seek aid and relief from their embarrassments, which are of every class, from the mercenary money hunter down to those who are writhing in social wreck and ruin.

If one who is pure, and good, and gifted with ordinary perception could for a day fill the position of public media, they would wonder that they are not less reliable than they are.

Three ladies once called for a seance with us; they were highly elated with the hope of finding a fortune said to have been buried beneath a house, by a former occupant who had passed to the world of spirits. They were anxious to consult this immortal in regard to its exact locality. On making known the nature of their mission, and receiving a decided refusal to comply with their request, they left in anything but an amiable mood. One of them, however, more persistent than the others, that evening addressed us a note, from which we copy the following: "I hope, pray, and trust that you will reconsider your decision about going to the 'Brown House' to sit for us, for I am sure there is a large amount of money buried under it, and through you it will be found. Make up your mind to go for me, my dear friend. I can see no harm whatever in the act, and I *know* if I had the money I could do so much good in the world; for that *reason* if no other, you should be willing to go and assist us in obtaining

it. Can't you be induced to go? Change your mind and go with us this evening. Should you consent I will give you the following named articles, which I hope you will be willing to accept, as a just reward for your time and services:  $\frac{1}{2}$ -gallon glass demijohn, 1 sugar can, 1 wash board, 1 water bucket, 1 bird cage, and a scrub brush." Reader, we still declined to go.

The above is given as an illustration of the demands that are frequently made upon sensitives, and the nature of the influences that are daily being brought into the seance room and aura of mediums.

These are the conditions that make media unworthy of confidence. When such requests are granted, who is to blame?

A few days ago, while giving a gentleman a seance, he asked the communicating intelligence something about business transactions; for some time an answer was seemingly evaded, but he persisted in repeating the question, and obtained this reply: "Let this and all other transactions of life, be in accordance with your most exalted views of justice, both to yourself and others. What often times seems to you to be failures, are life's grandest successes. When all business is conducted by the rule 'Do as you would be done by,' then humanity may wisely seek our assistance."

It is greatly to be deplored that spirit communion should ever be prostituted to such unholy purposes; but so long as mediums are sought for such, just that long will the demand be supplied. Withdraw the demand for mediums who will pander to the requirements of this class of investigators, and they will cease to exist. We believe the services of media should alone be sought for messages of a spiritual nature, and to ascertain the fact of a continued existence, after so-

called death. All material thoughts and desires should for the time be laid aside, thus surrounding media with a spiritual aura, through which may come exalted messages, making both investigator and medium the better.

The brief history of Modern Spiritualism furnishes strong evidence of the unhappy result of investigation for material gain, or impure purposes, and many have learned useful lessons, often at considerable cost.

We at times doubt whether the information obtained through spirit media of a material character comes from spirit sources. Might it not be possible that it emanates from the surroundings and atmospheres that sensitives are constantly being subject to? To better illustrate the idea we wish to convey, we will relate an experience with a gentleman who at one time attended our circle. A few moments after the circle was formed, we began to feel terribly wicked; felt as though we wanted to curse, swear, and fight; and on speaking of our disagreeable feeling, some one remarked, "It's some wicked or undeveloped spirit, come to be progressed out of its dark condition;" but we concluded to throw off the influence by leaving the circle. As we were in the act of doing so, the gentleman said, "Keep your seat, and I will move back; perhaps I may be the cause." He did so, but the same unhappy feeling continued, and we broke up the circle. The gentleman then told us that he had just had a fierce altercation with another man, and that he was then armed, expecting to renew the dispute when they met. In the above incident we can trace the feeling manifested to material influences. May there not be many others that are similar, coming from the material side of life.

We were speaking in regard to the subject of spirit influence and control, not long since, during our circle,



and this was given to a person present: "Richard, my son, when in a tranquil state of mind consider well this fact: all replies to questions descend from the same plane of life to which your questions ascend."

We here give another spirit message that may throw some light upon the subject: —

"We are ever striving to penetrate the gross materiality by which humanity is surrounded, that we may project into the mind some knowledge of the spiritual. The aura of attendant spirits is many times so perfectly blended with that of the medium through which they manifest, that doubts often arise as to their origin — doubts even in the mind of the medium through whom they come.

"When the minds of all present are divested of every thought of a material nature, the inflowings that then are of a spiritual nature are from spirit sources.

"All facts that are gained of material things reach you through the intellect, by the use of the material senses; all knowledge of spiritual things is derived from spirit through the intuitions. This may aid you in discriminating between the belongings of the two worlds, or what originates in the mind, from that which is projected into it from a higher source. — C. Smith."

Following this came a message from the presiding spirit which we regard of value, especially to the great number who are seeking to develop mediumistic gifts: it is this, — "Let all seeking to be mediums first *purify themselves*."

It seems that at times too much is accepted as from spirit sources, and at others, too little; but when, where, and how, to make the distinction, we are still seeking to find out. We are assured of the fact of spirit intervention in many occurrences in our own lives, and many in



the lives of others, which at the time were considered purely material.

Some months ago we were influenced to write thoughts on mediums and development, which appeared in one of our journals, and we feel impressed to insert it here.

#### THOUGHTS ON MEDIUMS AND DEVELOPMENT.

Now that Modern Spiritualism has outlived much of the ostracism that attended the early days of its advent; now that it is attracting the attention and interest of scientists and scholars, and assuming an attitude of defiance and independence towards its oppressors, the inquiry is, "How can I become a medium?" Learned advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy have written lengthy essays on developing spiritual gifts, all of which, we feel, have failed to throw much light upon the subject, for the most simple of reasons, namely: That mankind do not differ in this respect from their usual mode of seeking knowledge of facts; they are ever prone to wander from the simple and true, quite forgetting, in their eager haste to acquire, that "God has stamped simplicity on all his works." Thus they make, and cause others to make, long, fruitless journeys after some coveted knowledge or blessing, and find at last that they are compelled to return and seek it from within and around them, and then find it through the simplest of means.

To meet this demand we also find advertised persons who for a stated sum of money agree to furnish all needed information and aid in the development of mediums, both at home and at a distance. Some years ago, when first interested in spiritual manifestations, we invested largely in this kind of promised information,

but learned, after much time spent in trying to follow directions that were given, that we were pursuing an *ignis fatuus*. But even that knowledge we now think was worth the money expended, as it proved the means of bringing us back to self and a reliance on our own innate powers and exertion to attain it. It, too, has enabled us to point out this first false step, as we consider it, to those seeking the development of mediumistic gifts. In the place of striving to change the habits and nature, one should be *natural*, and do that which makes them the most comfortable. The palate will determine the quality and quantity of diet, when not rendered morbid through abuse. Nature has given it for this purpose, and no other but one's self can know what is best. Eat, drink, sleep — in short, live naturally. If a mistake should be made, nature will demand the penalty attached to all her broken laws, and it will be readily discovered by the disorder of the system.

This has been our experience in development, and we willingly give it, hoping it may benefit others; give it without money and without price. Mediums (and when we say mediums we mean it, not mountebanks and frauds) are well aware that it lies beyond their power to develop spiritual gifts in any one; *that each and all must grow up to it naturally*. By naturally we mean that the soul powers must be unfolded gradually, and to us almost imperceptibly. To illustrate, take the development of a crop. The ground must first be prepared, then the planting; after comes its cultivation — not forgetting to keep down the weeds. Sunshine and showers are needed; the positive influences of day, the negative influences of night, to slowly unfold and mature it. This cannot be done in a day — neither can mediums be so developed. Life's ups and downs, its

joys and griefs, its smiles and frowns, the friends and foes, all are necessary to the development of a reliable, honest medium. There is no royal road to it, but it is obtained like all else of any worth, through earnest endeavor for spiritual ascendancy and supremacy.

A close observation of nature and her multifarious and multitudinous workings, and a feeling of kinship with the expression of spirit through her crudest forms, ever finding in all something of truth, the human and the divine, all tend to harmonize and develop the faculties unused in the every-day affairs of physical life, but which must be worked up into activity if used by higher powers. Spirit is striving to more perfectly express itself through the grossest forms of matter, and does so to the fullest extent of the capacity of matter to receive; when that capacity is enlarged by the law of evolution, a fuller and freer expression of spirit will be the result. One great hindrance to mediumistic development is to distinguish the thoughts that belong to and originate in the mind from those projected into it by some other intelligence. Seldom do we think and plan alone. Some dear one "over there" is ever watching and waiting opportunities to aid in every endeavor of life. We have many times noted the fact that those who had no near and dear angel friends always found it more difficult to encounter and combat difficulties that are ever meeting all on life's highway, or to gain any spiritual eminence. The kind hand of spirit guidance is needed to beckon upward and onward earth's weary travellers, and their loving aid wanted to supply human deficiencies. When the mortal has made the utmost exertion, then will come this unseen help.

When we take into consideration how very little to

the liking of each is their situation and surroundings, we can readily perceive that some other intelligence is planning and guiding, even in the every-day affairs of life. In our experience in development, we have frequently passed, unnoticed at the time, some feeble expression of spirit, and have many times so repulsed and discouraged the kind spirit, that the effort would never be repeated. We think when sitting for development the better way is to obey the impressions that come for the time—that is, should there be nothing in them morally wrong. They may at first seem of a trifling, even silly nature; but often further development might prove them to be of great importance. We well remember at one time a number of persons had formed a circle at our house. A few hours previous we had been bitten by a spider on the hand, which was at that time so swollen and painful that we found it impossible to join the circle, and took a seat some distance from it by the fire, as it was winter and cold. We were sitting very uncomfortably on a small chair of one of the children. Soon the table began a very undignified tipping and tossing, and finally succeeded in getting one leg between the rounds of a chair near by, and slowly moved the chair to where we were sitting. Both table and chair were taken back, but only to cause a repetition of the movement. Each of us regarded it as a silly performance of some mischievous spirit, and when the last exercise was gone through with, and it was concluded to break up the circle, one of the children exclaimed, “Why, mamma, the spirit has got you a chair!” We took it, and placing the well hand on the table, the alphabet was called for, and through the raps we found it to be the spirit of a darling son, who, as he stated, had brought a doctor to have something done for my hand.

Several things were called for and ordered to be placed upon the table to be magnetized. We were then told to put the salve thus made on the bite, which was done, relieving the pain in a few moments. The feeling of tenderness that this loving act inspired within us brought tears of joy and gratitude.

Sometimes poor media suffer mental tortures, fearing that they have been the willing instruments for deception, so perfectly may the spirit's aura be blended with theirs. We have for this cause had our soul tortured with anguish, when after incidents would prove beyond doubt that it was spirit control. At one time we were, for our own peace of mind, driven to the necessity of telling any one to whom we gave communications, that we did not know what the power was through which it was done; to take the intelligence given for what they thought it was worth, and to account for it as best they could. Development has inspired us with a dread of humanity, fearing to be censured or misunderstood, hence we have ever avoided publicity.

Spirits themselves are often ignorant of the results of their control of mediums, and many times both medium and spirits might reasonably be accused of deception, when further efforts would prove that the spirits may have been experimenting—finding out how much power the medium possessed that could be utilized by them. Since we know but little of the *modus operandi* of spirit control, we think it not wise to hastily pass judgment upon any manifestation until we see the result. It should be borne in mind that mediums are mediums at all times, and in all places, whether sitting for manifestations or otherwise. Another important fact may also be noted: spirits have various ways and means of supplying their mediums with knowledge of events,



which many times cause them to doubt even their own honesty. How our souls go out in sympathy to them, subject as they are to every influence by which they are surrounded, whether in or out of a material body. All media have their own peculiar crosses to bear, their Gethsemanes to enter, and too often crucifixions to endure. As imperfect as are our media of to-day, they notwithstanding are the salt of the earth; they alone, through spirit power, can enter into the *holy of holies* of the human heart, and supply the interior needs of the human soul. If development be in the hands of spirit guardians and friends, they will manage it with far more wisdom than can mortals. Our attendant spirit friends object to mesmerism as a means of development. They tell us that each one is surrounded by an atmosphere or aura peculiar to themselves, to protect the individuality of each, and that mesmerism breaks this barrier that nature has kindly and wisely thrown around each and all as a means of warning and protection, when approaching the uncongenial, injurious, and often poisonous magnetism of others. They tell us to exercise great care how we come under the psychological influence of others, as it is calculated to destroy individuality, and transfer any impurity possessed by the psychologist as readily as it would a spiritual gift.

Every one with spirit aid may develop some phase of mediumship, and that one should be accepted which is the most adapted to his organism and spiritual advancement. All cannot make good musicians, nor be successful mathematicians; neither can all be astronomers or mechanics. There are manifest even to our material sense a diversity of gifts, and that one the most manifest is sure to be the best and greatest success. We are as much spirits now as we shall ever be. Let us be



guided by this knowledge. After being sufficiently developed to obtain intelligent communications from spirits, we have many times become impatient and discouraged in our efforts to obtain better results, and have resolved to try again some help foreign to ourselves. But as often have been told "develop your own powers," and after a while our strivings have ended with success. One could, with the same wisdom, undertake to teach a child Greek before it had learned its letters, as to endeavor to develop mediumistic gifts in those who have not grown up to where it can be done; to where spiritual things can be discerned and grasped; when the mind can discriminate between its interior workings and that of immortals who surround them. There must needs come seasons of withdrawal from the world; days in the wilderness of doubt and the tempting of evil spirits, either in or out of the body, who will offer mediums all the pleasures of the world if allowed to control them; and just at this stage of development, if the medium has the moral courage to say, as was said by a medium of old, "Get thee behind me, Satan," they are quite likely to make their mediumship a joy and comfort to themselves and a blessing to humanity.

Let us look at the human wrecks that are strewn all over the land by yielding to such influences, and take warning. That same old theological purse has lured many mediums, who were good and true, to ruin, — ruined by an abuse and indiscriminate use of their gifts. Kind guardians and spirit friends, while developing mediums, may be able to exorcise a low developed spirit, and leave the interior empty of it, swept and garnished; yet their after life may be such as to invite it back again. The door now being open, — or mediumship developed, — others too may come, even more wicked than

the first; and behold, the last state of that one is worse than the first — better far to never have been developed.

The above remarks have reference to those who are not mediums from birth. Dr. Dodd asserts that there is one out of every twenty-five born in a psychological condition; that they live in that state, and will die in it. These only need the kind hand of affection to draw out and utilize their soul powers. This is as necessary for them as is that of the mother for the babe, from whose maternal breast its life is drawn. Science would freeze up the fountain of inspiration, and the keen criticisms of an unprogressed material world wither and blast. Science cannot reach these interior workings of the human soul, because they are not governed by physical laws, but by spiritual. We would here say, if mediums of this class are not what they should be, it is because of the imperfections and ignorance of humanity. We are told that these spirit manifestations are born of our own souls. Make for media better conditions; surround them with holier influences, and more pure magnetisms, and soon the cry of impure mediums will no more be heard.

To all who are seeking to be mediums, we would say, bear in mind that development means very much more than many usually think. Not only may individuals develop a spiritual and exalted state, but they may develop much that is repulsive and hereditary that is lying dormant in their nature, and would perhaps remain so, but for the special efforts made by them for spiritual development. This may be why Swedenborg taught against common humanity as a medium between the two worlds. It certainly should be a caution to all, more especially those inheriting any trait of evil, and stimulate them to live pure lives. After over twenty

years of experience, though never having ourselves suffered from the control of anything of a repulsive nature, to-day we stand in awe of mediumship, it is so freighted with weal or woe to its possessor and to humanity.

Spiritualism is commanding the attention of hundreds to-day who are living in the Lone Star State. Many of them are earnestly striving to develop themselves into mediums; numbers seek information from us. *Develop your own powers*, never allowing a spirit in or out of the flesh to use your material organism in any way in which you would not yourself use it. All are capable of doing more for themselves than can be done by another; exertion will unfold spiritual perceptions. Learned men of the past dispensation made big mistakes, and led others who dared not think for themselves to do the same. Unless great care be exercised, the learned ones of the incoming spiritual era will repeat the same. To me the intuitions of a little child are of far more value as a guide in spiritual matters than those of learned professors who may be seeking place and power.

SUE J. FINCK.

## CHAPTER XIII.

It is evident to every analytical mind that we are living a twofold life: one compounded of material wants and necessities; the other requiring spiritual sustenance and development; and that it is the office of the human mind, acting through the physical body, to search, explore, and gather from nature's vast realm, all that is wanting to facilitate the growth and development of each.

Man's material wants are, and, it seems, ever will be, first, while on this rudimental plane of life, because his physical demands are immediate and urgent. We therefore find him putting forth all his energies, first to secure comfort, then elegance, then grandeur. Thus has he gained height after height in mechanical skill and in a knowledge of the arts and sciences, until it verily seems that there is nothing more to be learned.

Past achievements, however, never give lasting satisfaction to the restless, aspiring soul of man. In truth, he hardly pauses long enough to review the ground already gone over, or to examine and utilize the knowledge he has from time to time forced from nature's hidden laboratory, before we again behold him bounding forth with renewed energies in quest of something still grander and more elevating, until to-day we verily find him "but little lower than the angels," the crowning outgrowth of all animal and vegetable life, and destined in the future to be the grand ultimate of all of life's unfoldings.

Surmounting the opposition of the clergy, and heedless of priestly anathemas, the scientific mind has steadily marched onward, regardless of all obstacles; has measured oceans' depths, spanned their mighty waves with electric wires, and linked continent to continent. It has tamed the lightning, and made it a submissive servant and willing carrier of messages from one point of the globe to another.

The nineteenth century has far exceeded any past three centuries in its scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions. Never before in the annals of the world have the intellectual powers of man developed with such rapidity; yet in his breathless haste for more knowledge, man often misses many golden facts that lie at his very feet; and because they may be but in embryo, because they may be as yet but tender buds of promise, he fancies their conditions to be distant, and makes long, fruitless, mental journeys in search of them, being at last compelled to return, and with childlike trust and simplicity gather them up, from within and around him.

More especially do we find this true in regard to those who are seeking the kingdom of heaven or harmony. Men go from this church to that, from one creed to another, and find it not; for behold, it lieth just where the son of Mary and Joseph the carpenter proclaimed it to be over eighteen hundred years ago, — "within you."

We have noticed it to be true, both of ourselves and of others, that when the mind becomes dissatisfied with itself it gets restless, and invariably seeks change of place as a palliative, and is as often doomed to meet with disappointment, for the reason that self must always be carried along, wherein lies the chief cause of all disturbance.



Is it to be considered in any way marvellous that the spiritual philosophy should come at this most opportune time, promulgating the kingdom of heaven within man?

Is it to be wondered at, that while man has been achieving such grand results on a material plane of life, that Modern Spiritualism, backed by its phenomena and incontrovertible facts, should come in answer to the demand of advanced, enlarged human soul?

Since man must, through all this whirling round of activity, stop and lie down in the quiet arms of death, it is found necessary to look after the conditions of the soul and its future welfare. In bygone days of great spiritual enlightenment, the orthodox creed was fully satisfying, but to-day the soul of man has broadened out. The capacities of his mind have become enlarged with his material nature, and call aloud from mountain top to valley for a higher dispensation of spiritual views, to meet and satisfy the hungering soul.

"Hark! from the tomb, a doleful sound" no longer serves as a lullaby to the sorrow-stricken soul when the earthly casket of some loved one is being laid away from mortal sight. But rather would we sing,—

"The dead are not departed;  
Only the dross laid by;  
The good and the true-hearted  
Are ever hovering nigh."

Is it not satisfying to reflect how peaceful has been the incoming of this new spiritual dispensation? Not a drop of blood has been spilled to tarnish its purity. How different from the inauguration of all other forms of religious belief! A benevolent smile lights up the face when the mind goes back to past days and returns to reflect upon the present. We find all the former



avenues to religious liberty paved with dead and gory with the slain. Even in our own favored land, cries of persecution have rent the air, and angels have wept to behold the scene.

Still onward and upward has been the soul cry of humanity, until Pagan and Jew, Christian and Infidel, dare to stand upon a nation's free platform and openly express their views.

Men are finding many Bibles in the place of the one they have hitherto relied upon, and are beginning to throw aside the teachings of any that conflict with reason and demonstrated facts.

They no longer stop to wrangle about the translation of Gehenna, care not if it means the grave or some other place; not what Tartarus is, nor if Hades means only a hole in the ground; for all seem as nothing when compared to the living facts of the spiritual dispensation.

These old theological views of the hereafter are much like the manna that the Israelites gathered in the wilderness; they spoil when kept too long. We need new and more progressed ideas, living facts, to meet the requirements of the advanced humanity of to-day.

The time is fast approaching when the immense wealth that is expended on costly church edifices and in supporting the clergy will, under angel guidance, be appropriated to the relief of the poor, who often live within the shadow of church steeples their money has helped to build, having been extorted from them for that purpose. The widow's mite, which is so unduly pressed from the purse of penury, will go, if at all, to help elevate degraded human kind. Good Christian people will then have time to bestow upon their physical necessities; time to study the laws of health, and to

learn how to make of the human temple a pleasant habitation for the indwelling spirit; how to make a heaven of every home, now and here.

Men are ransacking heaven above and earth beneath for more light and knowledge. Old traditions and superstitions are passing away, never to return. The weary travellers through the interminable thickets of Theology are dropping by the wayside, and the wilderness of doubt is fast being swept away. Satan's kingdom is tottering and tumbling; human idols are being broken, and light from the superior world is streaming down upon the nineteenth century. Heaven and earth are no longer at such incalculable distances. Angel hands have spanned immensity with unseen lines of communication from world to world, and to-day we can interiorly behold "the gates ajar."

Our young men and maidens are having visions, and the old ones are dreaming beautiful dreams. Seers are telling of sunny, fruitful climes, and prophesying of the good time coming for all. Knowing all this we can afford to labor and wait with patience, being hopeful, faithful, thankful, and withal watchful.

We find numbers of the creed-bound of the day who are ashamed of its narrowness, coming secretly, as went one of old to Jesus, to inquire of these new truths; and it is both noticeable and affecting to see with what avidity they are accepted.

Not long since a lady of very prepossessing appearance was seen standing near our door; she had remained there so long it attracted our attention, and upon addressing her we soon found her to be insane. A gentleman was passing by at the time, and paused to inquire what it was that troubled her. She asked if he ever attended the Presbyterian church. He told her he was one of that faith.

"Then," said she, "go and ask its members to pray for me." Having said this, she left.

The gentleman turned to us, saying, "If that lady is a good Presbyterian, I can't see why she should become insane."

We, without the least hesitation, replied, that if she was a good Presbyterian, and held to the articles of faith such were supposed to hold, and was possessed of any human affection, we saw no reason whatever why she should not be insane. He walked on in a meditative manner; whether to his church, we cannot say.

As we have before said, it is a severe trial to cut loose and break away from these old, settled ideas; yet when light begins to dawn upon the mind, it is sure to guide the anxious soul onward unto its noonday effulgence. This is why Spiritualism is so much dreaded by all the churches.

It has been a great wonder to us that humanity has been able to struggle against such formidable opposition, even to their present plane of liberality, when we consider the effort it has cost. They must have had some helping hand to point the way and lead them on.

Swedenborg's theory of divine influx may account for the fact that human souls have recognized a few gleams of light, now and then flashing across the world's mental darkness. Yet to us there seems another cause for man's spiritual unfoldment, and that is a close and intimate association with our loved departed, who live on life's other side. In the night-time, when "deep sleep falleth upon man," some Eve from celestial Edens may bring unto him of their spiritual knowledge.

We have the most convincing proofs that they watch over, associate with, comfort, and instruct us during the time that the material senses are wrapped in slumber.

The jarrings and discords consequent upon our daily existence crowd out and drive back the tender emotions of the human soul. We find but little time for the exercise of the spiritual faculties amid the din of a constant strife to supply our material needs. Where, then, but apart from them, under the quieting influences of darkness and sleep, can the spiritual faculties be used and unfolded? What more propitious time have we to enter the inner kingdom, wherein the spirit resides, and listen to its divine teachings and warnings? Even the earth, with its sun-parched vegetation, needs these same hours of darkness and repose for its perfect unfoldment of life, that all things may drink in the refreshing dews from heaven.

Must "Night, restful, mysterious, beautiful, star-eyed Night," not bring in some way the needed aid and instruction for the growth and development of the soul? Are there no gentle voices of love? No celestial dews that fall upon and refresh the agonized soul? Does the tired body merely rest? Then what of its occupant? Gains it no knowledge, then, of the interior universe, which the material light of day obscures, to satisfy its immortal longings? If not, then when and where must we look?

It is not supposed, neither is it reasonable, to think that our spirits ever grow tired. Then what are their occupations, and where are they during the time the body is wrapped in sleep? To us it seems the most reasonable deduction that they are with their loved ones on life's spiritual side, being instructed and educated, that when the time for their departure comes, they will not be called to gaze upon strange faces and unfamiliar scenes, and to meet the forms of loved ones, many of whom otherwise would have grown beyond their knowledge.

We know that memory recalls but little of this sleep life, yet that little affords ample proof of the continued activity of the spirit and its constant wakefulness.

We think we bring back to material life and our waking moments the memory of far more incidents and experiences of the soul than we take of physical transactions to what is commonly called dreamland.

If it be true that our waking hours belong to the material side of life and its occupations and necessities, and our sleeping hours to the spiritual side and its occupations and wants, then we can perceive the philosophy of so-called death. One can plainly see that the need is as great for the companionship of loved ones and friends on that side as it is on this.

Mankind has in every stage of mental growth been greatly impressed by remarkable dreams; yet but little is ever said of them, as people fear ridicule, or the greater number do, and no one will court it. Few, if any, however, are exempt from having had some startling experience that has been denominated "only a dream."

We transcribe from the writings of Byron the following appropriate and beautiful lines:—

- "Our life is twofold; sleep hath its own world.  
 A boundary between the things misnamed  
 Death and existence: sleep hath its own world  
 And a wild realm of wild reality;  
 And dreams in their development have breath,  
 And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,  
 They do divide our being; they become  
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
 And look like heralds of eternity."



## CHAPTER XIV.

DREAMS have formed a prominent feature in our experiences, and we feel it will not be amiss to devote some pages in recording a few of our own, as well as some coming from other sources. To us our dream life seems as real as does this, and far more interesting and beautiful. The night spent in dreamless slumber seems a blank in our existence; it seems as though some page had been lost from life's book.

Many dreams, when their meaning is revealed to the understanding, appear to originate in some realm of life as substantial, if not more so, than is our earthly plane.

Whether these prophetic visions, seen in sleep, are grasped by our own awakened perceptions, or whether they are scenes executed by some kind guardian or loving spirit friend, we are unable to say. They may be obtained through our own perception as well as that of angel help. Our experiences and those of others indicate this to be true.

We once belonged to an Orthodox church, one of the members of which was to be tried for an offence against its laws — that of sabbath breaking. The night before the church meeting and trial, we dreamed of going to the church, and as we were in the act of entering the door a light shower of rain fell, not enough, however, to cause inconvenience. As we came up among the congregation we found them all curious,



excited, and confused, and on looking around beheld another than our usual minister occupying the pulpit.

He had the appearance of being a very black, coarse woman, and yet we knew him to be a white man. He had the peculiarity, when speaking, of drawing down first one, then the other corner of his mouth. This we remarked very closely. While we were trying to account for this strange presence, he reached out his hand and took from the altar a stalk of sugar-cane, and broke it in two parts, laying the part held in his right hand down again upon the altar. He then proceeded to use the part held in the left hand for a spy-glass, through which to look at the congregation. Then we all began to leave the house in an excited, disorderly manner, except a few church members, who remained quietly seated.

This dream we related to two of our church deacons the next morning before going to the meeting, saying that we could recognize the minister by the peculiarity named.

The dream left the impression on our mind that we should have some serious church difficulties, and it was with much reluctance that we attended service the following day. Nevertheless we did, and at the door encountered the light rainfall; also the two deacons with whom we had previously been speaking about our dream.

They hastened to inform us that a strange minister was there and would officiate. As soon as he began to speak, we knew him to be the one of our dream by the manner he had of drawing down the corners of his mouth.

We had spent the evening and night previous with the brother who was that day to be tried.

This brother had a wife, as soft-spoken and beguiling as one Delilah of old; and we presume, from the sermon he preached, she had quite won him over in her husband's favor. At least we were all severely reprimanded, and a perfect commotion ensued. Letters of dismissal from the church were loudly and angrily demanded, and granted in the same spirit. Then a part of the church members, with the congregation, left in a state of the utmost excitement and confusion.

The minister had used the sister's sweetness, of which the sugar-cane was a type, to see the condition of the church, and he, being black of heart, could see no further through it than he had seen through her sweetness of manner. The breaking of the cane was symbolic of the sundered church, and the right-hand end was significant of truth: and let us bear in mind it was never used, but laid upon the altar.

Towards evening, after our boisterous church scene, one of the deacons, to whom we had related our strange dream, came to us to ask what we intended to do about a church, remarking that he also had a vision the same evening, that had greatly impressed him as to his future course. He said: "I was walking slowly past the church or meeting-house, thinking if it could be true that of all creeds ours was alone blest with the presence of Christ, when I heard a voice say, 'Look up and behold the Christ,' whereupon I looked up and saw you standing just before me. Now I am going to the church of your choice, for I know that Christ dwelleth there."

We told him that we that day had as much of church experience as we wanted; also as much religion, so-called, as we desired, — quite enough to last us as long as we should live.

He has never joined another church, or had not as long as we knew of him. Should his eyes ever trace these lines, we would here invite him to look for the spirit of Christ shadowed forth in this new spiritual dispensation, of which we were to him but a symbol. We assure him that the glorious light emanating therefrom will be all-sufficient to guide him safely to an Eden of sweet repose.

Some pious church members will doubtless exclaim, "What superstition!" We will remind all such of Joseph's dreams, and the dreams and visions which form the only foundation of their religious dispensation.

We once had business that called us to a house in this city, where we had never before been. All its inmates were entire strangers to us. On meeting the lady of the house, she said:—

"Oh! I know you well, but cannot recall your name."

We replied: "We also know you, yet do not remember your name."

Neither of our names were familiar to either of us. After a long conversation about the different places in which we had lived and the people we had formerly known, we gave up all hope of arriving at any conclusion as to where we had before met. We then proceeded to speak of the business which had called us there, when a flash of light passed before our vision, bringing to our mind where we had previously known and met the lady.

We therefore interrupted the business conversation, and said, "We can now tell you all about our past acquaintance: we lived many years in your society in a dream."

"That is true," she replied.

Then this lady proceeded to relate many incidents that had from time to time occurred during our strange dream life, all of it perfectly agreeing with our own experiences.

We had during our dreams become most warmly attached to each other, and at this time both promised a renewal of that close intimacy so vaguely begun on life's other side.

We have met many others still dwelling in the flesh whose acquaintance had been formed during the hours of sleep.

We will here quote a few passages from a letter before us, of the negro medium referred to in a previous chapter illustrative of the subject under consideration. She writes: "I have been three times with you in the spirit world lately. We met there and travelled together a whole day. We met many in our journeying whom we had known upon earth, but who were no longer in the flesh. Many of these were relatives with whom we conversed upon past family affairs. They all seemed perfectly familiar to us, nor were we the least surprised at the meeting; yet after the day was spent it was painful that we had to part again. The most of the conversation I have on meeting or seeing any of the departed is about judgment. . . . About four weeks ago I saw a great sight in the East, and wish you would write what is its meaning. I saw the heads of millions of people in the sky, and from the immense crowd I beheld three beautiful women with radiant faces come shouting to earth. It was between one and two o'clock. They paused near me and inquired if I knew who they were. I told them I did not. They then told me that they were Israelites, and said that on the morrow a war would begin, and an

encampment would take place. They nodded their heads at the church houses, as if the encampment would take place there. I must tell you of another vision that alarmed me for a time. I saw a person who had been killed rise out of a lagoon into which he had been thrown, after having been put into a cow's carcass. Then I also saw another rise from the same lagoon that had been placed in the carcass of a horse. This last was darker than the first. They both approached me and began to speak about judgment. . . . I saw a dark spot on your otherwise white garments. Upon inquiry I found it to be caused by your having owned and sold slaves during the slave days. I met in spirit all your colored people, both living on earth and those who had departed, and together we prayed that the curse might be removed, for the spot was a curse. The white man, who is my guide, said you would soon be delivered from the curse."

We once knew a lady, whose veracity was never doubted, who had been attending a revival meeting where two or three different creeds were represented. She told us that one evening she had concluded that she would attach herself to one of these churches, but could not tell which was the right one, as they all seemed to greatly differ on very essential points. She had no prejudices in favor or against any of them; her earnest desire was for truth and to follow in the footsteps of Christ.

That night she dreamed she went to the meeting, and among the different creeds searched for Christ. Upon every church altar she beheld a repulsive, inanimate idol, gaudily clad in theatrical toggery. With a sigh she turned to leave, when a little child who was standing at her right took her by the hand and led her away.



She said, "So impressed was I by the dream that I never joined either church, nor do I think I ever shall."

We could fill pages with well authenticated cases, wherein persons have been warned of impending danger in dreams. We have an instance in mind: one of many found in Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature."

"A butcher named Bone, residing at Holytown, dreamed a few years since that he was stopped at a particular spot on his way to market, whither he was going on the following day to purchase cattle, by two men in blue clothes, who cut his throat. He told the dream to his wife who laughed at him; but as it was repeated two or three times and she saw he was really alarmed, she advised him to join somebody who was going the same road. He accordingly listened until he heard a cart passing his door, and then went out and joined the man, telling him the reason for so doing. When they came to the spot, the two men in blue clothes actually stood there, who, seeing he was not alone, took to their heels and ran."

Before us, in the *Banner of Light* of Sept. 20, 1884, we find the following: "In Binghamton, N. Y., awhile since, a woman named Whitney dreamed that a woman in white came to her bedside, and said, "Get up, get up immediately; you are needed!" The woman awoke and went to the sitting-room below, where she found that the lamp which she had left on the table had exploded and set the objects near it on fire. A few pails of water extinguished it, and the lives of a mother and four children were saved by a dream."

We well knew a family who lived on a newly settled place some three miles from a country village. The husband was unexpectedly called to town one afternoon during the summer months. Rattlesnakes were at that



time both numerous and very dangerous. He was compelled to go on foot, as no horse was convenient. Soon after he left, the wife lay down for her usual afternoon sleep. She dreamed her mother came to her, and said, "Your husband has been bitten by a large snake, and it is impossible for him to return home." She awoke to find the sun already setting and her husband still absent. Nor did he return until found and brought home lifeless, having been bitten by one of the poisonous rattlesnakes with which the place was at that time infested.

The most touching and beautiful vision or dream we have ever read or heard related, is related by Professor J. W. Cadwell, the noted mesmerist. The most wonderful part of it being its verification by the materialized form of a spirit.

We have never had the good fortune of meeting this energetic worker for humanity, yet his fame is widely known in many states of the Union where he has lectured and given public exhibitions of his power as a mesmerist. Underlying all that he writes flows a deep current of earnestness and truth that reaches directly into our own souls. His contributions to different journals are always freighted with the needed nourishment for hungry humanity. In the *Banner of Light*, Oct. 11, 1884, we find a touching incident described by him in an article under the caption, "Some Questions Answered." Professor Cadwell therein says:—

"My wife wrote me some four years ago, while I was away from home, that she had a very wonderful vision of the night and asked me if it was a dream or a reality. She thought she was in a beautiful garden of the rarest and most gorgeous flowers, and while almost lost in amazement at their vast numbers and exquisite loveli-

ness, our daughter Emma, then recently deceased, sprang up from behind a rose-bush and threw a wreath of flowers over her head. She then informed her mother that she had helped her out of the body that she might visit what was to be her future home. While conversing with Emma, she saw our little grandchild we have taken care of for many years, and who for the last seven has not been able to walk, gathering a nice bouquet and running around free from his earthly and unfortunate condition as happy as an angel. She was finally conducted back to the portals of the earth life, and awoke as if from a dream. The first thing the boy said on awaking an hour later was, 'Oh! grandma, I had such a funny dream! I thought that you and I were in a most beautiful garden with Aunt Emma, and I was not lame any more, and I gathered a great lot of flowers and made a nice bouquet.'

"A few days later I mesmerized two ladies in Albany, N.Y. By following my instructions, they soon became good mediums, and at my request sat for materialization. On the first night my daughter Emma materialized sufficiently to speak in her natural voice. The first words she said were, 'Father, I am here!' and in a few minutes she told me that her mother and Charlie were with her in her spirit home about two weeks previous; that her mother thought it was all a dream, but it was not a dream, as she had helped her mother to come over to her spirit home, that she might realize on earth that which awaited her in the life to come. About two years ago she fully materialized at Mrs. H. V. Ross' seance in Providence, R.I., in the light, and talked with her mother of that beautiful garden in which she had seen herself and Charlie, and with her own materialized lips, in presence of more than thirty people,

assured her mother that what she thought a dream was not a dream but a grand reality."

These unseen attendants of ours often employ strange means to attract attention and make us aware of their presence.

The *Gainesville* (Ga.) *Eagle* lately gave an account of the strange antics of an old family clock. It says:—

"In the death of Mr. Andrew J. Smith, last Sunday morning, who lived about two miles from this city, we are presented with one of the strangest coincidences we have ever chronicled. This family is the possessor of an old-time clock, made entirely of wood. It is between three and four feet in height, and had 'kept the time, with its soft and muffled chime,' for twenty-five years, up to about six years ago, when it 'stopped short, never to go again,' and no amount of fixing or coaxing could ever induce its silent pendulum to measure again the metres of time. Little was thought of its curious antics, as it was supposed it had passed its day of usefulness and it was 'set by' to be handed down to posterity as a family heir-loom, and a newer and more elaborate one took its accustomed place, and performed the silent watches of time as only a clock can.

"Time went by; the dust of years accumulated on its face and wheels, and still it stood there as dumb as it was on the day it so suddenly and mysteriously stopped some six years ago.

"Several months ago Mr. Smith was taken very ill and confined to his bed with a fatal disease. Long and patiently did loving hands labor to assuage his pain, and sleepless eyes watched with tender care his wasting form, until about two weeks ago at midnight, when the long-forgotten clock pealed forth the hour of twelve in its most musical and silvery tones. The family were

dumbfounded; the clock never ticked, but stood as silently as before. Precisely twelve days afterwards, and on the twelfth hour of that day, the restless soul of the sufferer left its prison of clay and plumed its flight to the great beyond. These facts are gathered from members of the family, and can be substantiated by a number of citizens who had gathered at the bedside of the sick man on the night mentioned."

Some time since we dreamed of entering a garden, large and finely located, but it was, or had been, overgrown by grass and weeds, which then were dead and dry. This we knew was our own garden, which it seemed had not been before entered for a long period of time. We at once went to work to clear away the grass, which was found to be covering pots containing the most valuable plants. This discovery brought us much joy and increased our interest. A few of the plants were in bloom, and their rich perfume scented the surrounding atmosphere. These were autumn flowers. In some way we realized that they were neither as fragrant nor beautiful as those yet to bud and bloom. While taking the grass away, sometimes the hand would touch a leaf or stem and cause it to emit a rich odor, and in our delight we would exclaim, "Oh! if the stems and leaves be so sweet, what will the flowers be!" That was the garden of our soul so long neglected.

A short time after this we received this communication, through a medium friend:—

"Thorns and thistles have grown in your path,  
Making you think of the Deity's wrath;  
But flowers are blooming, and, laden with dew,  
In the future bright pathway, just coming in view."

## CHAPTER XV.

"In all its phases a spiritual revelation that reveals a truth is valuable to the world, as it states a fact."

MEN and women will read and continue to publish such incidents as have been related in the previous chapter, if nothing be said of spirit communion or Spiritualism; but when such appear in any journal devoted to the philosophy of spirit return, they forthwith reject them as absurd.

Our loved ones on life's other side sometimes give messages and warnings in strange and unexpected ways. Why this is done we are unable to state; we believe, however, presentiments of impending danger would more frequently, and perhaps always, be given, were the perception or intuitions of humanity more fully developed. As before stated, on the material side of life where the cares and worry of daily existence occupy so much of our time and thoughts, we fail to give the needed attention to these interior voices of the soul; and furthermore our intuitions have no room for action.

We can give no reason for much that we are compelled intuitively to accept as true and known to be facts, that would satisfy this materialistic age.

Reason assuredly should be our highest guide; but when we leave the physical plane of life, we seem to be guided by something higher than reason, — intuition, or perception, or perhaps, reason intensified. At least, we



seem to grasp facts and know them as such, without, or independent of, our common slow process of reasoning. If we are not mistaken there is a vast amount of false, incorrect reasoning done; but intuition we ever find to be unerring.

Do not for a moment, friendly reader, suppose we would ignore or banish our reasoning faculties. We do not wish to be misunderstood. We believe reason to be our highest earthly authority and guide, by the light of which all material things should be tested and tried. But we do think there are a multitude of facts existing that transcend all human reason, and which can only be grasped intuitively.

Our daily journals sometimes pause to register what is termed "a strange coincidence," and hungry souls will feed upon it in private, without the moral courage to express their honest views. But once let one or two persons in a crowd come out boldly with some strange story, and forthwith the most of them will be moved to relate experiences that are often startling.

Let us who are willing to avow the truth concerning these things, not suppose that their truth is wholly unknown to others, though they say but little and often nothing about it. Every human heart has its own interior experiences, whether it acknowledges it or no.

We all, both those who accept and those who reject, have, we think, these emotions or intuitions, but many times feel them to be too sacred to be exposed to the cold criticism of an unfeeling, unprogressed world.

The *Sandusky* (Ohio) *Register* not long ago contained the following, which we deem worthy of note: "We have come into possession of some very singular facts in relation to the escape of a Bellevue man in two railroad accidents, one of them that of Ashtabula. The



gentleman is a Mr. Freese, and the truth of his story is vouched for by some of the best people in Huron and Sandusky counties. It is said by those who know him that his reputation for veracity is unquestioned. Several years ago, Mr. Freese and his entire family (wife and two children) went from Bellevue to a village in Pennsylvania to visit some relatives.

"After staying at their relatives' home for a few days, Mr. Freese and his family started one evening to return to Bellevue. They took the cars at Erie. Mr. Freese says the moment he stepped aboard the train he felt a strange and unaccountable disinclination to commence the journey. There was something that seemed to oppress his mind, and he felt an impulse to turn back and take some later train; but he shook off the feeling as best he could, and tried to laugh at himself for entertaining what he considered a wild and foolish notion, of which he was even ashamed to speak to his wife. As the train moved on, he held one of his children on his lap and fell into a doze. While thus half asleep he had a dream, in which he saw, with startling distinctness, his wife and children lying in coffins, and all the preparations being made for a funeral service. Such a sight was well calculated to carry terror even to the stoutest heart; but the worst was yet to come,—the awful realization of the dream. In a few moments there was a jar and a jerk of the train; a shiver seemed to run through every timber of the coaches; there was a crash, a fall, and the cars plunged into the water. A bridge had given away, Mr. Freese found himself held down in the water by a piece of timber, but he succeeded in releasing himself, and crawled out of the car. He saw a train employee with a lantern, passing along on a log beside the train, and the man helped him out of the

wreck and put him on his feet. Mr. Freese found that he had suffered no special injury, but he felt completely unnerved. The terrible reality of the presentiment flashed upon his mind, and his brain reeled as he thought that he should see his wife and children lying cold in death, as they had appeared to him in his dream. A search resulted in discovering Mrs. Freese in the wrecked car, dead. The dead bodies of the children were found near by. The remains were taken to Bellevue for interment.

“Some time thereafter Mr. Freese married again, and a while prior to the Ashtabula accident he and his family went East. They determined upon a day to start home; but when the time arrived Mr. Freese felt a strong disinclination to start. A strange impulse again seized him, and he felt that if he were to go then, something terrible would happen on the way. He disregarded this feeling once, but he had resolved never to do so again; consequently he decided to start one day earlier, and to go a part of the way by a different route than he had anticipated taking. It was at first his intention to reach Cleveland on Friday night, Dec. 29, and the train which he and his family would have been compelled to take to do so would have been the ill-fated one that went into the terrible abyss at Ashtabula. The change which he made in time and trains kept him and his family out of one of the most terrible accidents in the history of railways.”

People so often seemingly ask, “Why, if these presentiments can be given, is it not always done?” We reply that those that are given are seldom heeded, and if at all, generally after such a dreadful lesson as above recorded.

In a late *Banner of Light* we find this:—

“SINGULAR PREMONITION. The following, purporting to be an extract from a private letter from New York, was published originally in the *Hartford Times*, but is now going the rounds of the press in many parts of the country:—

“The lady of the house where I live was brought to New York by her father and mother (from Hamburg) when she was eleven years old, and with her, two younger sisters, all of them charming married women in this city now. It is an old story, but vividly fresh in the minds of the whole family. One night, in this city, the mother of the three girls, having been kept up by some household duties, had gone to bed about midnight, when, besides herself, the whole house was hushed. Scarcely had she taken off her clothes and got into bed, when she had occasion to violently wake up her sleeping husband with this: “Do you know that my mother is in America? She has just been in here, but would not speak to me, and this moment she has gone into the room with the children! Go in and bring her out. How she has found us out at this late hour of the night I do not know.” The aroused husband went into the next room, turned up the gas, and saw only three beautiful little girls, smiling and sleeping in one wide bed. He noted date and hour. The next steamer mail from Hamburg brought news that the grandmother of the children, in that very night and hour, had gone to the Beyond. Did she stop in this city to bless the children on the way? Who shall tell? Strangest of all to the unbelieving—shall I say uninitiated?—on the morning after the appearance, all the three little girls told at breakfast about having *dreamed* of Grandmother.”

Were detailed accounts of all such incidents published they would form a large library. Another from

the many we have read of and know in our own experience, we find in *Light for Thinkers* (Chattanooga, Tenn.), reprinted from *The Boston Courier*.

“WOMEN’S SIXTH SENSE. Here is a singular instance of the working of that subtle, fine, sixth sense, which is apt to affect women more than men, and which is so mysterious in character that we often incline to deny its existence at all. A lady sat sewing quietly in her sitting-room; in an inner chamber the nurse had just put the baby to sleep, and laid her in her basinette. As the nurse came out of the chamber, she said to her mistress, ‘The little thing is asleep for three hours, ma’am, I’ll warrant.’ The nurse went down stairs, and for about a minute the mother sewed on. Suddenly a desire seized her to go and take the sleeping child from its crib. ‘What nonsense!’ she said to herself. ‘Baby is sound asleep; nurse has just put her down. I shall not go.’ Instantly, however, some power, stronger even than the last, urged the mother to go to her baby; and after a moment she arose, half vexed with herself, and went to her chamber. The baby was asleep in her little bed, safely tucked in with soft white-and-pink blankets. One small hand was thrown above the brown head. It was half open, the exquisite fingers slightly curved, and the palm as rosy as the depths of a lovely shell. ‘My baby!’ whispered the mother, adoring the little sleeper as mothers will; ‘my own little baby!’ She bent over suddenly a third time, impelled by that mysterious force which was controlling her for no apparent reason, took the sleeping baby in her arms, and went swiftly into the other room. She had scarcely crossed the threshold when a startling sound caused her to look back. Through a stifling cloud of thick clay dust, she saw that the ceil-

ing above the baby's cradle had fallen, burying the heaps of rosy blankets, and lying heaviest of all upon that spot where, but for mystic warning, her little child would have been lying."

Many learned men in all ages have written lengthy essays on dreams and dreamland, and some of them account for dreams and visions by presenting the theory of a disordered brain or body. To us, all such theories fall short of rationally accounting for the facts and of satisfying our interior convictions, because they seem to carry us away beyond the natural.

Wise geometricians might learn of the simple bee, and the builder of the suspension bridges take lessons of the common spider. We ever find nature a simple teacher, whose lessons go direct to the human heart and understanding. We intuitively feel that all the learned and wise exponents of dreams and dream life will yet be compelled to accept the simple theory, that dreams belong to the spiritual side of our existence and that they are a portion of our lives, — that portion we experience during the hours of sleep, and wherein we obtain instruction and renewed strength of soul, to enable us to go forward and fulfil the great design of human life, though we may be unconscious of it in our waking hours.

That very many and perhaps the greater number of our dreams are disordered and seemingly senseless, is no argument against the theory that during sleep we are living on the spiritual plane of life, and are associated with our dear ones who dwell there, but may be adduced as one in its favor.

When we consider that we do not always bring to our waking moments the memory of an entire dream, and that the mind is then weighed down more or less



with thoughts of the material, it seems to us not in the least strange that we cannot perfectly recall them.

We know not but that during sleep, when we and freed from the anxiety of waking life, we may be subject to a multiplicity of influences arising not only from our solar system, but also from other worlds and their millions of inhabitants, — influences which we may be ignorant of in our hours of sleep, and which we assuredly are during our time of wakefulness.

The physical organism is most wonderfully and beautifully adapted to material needs and surroundings, yet our magnifying glasses reveal to us the existence of millions of things not perceptible to the naked eye; sounds that are likewise inaudible to the human ear fall gently on those attuned to the music of the spheres.

Men in their ignorance will ridicule much that is beautiful and true. It is truly a sorrowful fact that they are so enwrapped in garments of clay, that they will doubt the existence of higher faculties that are so rarely unfolded upon earth, and even then at the expense of being pronounced insane, because they have no reference to the material side of existence, and cannot be converted into dollars and cents.

Mesmerism has been the means of developing a vast amount of hidden possibilities; has thrown a flood of light on many of these interior experiences, and will, we think, in the future be the active agent in unfolding still grander possibilities of the human soul. Many things, through its agency, will be made clear which are now shrouded in mystery and darkness.

The human mind surrounded by the distraction, the turmoil, and materialism of the outer world often loses sight of the grandeur to which it is heir, and seems to



forget that it is a child of God,—a portion of the Infinite.

We are all prone to measure things by the capacity of our own minds, and to ridicule and deny what they in their incapacity cannot grasp. High authorities have made great mistakes, and men have been persecuted and denounced for advancing theories that future ages accepted as facts. We to-day find ourselves ignorant of a vast number of things that we know to exist and which from time to time are revealing themselves to our mental observation.

If we do not know all about what now is, by what unknown rule are we to judge of what is to be unfolded in coming time?

These learned authorities who are ever being mistaken, hang like leaden weights on the wheels of religious progress. They are constantly deceiving vast multitudes that dare not venture to think for themselves, but fasten upon and are pulled along by prevailing opinions.

We, as a general thing, find that persons who inhabit rural districts, away from the clamor of business life, out of the sound of church bells, and away from the psychological influence of their religious teachings, are, by far, the best developed intuitively. They are generally faithful, industrious, and loving, and are ever manifesting the nicest sense of justice. They live closer to nature and her requirements than those who dwell in densely populated and foul cities. In the beautiful lines of Whittier:—

“So sometimes comes to soul and sense  
The feeling which is evidence,  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries.

The sphere of the supernal powers  
Impinges on this world of ours.  
The low and dark horizon lifts,  
To light the scenic terror shifts;

The breath of a diviner air  
Blows down the answer of a prayer:—  
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt  
A great compassion clasps about,  
And law and goodness, love and force  
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.”

Mary and Joseph never lost Christ until they entered a town, and never discovered their loss until they were a day's journey away, when they found it somewhat difficult to again find him.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives  
 Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;  
 When the folds of the heart in a moment unclothe  
 Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose."

THE above beautiful lines, by a gifted woman, recall to mind experiences of our own at different times, a record of which may be interesting to the reader. These revealments have usually come after the mind had discharged some heavy cargo, gathered from time to time while gliding down the river of life.

After we were free from the influences of the opinions of others, and had thrown our own aside, impatient at delay and disappointment in our search for truth, at times, always unexpected and unsought, there would come to our mentality clear and vivid perceptions of truth, attended by a stream of light like unto that of a flash of lightning.

We are inclined to think it a kind of mental lightning, needful, perhaps, to clear the atmosphere of the mind after some storm-cloud of doubt had spent itself, that we might become more receptive to truth.

We have many times listened while another related some unusual incident, the truth or falsity of the statement coming to the mind accompanied by that same flash of light. We have entered the chambers of the sick, where all hope of their continuance in this life was gone, and in the same way realized the fact of their recovery. In other cases where one has been con-

sidered but slightly ill, we readily perceived that death was unavoidable.

In the first instance, had our minds been prejudiced either way as to the character for veracity of the narrator, no such convictions would have been produced; we should have been left in a state of doubt.

Before entering the sick-room, had our minds been filled with the hopes or fears of others, no revelations would come. Nor have we ever been able to grasp any facts in this way, when it has been our purpose so to do. Neither, if in the pride of our hearts we were vaunting this gift or power before others for notoriety or to gain applause, could we obtain favorable results.

We have had similar phenomena occur when so interested in the perusal of works by different authors, especially on the subject of spirit communion, that we seemed for the time lost to all sense of our material surroundings. At such times we have had small, rainbow-colored lights move along the lines as we read. By these lights it seemed we were enabled to read far more than was printed by leaden type upon the page before us, and much more rapidly than we could the printed words. This, however, never occurred if we were reading with a view to criticise.

We can better illustrate this mode of acquiring facts by relating some incidents wherein we have been saved from error and imposition, and doubtless from danger.

At one time, some years ago, a man who announced his name as Baldwin, gave in this city what he called an *exposé* of Spiritualism, at the Opera House. We felt no interest whatever in the performance, and remained uninfluenced by the opinions of those around us. But on carelessly glancing over one of the programmes, we saw these same lights referred to, and

were enabled to ascertain the moral status of the man, and the character of the manifestations. Among other things we were enabled to grasp the fact that he was going to use the sacred and beautiful truths of the spiritual philosophy as an *exposé*, which was evident to every one who witnessed the phenomena and were not blinded by prejudice.

The tying and untying was done outside the cabinet in full view of the audience. Coats were taken off and put on while the man was securely tied. The audience saw it done, but to this day cannot tell how it was. Yet when the feat with the handcuffs was attempted, it proved a failure. They remained upon Baldwin's wrists until removed by human hands. He stated that he was subject to heart difficulties, under which he was then laboring, and could not fulfil that part of his programme until the following evening, at which time it was done.

Those here who opposed Spiritualism expressed so much indignation at the first night's failure that they resolved he should forfeit the five hundred dollars offered in case of failure. But they were so jubilant over the last evening's success that they failed to perceive the fraud that was practised upon them, and Spiritualism was condemned by many as a humbug, while others were benefited by the knowledge of the fact that the greater part of the performances were genuine spirit manifestations.

After this hundreds could tell how they were produced, yet strange to relate, when asked to give them, they found they were utterly unable to do so.

We learned from good authority that several had private seances with this same man, and found him to be a genuine medium. To such he was reported as stating

that he could make more money by giving the manifestations in the way of an *exposé*. Heartless deed, candid reader; yet such knaves exist in every organization and throughout every department of life, whose very presence is contaminating.

Two or three years after this there again appeared another programme, announcing a public spiritual seance, to be given at the same place, by one who, we think, called himself Davenport, attended by some other man and a woman, who, the programme stated, was one of the most wonderful mediums the world ever produced. We were to have spirit phenomena in the dark and in the light, including materializations; in fact, every phase of manifestation. We had heard of it all and became expectant and excited. We tried to reason in regard to the probability and possibility of its being done, and sought the opinions of others. With our minds thus disturbed, we carefully read over the programme without, however, the experience of any revelation of truth; we were still in doubt. We went to try and satisfy ourselves in regard to the promised manifestations. We found a crowded house of eager spectators, so much so that there was not standing room. Many had gone away. It was touching to behold hundreds of hungry souls, eager for spiritual food, who were doomed to bitter disappointment. The performance proved to be one of the most palpable impositions ever practised upon an intelligent community, from the effects of which the people here have not yet fully recovered. They now can scarcely be induced to witness genuine manifestations when an opportunity offers.

Now had we been disinterested and passive on the last occasion, as we were on the first, we doubt not but



we would have been able to ascertain the truth in the same manner as we did in the first instance.

At one time as we were in the act of placing a dear little boy in his wagon for his morning's ride, one of these flashes of light passed across our vision, and with it the knowledge that some fearful accident would attend it. Whereupon we took him out. But as he was fretful on not having his usual ride and forgetting our experience, we made another attempt to put him in the wagon, but with the same result. So convinced were we that some disastrous consequence would follow if we persisted, that we locked the wagon up in the store-room for the day, although at the expense of being derided and called superstitious by those who knew of it.

One morning not long after this, while one of us was quietly seated before the fire, holding this same darling boy, something required our attention elsewhere in another part of the house. As we were in the act of putting him down to leave the room, this light again streamed before our vision and revealed the fact that should we leave the room a terrible scene would be enacted. So impressed were we by the feelings of horror that the revelation left upon our mind, that we made no further attempt to go. Some moments after this others came in and urged the necessity of our going, saying to us that nothing would or could happen such as we feared. We put the child down, but with the greatest reluctance, and went where we were needed. When next we saw our darling, friendly reader, the fire fiend had done its fatal work; he was burned beyond recovery. Horrors of horrors! What a lesson, to be thus painfully learned; but it has been to us a lasting one. Now that years have come and gone, when we recall that

day, the darkest that could come into any mortal life, we wonder that we had not gone mad. We were stricken with such regret and despair that we were beyond the sympathetic heart throbs of mortal friends, and alone battled with these trying conditions. Now we realize the necessity of keeping the mind free from the opinions and psychological influence of others, either verbally expressed or written.

The mind of each to them is their kingdom, and should not be overrun with the theories of others especially to the exclusion of their own. We can exchange mental commodities with profit to each, but to surrender the crown of kingship to any would be doing violence to our own selfhood.

In this age of so many books and such a variety of published opinions, the thoughtless investigator is in great danger of being led astray by heeding the cry of "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" We have in the past been led into doubt and error in this way, and at last have been compelled to return to self and listen to the counsel of our own souls.

Every reasoning mind is gifted with a divine inheritance, an innate conception of the measure of truth that can be appropriated; also the kind best adapted to its mental needs and spiritual growth, even as the physical appetite can best determine the nature and quantity of the nourishment received. None should come under the psychological influence of another, nor can they without forfeiting for the time their natural and legitimate birthright.

A few evenings since the spirit negro who attends our circle gave us a communication, which we think will be appropriate as an illustration of the inconvenience of being weighed down with the opinions of others.

For several evenings we had been sitting without receiving any spirit manifestation, and were in a complaining state of mind at the time the message was given. It was this: —

“Young Master. Our presiding spirit has sent me to tell you about a move old master made when we both lived on earth. You see, sir, he got tired living in old Carolina, and concluded to move to Alabama where, folks said, the land was better. Old master, howsoever, was troubled about taking all the things he had been gathering from year to year, and a great many he had that his father before him had been raking together for him. Well, sir, after studying on it for a long time, old master found out it was impossible to take them along. It was a grief to part with them, but he took courage and left them behind. We started on our journey with light hearts and teams, but in a few days our wagons begun to run heavy and our hearts to fail.

“One day old master stopped to get some provisions we needed, but when we went to put them in the wagons there was no room, every place was full; so we went to work to unload. Old master had a colored woman, named Daphney, who always would walk behind the wagons, and she was a mighty stingy, saving old woman; and when we would pass the camp-fires of travellers who had passed on, she would pick up all their cast-off things; and sir, she had loaded down the teams and filled the wagons with their old trash. We soon emptied them all out, then had room for what we needed. So, young master, sometimes you all come here to be fed, but have no room to put anything we bring. You gather something wherever you stop, and never think to unload before coming here. — Spence.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

“For every age has felt this need,  
All peoples sorely tried  
Have bowed their souls, have sown truth’s seed,  
And God’s voice has replied.  
No age in darkness has remained,  
No world without His word,  
Like sword of might its point has cleft,  
And sparkling like the sword,  
Both right and left, with wondrous might,  
His voice of Love was heard.”

WE have from various sources given incidents of the interior workings of the human mind and the revelations and presentiments with which mortals have been from time to time favored, the most of which belong to the present age; but as learned theologians claim that “light and immortality” first dawned upon the human understanding through the advent of the Christian Dispensation and the gospel of Christ, let us hear the testimony of some, among whom were philosophers, who lived prior to that dispensation.

Fetichism with its crudest form of worship; Brahmanism with Avatar; Vishnu and Llama and the vast numbers of deities and angels of Asia, together with those of Africa, claim to be ministering spirits to those who yet dwell in the flesh, and are crude guide-posts on the road of time pointing to immortality, and inspiring the coming traveller with the hope of a future life.

The Aztecs had “Eagle Mountain” on which they

burned incense to their gods, and the Teutonic temples were made hideous with the agonized shrieks of the victims offered to propitiate the fancied anger of their deities. In the Oriental world the wild Bedouin paid devotion to his adored Allah, and the Greeks and Romans erected pantheons and temples to unknown gods. The Talmud, the Zendavesta of the Persians, the Veda and Shaster of the Hindoos, the Koran of the Moslems, the religion of the Japanese, the belief of the Chinese and the legends of Confucius, together with the Runic Edda of the Scythians and the whole theology of the Scandinavians, — all point to some great hereafter as a panacea for every human woe.

The Hindoo prophet taught that the sinner suffers in this world and will suffer in the next world; in both worlds he suffers. The virtuous man rejoices in this world and he will rejoice in the next world; in both worlds he has joy. The Gymnosophists of India believed they could send messages by the dying to those already passed away.

When we look from these dim legends and traditions that threw gleams of light all along the pathway of time, we behold the mighty soul of a Socrates stirring afresh the religious element in the minds of men, and throwing a new glory around his philosophy. When arraigned before the learned of the age he said, "I am moved by a certain divine and spiritual influence, which also Melitus, through mockery, has set out in the indictment. This began with me in childhood, being a kind of voice which, when present, always diverts me from what I am about to do, but never urges me on. But this duty, as I said, has been enjoined me by the Deity, by oracles, by dreams, and by every other mode by which any other divine decree has ever enjoined anything for man to do."



When referring to his coming death and a future life, in his last address before his judges, he said, "If this be true, O my judges, what greater good can there be than this? At what rate would not either of you purchase a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, with Hesiod and others, both male and female, that might be mentioned? For to converse and associate with them would be an inestimable felicity. Truly, I should be willing to die often if these things are true."

Crito asked him how he would like to be buried.

"Just as you please," he replied; "that is, if you can find me," and with a smile added, "Crito thinks that I am he whom he will shortly see dead, whereas I, Socrates, shall have then departed to the joys of the blessed. Unless I thought," said he, "that I should depart to other Gods who are wise and good, and to the society of men who have gone from this life and are better now than when among us, I might well be troubled at death. But now I believe assuredly that I shall go to the Gods, who are perfectly good, and I hope to dwell with wise and good men, so that I cannot be afflicted at the thought of dying; believing that death is not the end of us, and that it will be much better for the good than the evil."

He claimed to be attended by a ministering angel, who by the Greeks was called a demon, who ever faithfully warned him of danger and wooed him to the good. As this did not occur on the day he drank of the fatal hemlock, he considered his death no evil.

What death scene in our enlightened nineteenth century is adorned with a greater lustre than was this, several hundred years before the Christian era had shed any light upon immortality.

Plato recorded thoughts that unsealed men's vision,



and were as beacon lights to guide unborn generations. He says: "The soul is *self-motive*. That which is self-motive inherently and perpetually moves; that which always moves with an inward motion always lives. Hence the soul is immortal. Again, if the soul is self-motive, it is itself the principle of motion; but the principle of motion must be unbegotten and of course immortal. Again, nothing foreign to itself can ever destroy it; and its own evils, such as injustice and wickedness, cannot destroy it, since they render it, if possible, more alive and sensible to suffering than before."

Again he says: "We are then initiated into and made spectators of entire, simple, quietly stable, and blessed visions, resident in a pure light, being ourselves pure, and liberated from this surrounding vestment which we call body and to which we are now bound like an oyster to his shell. Among the eternal emanations of which I have spoken were not only gods of different orders — the intelligible and intellectual, the super-celestial and mundane — but also demons, heroes, and the souls of men. The demons were an order of beings superior to ourselves, some good and some bad, occupying a sort of middle between gods and men."

Cicero expressed the grand truths of immortality as follows: "I look forward with pleasure to the glorious day when I shall go into the great assembly of spirits, and shall be gathered to the best of mankind who have gone before me. I feel impelled by the desire of joining the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers, whom I revered and loved. Oh, illustrious day, when I shall go hence to that divine council and assembly of souls, when I shall escape from this crowd and rabble; for I shall go not only to those illustrious

men of whom I have before spoken, but also to my Cato, than whom one more excellent in goodness was never born."

Darius is represented by his historian as still possessing the same characteristics as were manifest while in the flesh.

When the dews of death had gathered upon the brow of Plotinus, he exclaimed: "I am struggling to liberate the divinity within me."

Cyrus, over five hundred years before the coming of Christ, expressed himself thus: "Think not, my dearest children, that when I depart from you I shall be no more; remember that my soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible: yet by my action you were sensible it existed in this body. Believe it, therefore, existing still, though it still be unseen. How quickly would the honors of illustrious men perish after death, if their souls performed nothing to preserve their fame. For my part, I could never think that the soul which, while in a mortal body, lives, when departed from it, dies; or that its consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation. On the contrary, it must truly exist when it is freed from all corporeal alliance."

Thus has light upon immortality been streaming down the ages from time immemorable; and when we hear modern divines assert that immortality was brought to light solely by the Christian's Bible, we commiserate their ignorance.

Let us see what has been said by some of the ancient authorities in regard to apparitions and dreams. A senator, Proculus, swore to the Roman senate that the spirit of Romulus appeared to him and communicated. Josephus records the circumstance of Galphira having seen and talked with her first husband. He says, "After the death of her first two husbands (being married to a

third, who was a brother of her first husband) she had a very odd kind of a dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband come toward her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness. When in the midst of the great pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: 'Galphira, thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How could thou so far forget our loves as to enter into other marriages,—nay, to marry my own brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach and make thee mine forever.' Galphira told this dream to several women of her acquaintance and died soon after." The historian goes on to say, "I thought the story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of souls and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these things incredible, let him enjoy his opinions to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others who, by instances of this nature, are excited to the study of virtue."

"Cornelius Agrippa," says D'Israeli, "before he wrote his 'Varieties of the Arts and Sciences,' intended to reduce into a system and method the secret of communication with spirits and demons. On good authority,—that of Porphyricas, Plessus, Plotinus, Iamblicus, and better, were it necessary to allege it,—he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarmed with what the Greeks called demons, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, and waters of fish, and our earth of insects."

The wife of Cæsar had a presentiment of Cæsar's death and strove to persuade him from going to the Senate on that fatal day. Plutarch averred that his spirit appeared twice to Brutus and spoke to him, promising to "meet him at Philippi, sword in hand." And there we are told that Brutus on his own sword fully expiated his treachery to the murdered Cæsar.

Jeanne D'Arc who fell a martyr to the ignorance of a bigoted priesthood, when told that the celestial beings she represented as appearing to and inspiring her with deeds of valor were but appearances, not realities, said: "Whether they be apparent or real, I have proved them, and I would rather lose my head than deny their being."

Lord Littleton was visited by the spirit of a mother, whose daughter he had wronged, who tauntingly prophesied of his death, even to the day and hour. After his own death he appeared to his friend Andruro.

Sir Walter Scott saw the apparition of Lord Byron. Lord Chedworth, who was an infidel, said one morning at breakfast:—

"I had a strange vision last night; my old friend B—— came to me."

"How?" asked his niece, "did he come after I retired?"

"His spirit did," said Lord Chedworth solemnly.

"O, my dear uncle; how could the spirit of a living man appear?"

"He is dead beyond doubt," replied his lordship. "Listen, and then laugh as much as you please. I had not entered my bedroom many minutes when he stood before me. Like you, I could not believe but that I was looking on the living man, and so accosted him; but he, the spirit, answered, 'Chedworth, I died this

night at eight o'clock. I came to tell you there is another world beyond the grave; there is a righteous God that judgeth all."

"Depend upon it, uncle, it was only a dream;" but while Miss Wright was speaking, a groom on horseback rode up the avenue and immediately delivered a letter to Lord Chedworth, announcing the sudden death of his friend. The effect on the mind of Lord Chedworth was as happy as it was permanent; all his doubts were at once and forever removed.

Inspired writers have recorded, and poets in all ages have hymned, this hope of the human heart.

The wife of Pilate had premonitions of future events. Lord Byron was superstitious. The Wesleys had spirit manifestations. Adam Clark the commentator admitted their superhuman origin. Swedenborg lived among the unseen. Wordsworth admitted there were prophets. Coleridge believed in inspiration, and Raphael acknowledged his ideal of beauty came from his immortal mother. We might go on noting authorities and giving page after page of evidence of the immortality of the soul, and the power of the spirit to return and communicate; but we know that each must and should experience these things for themselves, at the same time realizing that many outwardly deny facts, through fear of public opinion, while interiorly they are convinced of their truth.

With an honest doubter we have the greatest patience and most heartfelt sympathy; but for the nineteenth century sycophant we feel the utmost contempt.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

“Welcome, angels, pure and bright,  
Children of the living light;  
Welcome to our home on earth,  
Children of the glorious birth.”

ONE beautiful morning, on the anniversary of the spiritual birth of our dear son and brother, we were suddenly awakened from a sweet sleep, and on looking up beheld his loved and well-remembered form bending over us. Once before had we seen him. The night of the storm that swept him away, when the angry waves of the Gulf were roaring around us, he was plainly seen by two of us at nearly the same time. He was then dripping wet and had a dazed expression upon his face; he stood a moment in silence and disappeared. We suspected he had been drowned, and a few days verified the truth of our suspicion. A year had gone by, and although we were holding circles weekly, he gave no manifestation of his presence, notwithstanding he was himself a medium while on earth, and understood our manner of communicating with the unseen. This morning of which we are writing he addressed us in his usual way. So fearful were we that it was a dream, we called to a member of the family who at the time was passing, and was answered. After becoming convinced of the fact of our perfect wakefulness, the following conversation passed between us:—

“Are you dead, dear?”



"No; my body was drowned, but your Ned is alive and here."

"Why have you not come to us before?"

"I could not."

"Can you tell us why?"

"I was building a boat and could not leave until I had finished it."

"Have you been alone all this time?"

"Oh, no! This young man's body was drowned near where mine was, and we have been together ever since."

We looked and saw the form of a young man beside him, whose name he said was Hill.

"Have you not wanted for attention all this while that you have been so far from any human reach and help?"

"Angels have ministered to and supplied all our wants. Now I must leave you, but don't think of me as dead; I will come again."

We have regretted that we did not ask more questions of our darling; yet while we knew we were awake, there came over us such a feeling of perfect quiet, that it was only by great effort we could ask the few questions we did. When he had gone, much we wished to know came rushing to our mind, much we might have asked, but it was then too late.

Some months after this he wrote through the hand of his little sister, answering all inquiries to our perfect satisfaction. Finally he wrote that he was going to leave us for a time. He said his sister was so young he feared his using her organism would injure her.

He left, and nearly six years passed before we received from him another message, the first of which was on the occasion of Dr. Slade's visit here, as recorded in a former chapter.

As to the building of the boat, we will say that for some time previous to the storm in which he was swept away he had been engaged in the construction of a sail boat, in which he took great pride, and with which he was much enthused. Now, since death leaves us unchanged, it is not in the least surprising that he found himself still interested in the completion of his boat. All his pride and energies were centred in that boat, and where our treasures are, there will we be also.

When next he came, his face was radiant with joy and expressive of spiritual thought and culture. The surviving interest at first manifested in the boat, and which may have been needful for him at the time, seemed to have passed away, as he never at any subsequent time referred to it, nor to the circumstances or cause of his death.

## CHAPTER XIX.

IN looking over the morning's *News*, we found several interesting incidents related in a Boston letter to the *Minneapolis* (Minn.) *Tribune*, which we here transcribe:—

“Somewhere back in the sixties—I think just after the war—the family of a sea captain, absent on a long cruise, lived in the town I speak of. This family comprised a wife and several daughters. (I would give names and places were it not for making public what was given me in confidence.) Well, one night when the family had gone to bed, one of the daughters, named Carrie, had a very impressive dream; she started in her sleep, and finally arose from her bed, her eyes open but fixed, her whole manner that of a person who sees some dreadful vision. She moved from chamber to chamber, arousing the different members of the family, and led them to the sitting-room. A lamp was lighted, and the little gathering, clad in night-dresses and shawls, wonderingly obeyed the directions of the dreamer. She called for a sheet of paper and pen and ink. No writing paper could be found in the house, but at last a piece of grocer's wrapping-paper was brought, and the somnambulist appeared satisfied. Taking the pen, she began writing in a large, masculine hand. There was profound silence in the little group, and a feeling of terror and dread settled upon mother and daughters. None dared look over the shoulder of the writer, who

at last, finishing, gave a sigh of relief and went directly up stairs to her chamber. The mother, no longer able to restrain her curiosity, yet fearing something dreadful, took up the brown sheet and began to read. 'Children,' she exclaimed, 'it is your father's handwriting!' It was dated at sea, the longitude and latitude being given. In terse language it described the coming up of a hurricane, the horrors of the tempest, and final losing of every hope, and the sinking of the craft in the angry waters with all on board. After a brief, but pathetic message to his family, the drowned captain signed his name in characteristic fashion.

"This was the manner in which Captain P——s, of the little town in Maine, sent word to his wife and daughters at home of the manner of his taking off. Was there ever anything more dramatic? This is the first time that this story, known to fully a thousand people, has ever been put in print. It was given me several years ago by an intimate friend of the family. Did that ship go down? No one knows; all that is certain is, that she never came into port. This story would give the Society for Psychical Research a month of solid work. The Spiritualists will see nothing wonderful in it. Perhaps it is only one of the common-places of the supernatural.

"A gentleman of veracity told me that for three nights he dreamed that a man with a full red face appeared to him in his dreams, carrying a hammer which he held over his head in a menacing manner. On the morning after the last dream the gentleman went to his place of business as usual; on his way he passed a shop. The door was open and there stood, with hammer uplifted, the man seen in the dream. The two men stopped and looked at each other and said nothing. A queer coincidence.

“A Massachusetts State senator, a man of ultra-sceptical views, went a while ago to visit a noted Spiritualist, who has puzzled the czar in his winter palace. The senator was asked to seat himself in a large and very heavy arm-chair. While there seated, he was lifted by a force unknown to him, so that his head nearly touched the ceiling. He was not cured of his scepticism, but he fully believes that he was not the victim of a delusion.”

Before the forenoon had passed more than a dozen persons called our attention to the above article, and related to us some strange experiences of their own. Yet these same individuals denounce the spiritual phenomena and philosophy.

We are led to believe that no amount of evidence will avail in converting one to a belief in the spiritual philosophy until the scales of materiality fall from their eyes and their intuitions come into exercise. Men and women must grow up to these truths before they can feel or discern them.

Not long since we were on board a boat, steaming along on the then placid waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Groups of passengers were seated outside the cabin enjoying the cool breeze of a summer's eve, and watching a most gorgeous sunset. All seemed wrapt in profound thought. For the time the soul seemed lifted above its material surroundings to where it could catch glimpses of still more enchanting climes and scenes, somewhere in the vast infinitude. Out of sight of land, on the bosom of the billowy deep, what a glorious sense of freedom creeps over the soul! At this time silence had sealed the lips of each, and all felt free to drink in the inspiration of the hour. Every one had found some seat fitted for observation and thought, save one gentle-

man, who was impatiently pacing the steamer's deck. We noticed whenever he came near the group of which we formed a part, he would pause and look wistfully at us, and we soon became disturbed in our happy train of thoughts by the influences that surrounded him. After many times walking thus back and forth he took a seat beside us, and made some remark about the beauty of the sunset scene which, however, fell quite unheeded upon our mortal ear. In place of responding to his remarks, we said: "Sir, there is with you a young man, so like you in form and figure that one would suppose you to be brothers, and twin brothers. He says, 'Oh, John, don't give way to these feelings of despondency! They ruined me and they will ruin you. Be brave, my brother, and live your allotted time on earth. You will fail if you attempt to obliterate your existence, even as I have failed. There is no death; there is no death.'" Without a reply he arose and again began the walking. No question was asked by those who heard the communication, nor was the opinion of any one expressed in our hearing.

Not long after arriving at our place of destination this gentleman called upon us and made the following statement. "When I met you," said he, "I was returning from a visit North, where I had gone to try and throw off a melancholy that was fast settling upon my mind, which I found myself unable to do here, where I live and where I have grown from childhood to manhood. This despondent feeling was caused by a twin brother of mine having committed suicide. At the time of the sad occurrence we were each on a different schooner. These vessels lay side by side in this port, and were connected by a plank, each end of which rested on the decks of the different boats, forming a means of passage



from one to the other. I saw my brother, who was standing on the deck of his schooner, take from his pocket a pistol, and as he did so the thought flashed through my mind that he was going to take his life. I instantly started to cross over the plank, to go where he stood, when at the same time, by some unaccountable means, the boats drifted apart and the plank fell into the water. I was thus prevented boarding the boat. In speechless agony I was compelled to stand and see my brother, who was dear as life to me, shoot himself through the head. These are the circumstances that have enwrapped me in such gloom, and from which my brother would save and has saved me. Change of place and other scenes I thought would relieve me. But on my return, the nearer I got home the more despondent I grew, and I was mentally resolving upon my own destruction when the warning message came and saved me."

This gentleman was urgent in the request that we should give him a seance. Yet we declined, knowing we could give him nothing more. We have always found it impossible to get or give messages of this nature when seeking to do so: why, we are unable to say. Like mental illuminations in our case they always come when not expected and come unsought.

A short time ago we were at home, quietly seated beside a window that opened on the street. On carelessly looking out we saw three men riding by on horseback. We remarked to those present, that the nearest one was a doctor who lived in a village some miles distant, of whom we had heard but never seen. The circumstance seemed of no importance and soon passed from all our minds; but to our surprise the doctor called upon us a few hours later, and after stating to

him the fact of the recognition, he informed us he was a believer in Spiritualism. From our conversation grew a very interesting seance, in which he was told that his success as a physician was not due to his medical skill, but to his magnetic power, together with the aid of a spirit attendant. He was urged to throw physic aside and depend wholly upon these powers. Said he "If the communicating spirit will satisfy me of the fact that I am so aided, I will do what is required."

The spirit replied: "A few days since you were called to a patient who was very ill. You had exhausted all your medical skill, and the disease so far had mastered both you and it; but as something must be done you took from your case of medicine a small vial containing physic which, had it been given, would have proved fatal. As you were in the act of dropping some from the vial I caused it to fall from your hand, and it fell upon a stone hearth by which you were standing, and was broken. I then used our combined powers and your patient recovered. At another time you left a woman who was dangerously ill, but whom you thought slightly so; yet you were not a mile distant before your horse was made so lame that you were compelled to return and remain for the night, that she might receive the needed benefit and attention."

"You are correct," said the doctor. "Now I am satisfied of the intervention of the unseen in human affairs in this life, as well as their ability to aid us. If the kind spirit to whom I am indebted for past favors will give his or her name, I shall be most grateful. I am ready and willing to comply with the request."

The response was: "It is one with whom you have sympathized when the soul, which was forced from its earthly connection, was shrouded in gloom. That

sympathy threw across my darkened path the first ray of light, and brought to my wounded spirit the first gleam of hope, to brighten the new, strange life into which I was violently forced. Be faithful and trust me, and I will fill your earth life with blessings. I will aid you in your laudable endeavor to relieve suffering humanity. The spirit of the martyred Mrs. Surratt will guard you through life's ills, and will be the first to welcome and greet you on this side of life, where the secrets and the true worth of every human heart are made known. Adieu."

The gentleman acknowledged the sympathy that always attended any thought or mention of the spirit whose name was mentioned. He expressed great delight at the revelation made, and was satisfied that it came from the source it claimed. He was a foreigner by birth, and soon after left for his native land. We feel assured he kept his promise to the spirit.

It will be seen from the incidents just related that these unseen friends, and perhaps enemies too, are ever near to make or mar our happiness. In this last instance, the kind sympathy of the doctor for the suffering spirit brought unto him a rich reward. Others, however, may suffer much inconvenience and pain from unseen influences and interference, upon the same principle.

## CHAPTER XX.

## MESSAGE FROM GEN. SAM. HOUSTON.

ON the eve of Jan. 1, 1885, we assembled around our communion table with a few friends, to await the presence and blessing of the angels. Soon each one present felt a powerful uplifting influence. There was clairvoyantly seen clasped hands and a hand with a finger pointing upward. Another of the mediums was then controlled to imitate the beating of a drum upon the table; after which the presiding spirit of our band controlled the medium, and said, "We are pleased and proud to introduce to our home and circle one of the illustrious heroes of Texas, known to you as Gen. Sam. Houston, but to us as the 'Spiritual Knight of Texas.'"

That spirit then controlled the medium, giving the following communication:—

"My countrymen and women: While inhabiting a mortal body the labors of my life were freely given to build up the material interests of Texas. The welfare of the 'Lone Star State' was the pride of my earthly existence. Undaunted I stood upon the gory fields of battle, in the cause of our material independence and liberty. It was the proudest day of my earthly existence when called to share the honors that were accorded her heroes, — when at last our efforts were crowned with success.

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"My interest in my country did not cease with the dissolution of my mortal body, but it has survived the change called death. Although regarded by many as dead, yet we still live, think, and speak; still love, labor, and wait. My love for my country is sacredly treasured with other loves, and with them will ever form a part of my immortal being. By the potency of that love I have been drawn to your earthly homes to minister unto your spiritual needs; to urge you to make your lives fruitful and beautiful, by serving humanity, by uplifting the down-trodden, and comforting mourning souls.

"Long after I had been divested of my mortal body, I lingered around familiar scenes and longed to make my voice again heard in your halls of state. But I soon found that my material usefulness had passed away with my material form. I turned away in sorrow on finding that I could no longer be of use. I then began to explore this new country to which I had so strangely come, and soon found it one of surpassing beauty and teeming with grand possibilities. But the warrior's courage was unavailing to achieve honor and distinction here. It failed to open an avenue by which I could enter in and enjoy the beneficent feelings that pervaded the place. The old soldier stood awed and dumb by the surrounding spiritual harmony and beauty; and in humility of soul the head that had never bowed to the mandates of mortal man would fain then have been laid in the dust before that angelic throng I beheld. I was there being weighed in the balances of universal justice, and was found wanting. Love here outweighed every other attribute of excellence and reigned supreme. I was not long in finding that it was the only key that would unlock these soul possibilities. I soon realized



that it was my greatest and only source of wealth. Through its magic power I have been enabled to ascend to the company of illustrious councillors, and with them to stand upon the loftier heights, where the soul can expand in the ethereal atmosphere of the divine. From that angelic point of observation we have realized your great need of spiritual liberty and social reform. For this cause have I and others come.

“My countrymen and women, we are drumming up soldiers to fight another battle, not with the musket and sword of steel, but with the sword of truth. The heroes of San Jacinto still live, and bid you buckle on your armor and battle valiantly in the cause of spiritual liberty and universal justice.

“The wheels of progress are moving around with whirling activity. There is now no room nor safe retreat for drones; all must move forward or be crushed beneath their ponderous weight. Texas must not be left behind in this great spiritual upheaval, but must arise and awake to the duties of the hour; must help to bury the dead past and actively engage in the living issues of the day. Seek ye not help from afar. Texas, with her ascended heroes and illustrious statesmen, is fully adequate to develop her own spiritual resources. Our fair State is teeming with souls both brave and strong, who are awaiting the angel voice within, and when heard, they are ready to obey. Their hearts are true, but they need their spiritual perceptions quickened, their ears and eyes opened; then they will joyfully come and join in the grand army of human progression.

“The spiritual philosophy and its propagation is the glorious means through which this is to be outwrought in this land we still hold dear. But hard battling must be done against error in high places. Battles must be



fought at the cost of much that man holds dearer than mortal life. Yet fear not; a mighty host of unseen warriors will give strength to your arms. Even now they are bringing cheering words through the lips of your inspired mediums; they are causing your hearts to throb and thrill by the power of fraternal love. Illustrious men, whose lives were freely laid upon their country's altar, lead and direct this spiritual movement. Be earnest and untiring in your search for truth, and when found, bravely uphold it. We shall bring unto your souls the rich treasures of our love, making your hearts hopeful while dispensing the grand truths of Spiritualism to a hungering humanity.

"In conclusion, I would say that when at last the souls of men shall become free from the erroneous teachings of the past, and shall stand forth upon their worth alone; when the worthy rich and the worthy poor shall sit side by side around the same table of communion, in full recognition of the common fatherhood of God and universal brotherhood of man; when all hearts shall beat responsive to the throb of angelic love, then shall be added the crowning lustre to our star of state; then it will shine with a brilliancy unsurpassed by none in the nation's galaxy; then yours shall be the victor's crown—the crown in which the myrtle shall be intertwined among the laurel."

## CHAPTER XXI.

"O *Hearts* that never cease to yearn!  
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!  
The dead, though they depart, return  
As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead;  
The dead live, — nevermore to die;  
And often when we mourn them fled,  
They never were so nigh."

DURING one of our late circles, a beautiful pure spirit was clairvoyantly seen approaching from a distance, bringing with her a most hallowed influence. She was holding something in each hand. She came and stood between us, presenting each with a trumpet (for it was perceived that it was two trumpets she was holding in her hands). One seemed to be of silver, the other of brass. On the small end of each were tags, with writing upon them, which was soon seen to be F and F.

We were afterwards told by the presiding spirit that they were brought by his grandmother, and that they were the gospel trumpets of this New Dispensation, and that we must sound them.

He also spoke many kind words of encouragement, and gave directions about our book and circle.

In our impatience and hunger for these blessed truths, we many times forget the aid and comfort we have so often, in past times, received through the ministry of angels; and we murmur that they do not give us more

freely of this hidden manna. Upon one such occasion, a day or so since, one of us became entranced, and the controlling spirit made unto us some remarkable revelations, and as we were about to give them utterance, he impressed so vividly upon our mind the great responsibility attending the possession of such knowledge or gift, and the exalted state of purity demanded for its use, that we came out of the trance, exclaiming, "Oh, take it back; its purity would be sullied by the world; we are not yet ready."

We have since experienced such a keen sense of having forfeited, in some way, knowledge that would be of importance to us and humanity, that we feel great grief at its being withheld. However, we resolved by earnest endeavor, to deserve more from the spirit world before we ask for their beautiful truths, to be misused and tarnished by an unprogressed world.

We think of all people, Spiritualists should lead the most pure lives. Spiritualism demands it of them, most especially its media, for they are the foundation upon which its phenomena are based, and form the most important factor in its vast superstructure.

At one of our home circles a few years ago, we had a spirit suddenly control our hand, and write the following lines:—

Charity, sweet spirit, that's nurtured above,  
Descend to the earth on thy mission of love;  
Go, linger where mortals are bending the knee  
To worship a God they know not nor can see.  
Each one softly approach, and say to each soul  
That true worship consists in love for the whole.  
Not bounded by creed, nor condition, nor birth;—  
The lordling, the peasant, the lowest of earth,  
The Christian, the sinner, the wise, and the great,  
The convict, the ruler, and head of the State,

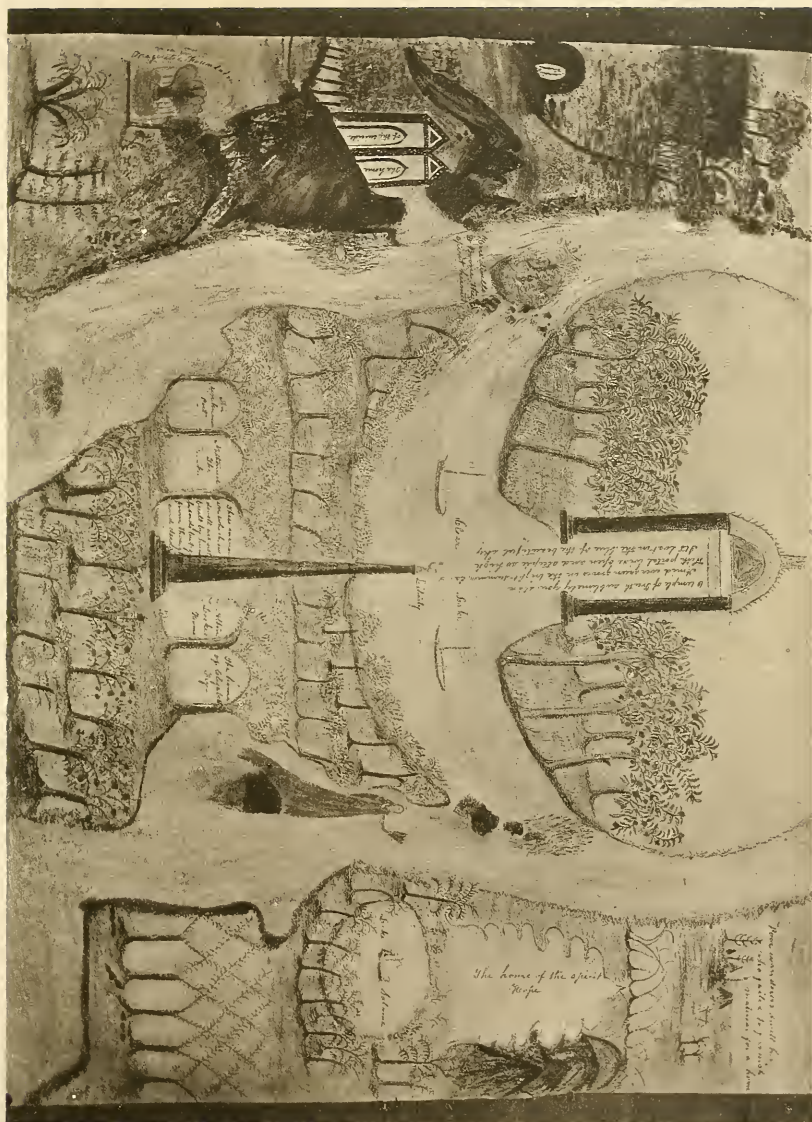
All need thy kind spirit; thy mantle let fall,  
A sweet benediction, to rest upon all.  
The convict that dwells alone in his cell  
Has tales of temptation and sorrow to tell;  
And angels look on him with pitying eye,  
While man, his earth brother, is passing him by.  
Charity, charity, go soften each heart,  
And lessons of love to earth's children impart.  
Go, linger where woman is bending in shame  
So vile, she's a reproach to even the name;  
The burden of anguish, oh, lift from her heart,  
That in joy and peace she may rise and depart.  
Charity, charity, go dwell in each soul;  
Broaden and widen the hearts of the whole."

This was signed "Hope." We well remember the occasion upon which it was given. Before the seance we all had been severely criticising the actions of some persons of our acquaintance. The practical reprimand was timely, and proved effectual.

We have been directed by our kind guide to have another picture, "A Summerland Scene," here inserted. It was the first of the pictures given some years ago, and, as before stated, very crude.

Persons acquainted with spirit control know how quickly some of the manifestations are produced. This was done in a much shorter time than human mind and hands alone could have produced it. Herein we think lies its chief merit, as it exhibits no artistic skill. Yet pictures, although crude, convey truths to some minds that other means would fail to make plain.

Upon the top of a column stands what is represented as the Goddess of Liberty, beneath the entrance to the temple of Truth, showing that freedom ever must come in advance of truth. Below and at the left, we are told, is one of the homes of the suicides. Beneath it is a magnetic fountain of healing properties and power,



The house of the spirit  
30-40

A temple of great antiquity, and the  
first part of the temple is the house of the spirit  
and the second part is the house of the spirit  
and the third part is the house of the spirit  
and the fourth part is the house of the spirit  
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especially for the insane, and which our controlling spirit says, he will at some time give to the world, in the same manner as he prepares developing paper and that already given for healing purposes.

He tells us that the fount in the picture is used by a different Institute having another number, and presided over by another class of spirits, who are interested in the relief and cure of the insane. Between the pillars of the doorway to the temple the following lines are written: —

“O Temple of Truth, sublimely you stand  
Amid evergreen groves, in the bright summer land;  
With portal wide open, and steeple so high,  
It's lost in the blue of the beautiful sky.”

Below the entrance to the temple lie the placid waters of Clear Lake, and on its surface float empty boats, waiting to convey across all who have been made free — free from bondage, of every name and nature. At the top and right of the drawing is a rude settlement; the inhabitants are said to have been indolent and inactive during their earth life, — hence their homes are coarse and unadorned. We presume such never while on earth were blessed with a spiritual idea.

On a small isle, we are told, dwells Daniel Boone, whom the Indian calls “The Spirit Hermit.” Our messenger Swift Foot says the Indians compelled him to live a long time in spiritual exile.

Towards the bottom of the suicides' home, among the grass and rushes, is seen a cradle and babe, significant of the cradled angel lying within every sin-cursed soul. The suicides, as well as all others, are awaiting conditions to arouse to activity.

The figure at the right, standing upon a rock, is an

unfortunate suicide, who has arisen on a new side of life from depths of despair, and is holding a light by which others may be able to shun the misery she once brought upon herself.

This picture was thrown aside carelessly for some years and much defaced, but when passing recently through one of our seasons of spiritual dearth, it was brought again to the front, taken care of, and appreciated.

We seem so constituted that we seldom if ever value present blessings or favors, but wait until they pass out of our lives before they are appreciated. Perhaps, however, this is wise; for were we well contented with our possessions and knowledge of to-day, all progress with us would cease. Yet we are prone not to prize, but to abuse very many gifts we possess, particularly if in their use we are carried out of the popular pathway into one where we are sure to encounter impediments, persecution, and ostracism.

We were once very intimately acquainted with a gentleman of culture and religious turn of mind, who frequently visited our home to discuss with us the different beliefs and disbeliefs of the day.

He was strenuously opposed to what he called "the innovation of the spiritual philosophy;" thought it perfectly impractical; said it would unsettle the human mind and break down every barrier to crime and lawlessness were it to gain any hold in society.

We asked, if there was nothing to prevent, if he would, like a wild beast, try to destroy everything within his power and reach.

"Oh, no," he replied, "but others would."

And thus men reason and enact restraining laws and create imaginary hells all for their neighbors, who may

at the same time be as good, and often may be better than themselves; never once descending from their high opinions of self, to realize that their neighbor was judging them from the same point of observation. We always had a poor opinion of men and women who could never find any good outside of themselves.

Said the gentleman referred to above: "We want no more churches. The world is to-day cursed with creeds, the supporters of which are wrangling over their different revelations, inspirations, and God-given faiths. We ask to be enlightened in regard to a standard, by which we are to judge of the vast variety of faiths extant in the world at the present time and all equally pressing themselves upon humanity as coming from God. Peter had one, Mahomet another, Luther one, Calvin a different, Wesley one, Joe Smith another, and still others, until they have multiplied into great numbers. Yet each is as distinct from the other as daylight from darkness; and still each one is forcing itself upon the human mind as a God-given faith and revealment."

"Why," continued he, "were one to undertake to swallow such contradictory absurdities, after closely investigating their claims, such a one would be worse than idiotic!"

"Then," we replied, "do you reject all revelation and inspiration?"

"What do you propose to do?" he asked, evading a reply to our interrogatory.

"Be guided by our own inspiration and what may be revealed to us personally," we answered.

"I thought you believed in Spiritualism?" he said.

"No, we believe in nothing, but *know* something of the facts of the spiritual philosophy. What is known is not belief, but knowledge gained from personal experience, not from hearsay."

“Do you think any one was ever inspired in the manner in which we use the term?” he asked.

“Our ideas,” we replied, “are that all persons are more or less inspired; that each individual has at times, when the mind is in a receptive condition, convictions of right and truth that come down from higher authorities. These convictions should always be accepted by the recipient, but by none other unless good reason is seen for doing so. When received through another they cease to be inspiration. That is, to the one who receives them direct they are inspiration, but when told to another they are not inspiration to the one to whom they are told.”

“Then you think every one has his own personal revealments, exactly suited to his own stated condition, but useless to the rest of mankind.”

We answered: “Some inspiration seems to be of a general character, and can be wisely applied to the masses, while some is of a purely personal character. Each is to be his own judge as to how much of either kind to accept or reject. We do not blame any one for not accepting Spiritualism or any other system of religious belief, without the proper proofs to sustain it. We of the New Dispensation propose to enter this vast field of religious inspiration and revelation with God-given reason for our guide. If old theological dogmas are erroneous, they must come to naught. If the existing creeds are built of the wood, hay, and stubble of the ages, you may rest assured they will be withered and destroyed by the light of Truth. But if they are right, if built of the precious stones of truth, they have nothing to fear from Spiritualism or its revealments.”

Upon this our friend inquired: “Why do not the clergy attend these spiritual seances that they may understand

all about this Spiritualism, and thus be able to satisfy their followers of its falsity? Simply abusing a belief, or a knowledge as you term it, is altogether an unjust manner of combating it, and gives no satisfaction nor information to inquiring, earnest minds."

We too think it strange that the clergy do not more generally acquaint themselves with the facts upon which the teachings of Spiritualism are based. However, when any of them investigate with an earnest desire to arrive at truth, they invariably accept the philosophy of spirit intercourse. Men are being satisfied with nothing short of well-demonstrated facts. All things are being brought forth from the archives of the past and present, and are being tried and judged by the enlightened reason of to-day.

The above-named gentleman in a subsequent conversation with us remarked, "The spiritual philosophy was ushered in by silly children and women purporting to have the spirits of Sam. Houston and other celebrities coming to them, like pet spaniels, rapping, turning tables, and ringing bells."

When death shall have disrobed men of their material bodies and time-worn dignity and honors, and they are compelled to appear as they really are, how very few of the great of earth will be able to approach the sphere of innocent, trusting childhood or the presence of exalted, refined womanhood.

Should these learned gentlemen of dignity from their transition to a spiritual plane of life find their souls impoverished and feel the need of purity, what atmosphere more conducive to their state than that with which innocent women and children are surrounded. Unless death has divested them of all sense of refinement, should they return to earth and be drawn to the earthly



homes of such media for the purpose of spiritual unfoldment, how better could they announce their presence than by rapping?

Let none for a moment suppose that they can enter the sphere of angelic womanhood or childhood with nothing to recommend them but mere earthly honor and distinction. Lessons of love and trust must be learned by all, both high and low, and when these lessons are overlooked or ignored during their earth lives, even great and honored men will need oftentimes to be taught by woman's kind words and led by the loving hand of children yet living on an earthly plane of life.

It seems that women who are mediums get a full share of ridicule, particularly from orthodox Christians. These seem to quite forget that their Bible tells them that when the scriptures, which had been lost several hundred years, were found among the rubbish in the reign of Josiah, they were ordered to be taken to Huldah, the seeress, that she might determine what disposition to make of them.

Saul, we are told, in his extremity of fear and doubt went to the woman who resided at Endor, and the saintly old Samuel communicated with him. Now should one be hungering for a message from some loved one, why blame that one for seeking it of the media of this day, although they be denounced by present orthodoxy, even as others possessing similar gifts were persecuted and ostracized by orthodox teachers of the past?

If orthodox churches and their Bible teachers really believe what they profess to, they assuredly cannot but accept the fact of spirit return and communion.

Ancient Christians believed what they professed to believe, and hence they became possessed of great power. If these manifestations occurred nearly nineteen hun-



dred years ago, why not now? We have the same unchangeable God and tender Father over all, the same unalterable laws govern the universe, and the prophecy of Christ was that greater things should be done than he had ever accomplished among men.

While speaking of the manifestations recorded in the Bible, we will call the attention of orthodox disbelievers to a portion of one of these narrated in the tenth and eleventh chapters of the Acts of the Apostles:—

“He (Cornelius) saw in a vision, evidently about the ninth hour of the day, an angel of God coming in to him. . . . And Cornelius said, Four days ago I was fasting till this hour, and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and behold, a man stood before me in bright clothing and said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard. . . .” (Observe this was a *man*, and that he knew the names of the parties, their occupations, and where they lived.) “And now send men to Joppa and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter. He lodgeth with one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the seaside. He shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do.”

We leave the conclusion to be found and read by orthodox Christians, who to-day think they are obeying the teachings of their Bible when they so zealously oppose and denounce spirit return, and the interest beings “in bright clothing” manifest in the affairs of men. And when they read, we trust they will notice the *prayerful conditions*, also the nature of the communication which, in our view, plainly teaches the grand doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. And we would ask them in all candor if any one of them believe that this spirit message was forbidden by God.

In Revelation, twenty-second chapter, eighth and ninth

verses, we read: "And I, John, saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God."

We could quote many other passages from the orthodox scriptures that their infidel opponents are wont to look upon as cunningly devised fables of past ages, but which are turned to possible facts by the illuminating rays of Modern Spiritualism.

A few years since we moved to a small village in the western part of Texas. The people who inhabited the place were strictly orthodox, and lived at least a half century behind the times. They had never witnessed any spiritual manifestations; or, if any revealments of a spiritual nature had ever occurred in that locality, they ignored the fact of their relation to or connection with Modern Spiritualism. We were soon aware that we were shunned and kept at a distance as though we had some infectious disease. But, as ministers are supposed to brave all earthly dangers, contagious as well as others, the one whose duty it was to care for the spiritual welfare of the flock in that portion of the "moral vineyard" paid us a visit. We immediately felt impressed as to the nature of his formal call, but received him with the most reserved politeness, and awaited what was to come.

After much hesitation and embarrassment, he began conversation by saying: "I have taken the liberty of bringing you some tracts, which I hope you will read prayerfully. I have been pained to learn that you belong to that class of necromancers called Spiritualists, that

class of people so severely denounced by God in his holy word, and whom he commanded to be put to death. Read these tracts, and I shall pray to our heavenly Father that they may be the means of opening your blinded eyes to the great danger you are in of eternally losing your souls."

Much more of this clerical cant we with patience silently listened to, until the poor man had quite exhausted both himself and the subject. We then asked:—

"Do you really believe your Bible?"

"Every word," he replied, "from Genesis to the last word of Revelation."

We were instantly inspired by a familiar spirit, and discoursed on the Bible scriptures to this learned disciple for near three hours, without once being interrupted by him.

When we ceased speaking, he took his tracts and arose, saying:—

"I have never listened to such eloquence and convincing logic, and I assure you I leave a wiser if not a better man."

We remarked as he left that "putting new wine in old bottles was seldom attended with such favorable results."

The Sabbath previous to this visit this minister gave out from his pulpit that he would preach the following Sunday upon Spiritualism. But the promised sermon was never delivered, and instead he gave to his hearers a rambling, unmeaning discourse, the last that minister ever preached.

A few weeks after we were told that he came to this place where he met other media, with whom he further investigated in regard to spirit communion, and

was himself developed as a writing medium. Subsequently, through spirit aid, he produced some invention that has since paid him better than preaching, and is far more useful to humanity than was his gospel ministry.

While remaining in the village many of its church members and others came to our home circles in search of the "bread of life," nor did they in asking for it receive stones.

We were never after disturbed, nor was our presence there afterward considered contaminating.

We would here say, that oftentimes the Southern people are impetuous and sometimes hasty in action, yet they are generally honest in their convictions, utterly repudiating all manner of fraud and trickery, and embrace with earnestness all demonstrated facts.

They are ever found to be warm hearted and generous, trusting and loving in their natures and habits. And be it said to their great credit, that so far as our knowledge extends, they have never produced one spiritual fraud or mountebank, to tarnish our beautiful philosophy. Many are holding seances within the sacred privacy of their own homes, and are being richly rewarded with the holy ministration of angelic loved ones.

This spiritual leaven, now so carefully concealed in the sacredness of home, will ere long manifest itself throughout the entire Southern clime. And we feel strongly impressed to predict that the incoming tide of Southern inspiration and spirit phenomena will be of a more exalted nature than any that have previously been given to the world. It will surely come in answer to the present demand. Spirits tell us the

South is not the birthplace of creeds; that its people are less burdened by religious fanaticism than they of the North, and are therefore more receptive to truth, unbiassed by church dogmas.

## CHAPTER XXII.

“How seldom, friend, a good, great man inherits  
Honor and wealth with all his worth and pains;  
It seems a story from the world of spirits  
When any man obtains that which he merits,  
Or any merits that which he obtains.” — COLERIDGE.

THE presiding intelligence at our last seance requested that a communication he then gave should be here inserted. It was in regard to the laboring, producing class, and the above lines of the inspired poet came to our minds as a most truthful statement of many wrongs that at present exist throughout our entire social system. The communication was as follows: —

“What message of love, comfort, and hope can we bring from the spirit world to the laboring millions? to that noble army of producers who have been toiling late and early to fill the coffers of great monopolies, and to supply the upper and lower stratum of society? For years they have worked on during summer’s heat and winter’s cold, like so many patient beasts of burden, with no time for thought or mental unfoldment; no time for spiritual culture and social enjoyment. Work work, work, seems to be the eternal watchword, and years have brought to them and their children no golden harvest.

“The dimmed eye of age discerns no bow of promise in the darkened sky; no hope in coming time for their children; but rather a more complicated life of continued struggle.



"They behold not the spiritual forces, that are at work in such various ways, for their aid and relief; forces that are silently permeating all grades of human society all over the world.

"Let every laboring man and woman try to realize that death, so called, has not deprived their loved ones of any of their former affection for them. Let them be assured that angel sympathies go out to them, and that they are devising ways and means to bring about a better order of things.

"Immortals are near by, and are actively alive to all their needs, and feel for all their woes and wrongs.

"They are entering every avenue through which they can by any means bring unto the honest toilers for humanity aid and comfort.

"Little as the laboring men and women may heed, yet we say unto them, that to-day all things are being weighed in the balance of justice, and all that is found wanting will surely perish. Judgments are being rendered at celestial tribunals whose execution may seem slow, but nevertheless will certainly fall upon every offender's head.

"Organizations or centres abound throughout spirit realms, from which light is now radiating to guide the millions of working men, women, and, alas! children, through the coming struggle between capital and labor.

"We do not recommend to them patience, for already it has, in their case, long ceased to be a virtue; but we advise determined energy in their demand for a just compensation for labor, that its benefits may be enjoyed by them and their children, and its comforts appropriated to their needs, and not borne off as spoil by drones, who infest all classes of society of the present day.

“Be it, however, borne in mind, that the angel world ever work through human agencies, when any material good is to be outwrought for mankind.

“Man must first assert his divine right to the free gifts of nature. Inspired reformers have already been pointing the way. They have told you, all the land a man can live upon and cultivate, *that* he is entitled to; no more—none for speculation. That he should have all he requires for a home in any city or village; none to let to his neighbor at a high rate of usury. Let the remaining portion be held in trust by the government for others who will be needing homes. When these two main evils are overcome, all other human wrongs will be easily adjusted.

“But, say you, ‘All enterprise would soon be at an end.’ Verily, nay; but all speculation of the few at the expense of the many would very rapidly cease. Then the ambitions of men would be turned into mental and spiritual channels; they would be employed gathering wealth of a more lasting nature; wealth that death and the grave could not wrest from their grasp. Then men would have no need to return to earth to hover over their ill-gotten gold, as many are now doing. But they can then take their treasures with them, and come back to earth on the nobler mission of love and mercy. Neither will they be shining in garments wrought by the weary hands of another, but will be enabled to clothe themselves in robes of light, which will be proudly worn when they are called from their covering of clay, to inhabit that world where justice reigns supreme and where the loved immortals dwell.

“Nature holds in store an abundance to supply the luxuries of life to all. Let but the laboring classes stand shoulder to shoulder like a band of brothers, and

work in harmony; work with a calm, persevering, holy faith in the divine strength of their manhood, and thus united in a common cause founded upon the principles of justice, no moneyed power of this or any other nation could withstand them.

“Thus united, they will place themselves in an attitude for spirit aid and light, and which will as surely come as that their loved ones still live and are conscious of all their wrongs, and feel for them in all their wretchedness, woe, and want. Bear ever in your minds that every earthly groan of anguish has a heavenly echo.

“Would we had the power of language, and could put into words some thoughts that might inspire the laboring class with a sense of some of the possibilities that lie within their reach, that are even now at their very door, if they will but put forth united hands to grasp them.

“Let all men, women, and children raise their voices in one united chorus, and loud appeal for justice and delivery from these body-killing and soul-polluting monopolies. None should plead insufficient. If it be but one wrong, tell it; if but an idea, clothe it with a word of some kind and speak it; if expressed and added to others it will gain strength. A thought from a living soul may be fraught with results immeasurable, eternal. The mighty oceans are composed of little drops of water. The granite is made of tiny atoms. The sea-shore of small grains of sand; yet they repel the angry waves.

“Each and every mortal can do something to bring about some order out of the present chaos; some amount of justice from this mighty ocean of injustice and corruption. We say unto you that the effects of all this corruption, both social and political, is sweeping

over this fair land like a devastating avalanche. Distrust and dissatisfaction have their abode in every human breast. Men are becoming smouldering volcanoes, and unless these iniquities be speedily overcome, this, your favored country, will be plunged into such a state of revolution and bloodshed, that the human heart would grow sick to behold it.

“Remember we have warned you, that should these things come, they may not find you unprepared, even though they should come with the force and rapidity of the lightning. Still, fear not, for angels’ hands will guide it.

“These difficulties could be peaceably averted if taken in time, but left to accumulate, nothing short of revolution will ever be able to remedy them, and establish a new order of things.

“To those who have accumulated enough, those who are satisfied with what they have gathered together of worldly wealth, and who are sitting with folded hands and frosted heads: think they that there is nothing for them to do? Think they that their earthly stay is prolonged for nothing but to await patiently a peaceful transition to a summer clime, wholly unconcerned about this great whirlpool of human agitation?

“To them we would say: ‘There is something yet for you to do, if you do not wish to be doomed to bitter disappointment when you expect to come into the possession of a rich inheritance in return for naught.’

“Bear in mind that life in spirit world is begun on earth, and the death of the physical body does not in the least interfere with the life of the soul. It only opens out broader opportunities for the consummation of all that has been begun with a righteous and laudable purpose. Therefore, if life be finished, what is

there to do in the spirit world, or what to be continued? Nothing? Most truly we tell you that none are idle with us, nor ever will be, while a burdened humanity exists to need our care and aid, nor so long as a tear shall stain the fair cheek of a loved one.

“Think us not too enthusiastic on this subject. We have been of the number of toilers on an earthly plane, and know of their disadvantages and wrongs. Even now we feel the effects of having neither time nor means for spiritual unfoldment, opportunities which should have been ours by the right of having earned them.

“The passing from an earthly covering has not in the least cooled our ardor in the cause of the down-trodden and needy. Enthroned within our hearts is still a love of justice and a desire to see it universally practised.

“The Christ of near nineteen hundred years ago came preaching the deliverance from all unholy captivity, and the Christ spirit of to-day will eventually break loose every fetter by which suffering humanity is bound. Neither will it be afar off, but unto the laborers and their children in the near future, if they will but be faithful to their own divine manhood and true to each other and the people's cause.

“Life means something more than mere existence. It means usefulness in its largest, broadest sense.

“As an illustration of how we pass the time not employed in scientific investigation or spiritual unfoldment, we will relate an occasion of one of our late visits to earth.

“Not long since, while discussing the subject of capital and labor, and the various methods to be employed to bring about a more equal and just state of affairs between the laboring and moneyed classes, a groan of anguish was wafted from earth which caused an instant pause. We



soon found it had proceeded from a small cottage in your locality. Immediately two of us volunteered to answer the call of woe. We began to descend in the direction from whence the demonstration of distress had come.

“We soon found the place, for sorrow is never very difficult to find; to relieve it is much the more intricate task.

“As we entered this abode of sadness, a thin, pale woman looked piteously up to where we stood. We knew she felt our presence, yet her curtained eyes beheld nothing but space.

“‘Alas! alas!’ she moaned; ‘and must my darling die? Is there no help? For weeks have I watched beside his little bed, and stitched and stitched, with scarcely time to wipe away the blinding tears, and all for a few pennies to keep life within us all. Now even that is denied. No friends! No money! No home! Oh, how appalling! Has God indeed forgotten his children?’

“Here a flood of tears, caused by our unseen sympathy, relieved the anxious mother’s burdened heart.

“We beheld a small babe in a rude cradle by her side, with a fever that was slowly drying up the ruddy channels of life. Nothing could be done for it that would prove of any avail. We saw that even now it had ceased to suffer. To soothe and relieve the suffering mother was our next thought. We had now blended our aura sufficiently with hers to enable us to comprehend the extent of her troubles. We saw her gaze at a bed whereon lay her faithful though helpless husband. His long sickness, together with that of the babe, had emptied their scanty purse; and the mother had been steadily plying the needle, that her dear ones might not



want. She could not beg; oh, no! When life offered nothing more, she must starve — starve in the sight of plenty. Even now her faint stomach was pleading for food.

“Neighbors passed them by, heeding not their wants. That day she had gone with her work, and had gone hungering, to return without her expected compensation. Two dozen shirts for a shop, at ten cents apiece, had been outwrought by her aching fingers; and then, — no money. The shopkeeper had told her he could not pay her that week, and that had been her last and only hope. We were but a moment learning this; and feeling the approach of some one whose atmosphere was pleasant, we threw our will power upon the mother, causing her to open the door leading to the street. We also willed that she should go to the door and stand, which she did in a mechanical way, without thought.

“The woman who owned the cottage in which these sufferers lived was passing by. She was draped in black, and traces of grief were still upon her kindly face. We, by an exercise of will, drew her attention to the grief-stricken mother. She spoke, and seeing the sick child from the door, inquired about its condition. After a few more words were exchanged between the two, she entered the house of mourning. Her kind sympathy soon drew from the suffering mother an account of her destitute, bereaved circumstances.

“Although this woman, her landlady, was quite unable to provide all the comforts the family needed, yet she had just parted with her own dear babe, and was willing to sacrifice some of the comforts with which she had been blessed to relieve their many wants. She bade the weeping mother to be of good courage; that she could well do without the rent then due, and bending over

the cradle of the dying child, she placed the little money she had with her upon its bosom. We were by this unselfish act enabled to throw such a halo of light about the donor's head, that it shone on her fair face for days to come and took from her own heart its weight of grief.

"Soon after her arrival home she prepared food and many other things necessary and sent them for their relief. Through her influence others came and ministered to the wants of the distressed family, until the babe was taken by other ministering spirits and the husband restored to health.

"So soon as the two women were in sufficient sympathy with each other to answer the needed demands, we forthwith summoned Swift Foot to our aid, in order that he might conduct us to the shop for which the poor woman had been working. We ascertained the locality by coming in contact with some unfinished garments, belonging to the store, that were yet in the house, and whose atmosphere served as our guide.

"When we entered, we found a well-fed, very material man sitting with his hat pulled partly over his eyes, half asleep. The conditions for us to influence him were most propitious, and we soon exercised it to arouse him, and he slowly opened his eyes and looked uneasily around. Then he arose and began pacing the floor with a feeling of unrest. We now summoned all our will power to enable us to impress our thoughts upon his mind. Nor could we have succeeded, but for the kind help of our Indian friend who was more adapted to these material surroundings.

"As the shopkeeper was thus restlessly walking back and forth the room, his wife entered, and she, too, felt the power of our influence. At this favorable instant

Swift Foot made one of those loud, sharp concussions with which you are all familiar, upon his hat, which caused him to start, stop, and throw the hat on the floor, crying out, 'It's bewitched.'

"His wife cried out in alarm, 'You're haunted.'

"We were now able to bring the neglected woman into his thoughts and to project into his mind her needs. He then replied, 'That wretched woman makes me miserable.'

"Then send her the money,' the wife replied.

"Let her wait,' he said; 'it's but little over two dollars.' Again Swift Foot produced another sound much louder than before. This time on a table by which the wife was standing, which caused them both to start and shake with fear.

"Then you can take it to her,' the husband replied.

"While she was preparing to go on this mission of justice, we were enabled to wake up her sympathies, and cause her to add many other necessary things to that of the money, which she now willingly carried to the home of the sufferers, and which served as a full compensation for the labor for which she had before been but half paid.

"That day proved one of the most eventful, as also one of the happiest that had ever dawned upon these hard-hearted traders, and we know it opened an avenue for still further usefulness.

"Thus you see, we are ever mindful of the earthly needs of all, and are constantly bringing relief through every opening, and awakening the slumbering angel within some human breast, although they may be wholly unconscious of either our influence or presence.

"We are always taught to look up for divine blessings, yet it would be wholly unavailing, unless at the

same time we do not reach down and leave something, by which others beneath us may be benefited.

“Humanity forms one unbroken chain in which every link, whether weak or strong, is necessary, and is neither to be despised nor ignored.

“Then let us strive in one united brotherhood,—those who inhabit earthly homes, and those who dwell in spirit land,—to bring about that kingdom of heaven or harmony for which so many have prayed. Adieu.”

We doubt not, dear reader, but many times we are influenced to perform some kind act, or to render to another their full measure of justice, through the interposition of some unseen intelligences. When thus impelled by them, the good effect produced seems to be of a more enduring nature than when prompted by one in a material form.

A simple little poem, whose author's name we are unable to give, was handed to us a short time ago; and as the sentiments are well suited to the above message and narrative, we gladly give it place.

#### BILLY'S ROSE.

Billy's dead and gone to glory,  
So is Billy's sister Nell;  
There's a tale I know about them,  
Were I poet I would tell.  
Soft it comes, with perfume laden,  
Like a breath of country air  
Wafted down the filthy alley,  
Bringing fragrant odors there.

In that vile and filthy alley,  
Long ago, one winter's day,  
Weak and feeble, Billy's life tide  
Slowly ebbcd itself away:

While beside him sat his sister,  
 In the garret's dismal gloom,  
 Cheering with her gentle presence  
 Billy's pathway to the tomb.

Many a tale of elf and fairy,  
 Did she tell the dying child,  
 Till his eyes lost half their anguish  
 And his worn, wan features smiled;  
 Tales herself had heard hap-hazard,  
 Caught amid the Babel's roar;  
 Lisperd about by idle gossips,  
 Playing at their mother's door.

Then she felt his wasted fingers  
 Tighten feebly, as she told  
 How, beyond this dismal valley  
 Lay a land of shining gold,  
 Where, when all the pains were over, —  
 Where, when all the tears were shed,  
 He would be a white-frocked angel,  
 With a gold thing on his head.

Then she told some garbled story  
 Of a kind-eyed Saviour's love;  
 How he built for little children  
 Great big play-grounds up above,  
 Where they sang and played at hopseth,  
 And at horses all the day,  
 And where headles and policemen  
 Never frighten them away.

This was Nell's idea of heaven,  
 Just a bit of what she'd heard,  
 With a little bit invented,  
 And a little bit inferred. —  
 But her brother lay and listened,  
 And he seemed to understand,  
 For he closed his eyes and murmured  
 He could see the promised land.

"Yes," he whispered, "I can see it,  
I can see it, sister Nell;  
Oh, the children look so happy,  
And they're all so strong and well.  
I can see them there with Jesus, —  
He is playing with them too;  
Let us run away and join them,  
If there's room for me and you."

She was eight, this little maiden,  
And her life had all been spent  
In the garret and the alley,  
Where they starved to pay the rent;  
And a father's drunken curses,  
And a drunken mother's blows  
Drove her forth into the gutter,  
From the day's dawn to its close.

But she knew enough, this outcast,  
Just to tell this sinking boy, —  
"You must die, before you're able  
All these blessings to enjoy.  
You must die," she whispered, "Billy,  
And I'm not even ill;  
But I'll come to you, dear brother,  
Yes, I promise that I will.

"You are dying, little brother,  
You are dying, O, so fast!  
I heard father say to mother  
That he knew you could not last;  
They will put you in the coffin,  
Then you'll wake and be up there,  
While I'm left alone to suffer  
In the garret bleak and bare."

"Yes, I know it," answered Billy,  
"Ah! but sister, I don't mind;  
Gentle Jesus will not beat me,  
He's not cruel nor unkind.



But I can't help thinking, Nellie,  
 I should like to take away  
 Something, sister, that you gave me  
 I might look at every day.

"In the summer, you remember  
 How the Mission took us out  
 To the great green lovely meadow,  
 Where we played and ran about;  
 And the van that took us, halted  
 By a nice sweet patch of land,  
 Where the fine, red blossoms grew, dear,  
 Half as big as mother's hand.

"Nell, I asked the good, kind teacher  
 What they called such flowers as those,  
 And she told me, I remember,  
 That the pretty name was Rose.  
 I have never seen them since, dear;  
 How I wish that I had one  
 Just to keep and think of you, Nell,  
 When I'm up above the sun!"

Not a word said little Nellie,  
 But at night when Billy slept,  
 On she flung her scanty garments,  
 And then down the stairs she crept.  
 Through the silent streets of London  
 She ran nimbly as a fawn,  
 Running on, and running ever,  
 Till the night had changed to dawn.

When the foggy sun had risen  
 And the mists had cleared away,  
 All around, and wrapped in snow-drifts,  
 There the open country lay.  
 She was tired, her limbs were frozen,  
 And the stones had cut her feet;  
 But there came no flowery gardens,  
 Her keen, hungry eyes to greet.

She had traced the road by asking;  
She had learned the way to go;  
She had found the famous meadow, —  
It was wrapped in cruel snow.  
Not a buttercup or daisy,  
Not a single verdant blade  
Showed its head above the prison;  
Then she knelt her down and prayed.

With her eyes upturned to heaven,  
Down she sank, upon the ground:  
And she prayed to God to tell her  
Where the roses might be found.  
Then the cold blast numbed her senses,  
And her sight grew strangely dim,  
And a sudden, awful tremor  
Seemed to rock her every limb.

“Oh, a rose!” she moaned, “good Jesus;  
Just a rose to take to Bill”;  
And as she prayed a chariot  
Came thundering down the hill,  
And a lady sat there toying  
With a red rose, rich and sweet.  
As she passed she flung it from her,  
And it fell at Nellie’s feet.

Just a word her lord had spoken  
Caused her ladyship to fret,  
And the rose had been his present,  
And she flung it in a pet;  
But the poor half-blinded Nellie  
Thought it fallen from the skies,  
And she murmured, “Thank you, Saviour,”  
As she clasped her dainty prize.

Lo! from out the filthy alley  
Did the child-soul pass away  
From dirt, and sin, and misery  
To where God’s children play.

Lo! that night, a fierce, wild snow-storm  
 Burst in fury o'er the land,  
 And next morn they found Nell frozen,  
 With a red rose in her hand.

Billy's dead and gone to glory;  
 So is Billy's sister Nell;  
 Am I bold to say this happened  
 In a land where Christians dwell?  
 That the children met in heaven,  
 After all their earthly woes;  
 And that Nellie kissed her brother,  
 And said, "Billy, here's your *rose*."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

“Oh, the pulsing laws around us  
And the beauties all unseen;  
Oh, the wonders that surround us  
With the misty veil between!  
Could we only pierce its meshes  
With our dim material eyes!  
Could we only read the message  
And the law that underlies!”

YEARS ago we heard a Methodist minister relating his Christian experience. Said he, “I had been a wicked, unjust man. In my early life I lost a wealthy brother, who left an only child and his large fortune to my care. I soon began to covet the money and hate the child, as she was the only obstacle in the way of my possession of it. Soon after these feelings possessed me, I began to hear strange sounds about the house, which kept me in a state of feverish fear; yet I would in every way but the right one try to account for them, and had so hardened my conscience, and was beginning to be so accustomed to the disturbances that they were losing their appalling sensations over me: doors would suddenly open; sometimes heavy articles of furniture would be lifted and thrown over, all of which would transpire when no one was near.” One evening, however, he was late returning home from the farm when, on looking up, he observed his departed brother standing in the gateway which he was about to enter. He said he tried to stop and turn away, but was impelled by

some force he could not resist to proceed. When he got to the gate, his brother held a long conversation with him, and he renewed his promise to be faithful to what had been intrusted to his care. He said so great was the influence of this apparition upon him, that he ever afterwards showed towards the child the greatest kindness, and never after had the least thought of robbing her; nor were the disturbing noises again heard.

The man felt so thoroughly reformed that he thought he was called to preach. This was before Modern Spiritualism had come to offer reasonable and palpable evidence of the return of the departed. Now a minister would not dare tell of such occurrences.

A gentleman is now living on the Naches River in this State (Texas), who informed us that several years ago a negro man he owned at the time died. Not a great while after, the wife of the gentleman saw the negro standing by the front door of the house one evening about twilight, as she was approaching it. This alarmed her so much that she turned hurriedly and entered by another door. On telling her husband, he laughed at her fears. Soon after she again saw the negro about the same hour by the steps. When she informed her husband a second time of seeing the apparition, he told her if it occurred again to speak to him or it. Some weeks after, when the circumstance was quite forgotten, she again saw the negro at the same place, and by great effort inquired what he wanted. He told her he had buried twenty dollars under the steps by which he was standing, at the same time showing her the exact spot; that he wanted her to get it and to keep five dollars for her trouble, and divide the balance equally between the negroes on the

place. It was done as requested; the money was found and used agreeable to instructions, and the parties were never again disturbed by the appearance of the apparition.

We believe that spirits of the departed are many times compelled to make some revelation to mortals before they can leave the atmosphere of earth, and were such disturbances always investigated great good would result to individuals on both sides of life.

We are impressed to state that when suddenly overtaken with unaccountable feelings of intense joy or grief, such feelings are often caused by unseen friends or foes, and were such rightly investigated, they would be understood and wisely disposed of to the satisfaction and good of all.

A gentleman who now belongs to our circle related to us a strange experience, in which he was troubled with a restless, unhappy spirit. He said a few years ago he was suddenly attacked with strange paroxysms, that caused him great pain and trouble. Physicians were consulted, who informed him he was having fits, but they afforded him no relief, and he determined on a change of place. During his wanderings he chanced to be thrown in the society of Spiritualists; from them he learned something of the philosophy, and became anxious to visit a medium. It was not long before he had an opportunity to do so. A spirit immediately controlled, and caused the medium to personate an agonized death scene, after which the gentleman was charged with having murdered him, the spirit giving his name, place where it occurred, and date. The gentleman soon saw the spirit was laboring under a mistake. He well remembered every detail of the circumstance. Some years previous he was sitting in the bar-room the spirit



had described, when a dispute arose between the murdered man and one who was near himself, who in the heat of passion drew a pistol and mortally wounded the communicating spirit. He shot from over this gentleman's shoulder. He tried long to convince the spirit of his innocence, yet so fixed was the belief in the tormenting spirit's mind, that it was some months before it became reconciled and convinced of the fact. When it was it left, and the gentleman had no further trouble.

Below we give a message from a spirit signing the name "A. Locke." It was given by automatic writing, with the words connected, and in a rapid manner.

"Friends: I come to you of earth to express my thoughts on the important problem of capital and labor, —that question which is to-day infilling and agitating the minds of earth's vast multitude of people. I come from higher courts to plead the cause of the downtrodden and oppressed, asking your united efforts in behalf of justice for the laboring, producing element of your land, —that element that has been burdened by wrong all down the roadway of time. Everything in nature is subject to the law of unfoldment, and man, obedient to that law, has been struggling to come up out of conditions of ignorance, and assert his right to the free gifts of nature and that which he has produced. Man has for long, weary years been toiling to forge chains to bind himself and his, like so many galley-slaves, to the moneyed powers of your land, impeding his progress and keeping himself in ignorance, woe, and want, —binding himself and his to the very powers that he labored to produce.

"Ministers, who serve at earthly altars, have ever been stimulating these unholy powers, and thus retard-

ing the unfolding of human souls of both classes. Yes! we tell you that the greater cause of these existing evils between men and money lies at the door of the church, — not at true religion, which still consists of ‘visiting the orphan and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.’

“Obey the powers that be’ has ever been turned and twisted to meet material views, and been thundered from your pulpits and creedal platforms all down the ages. Yet Christ, whom they profess to follow, took for his disciples poor, unlettered fishermen; was himself a carpenter, and denounced the corrupting influence of wealth in unmeasured terms.

“Friends, we tell you the laboring man is coming out of degrading ignorance, and helping hands from the upper world are reaching down to aid every weak endeavor. Slowly and wearily, inch by inch, he has been growing up to a knowledge of his divine descent, and now he dares assert his right to be regarded as of more value and consideration than that which his physical strength could upbuild.

“The question, Shall man or money rule? is before the world; and so stubborn and persistent is its form that it must soon be answered. You are face to face with the fact, and from the length and breadth of your land there comes a cry for light, more light, — not as to which shall be endowed with power to legislate, for that is evident to every truth-loving mind that has the weal of humanity at heart and seeks for justice to all.

“The need of the present hour is wisdom to guide through these perilous times of transition to a higher plane of material life. We look down into poor men’s souls and see a vague hope, and yet fear, of what is slumbering in the bosom of destiny. Human minds of

all classes are agonized with the birth-throes of better conditions.

"The humanity of past ages lived under the dominion of intellect, but the present age will be guided by intuition, and man's spiritual nature will assert justice for all; the seeming irresistible power of combined wealth will cease to be feared, and man will be able to stand forth in the strength of his divine manhood.

"The poor now know that there is for them no relief through the ministry of the churches. Their costly seats are filled by those who have wealth to display and time to attend, while the little children of woe and want wander in ignorance, — children of such as have been made desperate through force of circumstances, and who are wallowing in the slime of the foul styes capital rears, called cities. But these things are passing away. Man's intuitions are gaining the ascendancy over sordid, crafty intellect, and the laborer begins to feel the pulse beat of a new and better life. He is becoming fully awakened to the possibilities within, — another 'Song of the Shirt' would fire his brain with enthusiasm. Let not weary hearts of earth that labor and wait think that their cause will fail should their leaders become corrupt; others will be raised up to lead them on to victory. Let not the modern Pharaohs cause them to falter or fear. Right will give courage to every heart, and hosts of angels will give strength to arms which are battling for truth and justice. The great avenger of all human wrong will see in time — and that time soon — that justice is meted out to each.

"The Dives of to-day is hugging his gold with a deathlike grasp, and cries aloud for protection. But far above the material din and strife the cry of the downtrodden and oppressed is heard, and immortal friends are heeding every call."

In the early life of one of us, as elsewhere stated, we were addicted to the habit of sleep-walking, but the care of a family of children seemed to have broken up these singular freaks. For many years we were not annoyed by the fear of going on some strange mission, or doing some remarkable and unusual work, which in a normal state would have been impossible. Yet when the children were large enough not to require such constant attention, we found the disposition again manifesting itself.

Since residing in Galveston, we had a few years ago a fine garden, upon which we had spent much time and labor, and regarded with great pride. We were in constant fear that an unruly mule, belonging to a neighbor who lived across the alley adjoining, would sometime effect an entrance and make a wreck of our garden hopes. The children were therefore daily reminded about keeping the gates closed. One night, after going to bed, our dread of the mule, the garden and gates, kept us in a state of wakeful restlessness, and had it not been raining we should have gotten up and taken a survey of the premises. - Finally we slept. The next morning on awaking we found we had dressed, yet did not regard it strange and went about our usual employment. Our fears of the garden had faded entirely from the mind. In the afternoon a number of persons called, and we agreed to have a seance and see what the spirits would give. We had not been sitting long before what we thought had been a dream of the previous night came vividly to our mind, and we related it to those present. We thought the alley gate had been left open, and three hogs, one large and two small, had got into our garden, and that we arose, dressed, and went out and drove them to the city hospital, and into

a pen in which they belonged and from whence they came. We could perfectly describe the hogs, and was much impressed with the reality of the transaction.

A physician was present who was familiar with the hospital and its belongings, and remarked that three just such hogs as were described were in a pen there. He proposed that we should go and see if they had been in the garden, which we did. We found the water from the recent rain was standing in the walks; on the beds, however, we discovered the foot-prints of a large and two smaller hogs, and our own following after. We traced all these footsteps over the beds and through the gate, as well as some distance in the alley towards the city hospital. No doubt now remained in any mind present but that which we had considered a dream was a reality.

How we were able to accomplish this is more than we can say; but so shocked were we by the strange freak that we have no memory of leaving the house in that condition since, yet have been conscious of performing house-work with which the mind would be burdened on falling to sleep, and doing a greater amount, and with far less fatigue, than during our waking moments.

Preparing early meals and getting the boys off to their different places of business, compelled the habit of early rising. One night after retiring late, we remembered that no wood had been prepared for morning, and were much disturbed, as a cold and drizzling rain prevailed, but we resolved to try and waken earlier than usual. With that determination we went to sleep. On getting up next morning we were dressed, and, as it was late, hurriedly went to look after breakfast. To our great surprise and joy we found quite a lot of wood



sawed, breakfast nicely prepared and placed upon the stove, which was full of glowing coals. As soon as we saw this we remembered of doing it, just as we would recall a dream.

As it appeared to have been raining on both of these occasions during the entire night, we are unable to account for the fact of not being the least damp, nor was there any evidence of a light being used in either case.

It may seem incredible to many, yet we truthfully assert that we are conscious of spending much of our time in a state of somnambulism, and that in that state we receive and entertain visitors from both worlds. Sometimes memory recalls what then is said and done; at others what transpires is vague and disconnected. Persons often refer to visits made, of which we have no knowledge until referred to; then we are able to recall them, as we would some dream.

This kind of dream life is fascinating, and seems to stimulate a great desire for solitude. At times it is by great effort that we are able to overcome it, and take an interest in the living, active world around us.

When in this somnambulic state, we have been able to surmount difficulties and grasp facts that in a natural condition would have been impossible. At one time we had taken rooms in a house the upper portion of which was being temporarily used for a printing-office. One day when alone, and while quietly seated at a machine, sewing, we seemed for a time lost to our surroundings. The editor of our village paper tapped lightly on the half-open door. We said, "Come in"; but he declined doing so, and asked if we knew of any one passing through the hall the night previous. We instantly replied that one of the printers (naming the one) had gone through the hall into the office about ten o'clock, and had pried a lot of type.



Nothing more passed between us; the editor left, and the sewing went on. Not long after a neighbor called, and we were roused from the abnormal state with the full memory of what had transpired. We related it to our visitor, telling her it was wholly false and we knew nothing whatever of such an occurrence. We felt mortified and resolved to correct the statement. Soon we had an opportunity. As we began with much hesitation to explain the falsity of the information, the editor said, "It was perfectly true; I charged the printer with it, and he owned he did it, and at the time stated." We had no knowledge of spirit influence in the matter, but just a feeling of what would be termed "absent-mindedness."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

“And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give.” — MATTHEW'S *Gospel*.

THAT healing by an exercise of will and the laying on of hands has been practised at times in different ages, is a fact, we believe, that is conceded by all.

In Bible times, it formed one of the gifts of the ministry, and was always connected therewith until, says a writer, “by internal luxury and internal pride the aristocratic rulers of the Christian churches in the sixth and seventh centuries succeeded in driving spirit influence from their midst; and, finding themselves deprived of spiritual gifts, and rebuked by the sight of laymen performing those apostolic works required of them in proof of their faith, they resolved in solemn council, *that henceforth it should be unlawful for any layman to attempt the rites of exorcism, or the cure of disease by the laying on of hands.* Public opinion once impelled in this direction soon gained force by momentum.”

Healing in this manner has never been so universally practised since the early days of Christianity as since the Spiritual Philosophy forced its claims upon the mind with renewed strength. Teachers and mediums were soon made aware that these gifts still existed, and were to be utilized by those of the New Dispensation; and now there is scarcely a place of any importance

that does not produce at least one magnetic healer. It matters not under what name known, the principle nevertheless is the same; and now, as in days of old, the dead are raised (materialized), the lame walk, fevers are allayed, and pains and aches flee at the magic touch of some gifted one.

So far as our knowledge extends, the gift of healing attends all mediums, although it may not in some be developed, or if developed, may not be distinct from their other gifts, and consequently not specially exercised.

Orthodox doctors, like orthodox ministers, cannot bear this innovation and perhaps from a similar motive; namely, that it would deprive them of the means of existence. Yet the thinking class begin to see that under the practising of the former the death rate has increased year by year, and that disease marks for its prey earth's most beautiful and best, and that under the preaching of the latter, crime has made gigantic strides onward, — so say their teachers. Consequently, it is wisdom in humanity to look to other sources for relief. Yet custom has so established the right of each that men, in the face of facts, will continue to give of their substance to support them, and abide the disastrous results; generations will prove inadequate to remove from earth the untold evils of both.

It required no diploma from the learned doctors of physic to one whose heart was overflowing with love for all to say, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." Even the unlearned Galilean fishermen were skilled in the magic power of fraternal love, and could remove disease. It did not require great theological learning to say, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

Both doctors and divines have long since wandered from the simple and true, and consequently both are dealing in mysteries. Neither are able to look into the interior for the inharmonies in man.

The same course of practice must apply to like diseases in different organisms arising from differing causes. The same Saviour is recommended for every sin-burdened soul; both quite ignoring the fact that "what is food for some is poison for others."

A few days since, a gentleman told us he was feeling unwell, and went to a prominent physician for a prescription, which was filled and taken. In a day or two he found he was salivated. He went immediately to the doctor who had given him the prescription, and complainingly acquainted him with the fact. The doctor said, "You should never take calomel." "Then why did you prescribe it?" he asked. The reply was: "I did not know it would produce such a result until I tried it. Many persons can't use it; but we cannot tell who they are until we try it."

Thus we are many times subjects for experiment by the doctors; yet, as they can only affect the body, the result is, we think, less disastrous than the blind tampering with our spiritual necessities. This leading the unthinking multitude away from the simplicity of nature's truths into the interminable wilderness of learned theology, to wander in darkness and doubt for age upon age, seems to us scarcely pardonable.

Had Modern Spiritualism not come, and by its facts and philosophy afforded a way of escape from the cramming-down process of physic and theological theories, humanity would soon have presented a mass of hopeless wrecks. But it came at the most opportune time, and is fast teaching men that the fundamental

principles of health, both of body and soul, lie "within"; and that they can, by a well ordered, temperate life and determined will, so control their physical and mental conditions that they will be unto themselves a joy and blessing both here and hereafter. We believe the time not far distant when it will be considered a mark of degradation for one to be sick; as much so, perhaps, as to be found committing some other moral outrage.

In our earlier days it was our misfortune to be over-dosed by physic and theology; and years of mental struggle have not wholly eradicated the evil results of either. We all need more self-reliance. As soon as any inharmonies occur, we look about for some prop upon which to lean, and are almost sure to take the one least calculated to support our weakness. We are prone to look down too much and up too little; without too much, within too little.

We once knew a very eminent physician, who reared a large, healthy family in a malarial climate. We asked him why his children were so robust and others so weakly. Said he, "Mine have not been fed on medicine, and have had plenty of out-door exercise." However, had he recommended the same to his patients he would have been discharged.

Some years ago the yellow fever was raging along our Gulf coast. The four physicians who were practising medicine in our village all took the fever and died, and the people of that locality were thus thrown entirely upon their own resources; and the consequence was the mortality soon ceased.

During the late rebellion we lived where we were unable to procure medical aid, and ever in sickness found we were adequate to all our needs. We bound

up broken limbs, stopped the dangerous flow of blood caused from cuts and wounds, and treated the most complicated cases of disease simply by coming in contact with them. We are confident, however, that it requires an earnest frame of mind to accomplish this, and a deep and abiding faith in the powers above. Love's golden key will unlock the door to vast possibilities of the human soul.

Comparatively little is said about cures seemingly so easily performed. Persons thus made whole cannot realize the fact themselves. It is done without "observation;" and they are loath to believe that it is really done.

A few days ago we were visiting at a house where a lady was very ill. The attending physician came; and we so strongly felt the influence of our unseen doctor that we left the room. After the physician had gone, the lady informed us that he was going to perform upon her a surgical operation, and the thought of it was causing her intense distress. Her anxiety aroused within us feelings of the greatest compassion, and we found it impossible to refrain from saying, "If you will not take the medicine left by your physician nor submit to the operation, we will cure you." She instantly placed the medicine aside, and we began to make passes over her, as we were influenced to do, until we felt she would be relieved, then left the place. The following day she was up and able to leave the house. On expressing our surprise and joy at her recovery, she carelessly remarked, "Oh, I should have recovered anyway, I suppose!"

We once went to the house of a very dear friend whom we had long known intimately. An orphan child of her sister, of whom she had the care, lay very



ill. The doctor had just left his bedside. He said he could do no more; the child must die. Yet we knew he would live. We were influenced to treat him with the aid of our angel helper. We asked of the aunt the privilege of making a few passes over the child, which was granted. She said, "It can do him no harm, as there is no hope of his life."

We treated him magnetically not more than fifteen minutes, and ordered him to have a soft-boiled egg. We then left, and went into the next house, near by, feeling so exhausted that we lay down and slept two or more hours. When later in the day we were passing the house in which we had left the sick child, on our way home, to our great astonishment we saw him sitting at the door. We paused to speak to the aunt, who told us the child not only ate the egg, but dressed himself, and dined with the family within an hour after the treatment. The doctor had been there, and expressed great indignation and contempt at the manner of cure, and told the aunt that some day some of them would be killed or made crazy by such impious doings; that it was the work of the devil.

They were both strict church members; yet the lady told him, "The child is well, as you see, for which I am truly thankful, no matter from what source the power came."

The poor boy had lain for weeks sick, and was naught but a breathing skeleton. The physician insisted that he should have more medicine, which he stoutly refused to take, and he soon recovered his wonted strength.

We have many times tried to relieve suffering of a nature not serious, and completely failed, because, we think, a feeling of deep need and keen interest was

lacking on our part, or the case was of a character not urgent. These subtle forces of nature seem to be held in reserve for use when every other available remedy has failed. So it has proved in our case; with others it may be different, especially so, perhaps, with those who give their time and attention exclusively to this mode of healing. Our experience has, with a few exceptions, been confined to our own family and friends; so our opinion would not weigh much in the scale as evidence.

We feel assured from our observation of human kind and their numerous ills, that the greater number are fancied ills, arising from a want of activity and interest in life. People can wear out their bodies much more easily by fret and worry than by a normal use of their physical and mental faculties.

Women seem to be the greatest sufferers. Many of them are well provided for, and feel no need of activity; consequently, they soon sicken and die. All require something to do, some object for which to live; otherwise it is not life, but mere existence.

For many years past in sickness our first thought has been to try to find within ourselves some means of relief, and seldom without success. If this failed, we would ask for angel help, but not before; then it was always sure to come. We know that there are times that both heart and flesh will fail, and we must have something upon which to lean. Then is the time, we think, when the magnetic healer can effect the greatest cures; but *his soul must go out in sympathy to the afflicted.*

Public benefactors have long since established the fact of this method of cure; and we feel the time fast approaching when the magnetic treatment will, under angel guidance, supplant the present ruinous practice.



*Pel'x M. Rineck*



“O Helper! O Healer! whoever thou art,  
 Let love, like an angel, abide in thy heart;  
 Let mercy plead low for the sinful and wrong;  
 Let might, born of justice and right, make thee strong.  
 Then help shall descend at thy call from above,  
 And peace in thy bosom shall rest like a dove.”

At a late seance we received this communication:—

“We wish to have the face of Felix in our book; he possesses the gift of exorcism, which in the future will be developed and used for the benefit of the suffering. He will be endowed with power from on high, and together you and he will be able, by working each with the other, to establish a new and better mode of healing. By reverse passes he can remove disease and prepare the sick to receive your life-giving magnetism.  
 — C. Smith.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Let Faith be given  
To the still tones that oft our being waken;  
They are of Heaven."

OUR first forming a home circle was with a view only to arrive at truth as to the nature of a hereafter, and if, in fact, one really existed. That being established, we would then be inspired with courage to make every endeavor to gain tidings of our loved ones and their present estate.

These were the only motives for investigation at the beginning. And now that the cloud of doubt has been removed, and our lives have been made beautiful and bright by angel presence, we would gladly encourage others by giving to them our private experiences; experiences gained where mercenary considerations had in no instance any weight in the scale of testimony; and at times and in places where it was considered religiously unlawful to hold communion with the departed; the act of our doing so often bringing upon ourselves the unpleasant charge of being insane, or in league with the devil.

We have never at any time asked of our spirit friends material aid; nor have we ever held seances with those who came seeking such assistance.

We always regarded it as unwise to ask of another, be they spirit or mortal, to assume responsibilities which we felt were ours to bear, and cares from which the arisen spirits should above all others be free.



We felt that each one should stand bravely at the helm of his own ship, so far as material transactions were concerned. If, then, the voyage of life should prove stormy, so much more honor is gained for having successfully combated its rough waves. By overcoming obstacles in earth life the soul becomes strong and self-reliant.

Our unseen guardians and friends seem to realize this fact, as they seldom interfere in worldly matters unless importuned so to do, the wisdom of which is to be questioned.

Our experience has been that after all earthly means had been resorted to, and no avenue was open for success in any righteous endeavor, then, and not until then, would they offer any assistance; and when this was done it came unsought.

After all human skill and effort had failed, these dear immortals have made suggestions which, when acted upon, were always attended with the most favorable results. They never have at any time, however, made the way to any successful undertaking seem altogether plain. It would be sufficiently indicated so that we could interiorly grasp the idea to be conveyed; and we were then left to use our own judgment, and exercise our energies in its accomplishment.

To better illustrate the manner in which we have many times been aided by those of the unseen world, we will relate an experience we had at the close of the late rebellion. The slaves had been given freedom; and they composed all that we possessed of worldly wealth, except our home. We were unskilled in labor of any kind, in consequence of which we were left utterly helpless. We numbered nine in our family, most of whom were small. After repeated efforts to

find some employment had failed, and every article of household use and value that could be dispensed with had been sacrificed to meet our immediate and urgent wants, we began to sink into hopeless despair. So great was our mental anguish that we seemed to be on the verge of destruction.

Every morning on awakening, this gloomy state of affairs would impress itself upon our minds with redoubled force. One morning, however, after we had about exhausted our small stock of physical strength in worry and useless repinings, we awoke passive and peaceful, without a disturbing thought to cloud our interior perceptions. And as we arose we heard a well-known voice say, "Move West." It for the time thrilled and filled us with joy. We knew in some way an avenue was opening for our relief. But how and in what manner was a problem yet to be solved; and for some days we were in a state of feverish excitement and expectation. Finally it occurred to us to try and effect a sale of our home, which was at last done, after encountering a number of difficulties and sustaining much loss. The whole country was in an impoverished condition, and nothing could be sold for its value. The sale, however, enabled us to make the suggested move. Yet, after making the change, it seemed only to increase our difficulties, as we were without a home, and our lot cast among strangers. Our small means were wellnigh exhausted in effecting the move; and we began to strongly question the wisdom of the mysterious voice, yet tried bravely to meet and overcome these unexpected obstacles. Winter was fast approaching, and that would bring an added weight to our already too heavy burden. With a sigh of pain, we would look from one to another, while a feeling of

uncertainty and dread could be plainly read upon the face of each little child. None but those who have passed through such experiences can know of the bitterness of want like this. However, the more downcast the family grew, the braver we became, until, when we had reached what seemed to be the height of courage and suffering, and felt we could endure no more, the same familiar voice was heard to say, "Keep hotel," bringing again to us a feeling of hope and joy. Inspired with this new hope, we immediately left the house, although it was then raining, and in a mechanical way went from house to house that was for rent, until we found one suited to our new undertaking. This we easily secured, by paying the rent for the first month in repairs needed on the premises. We then went from one place of business to another, with a fixed determination to procure on time the outfit for a hotel; and, kind reader, before our return home, and before darkness had fallen upon the earth, all our efforts had been crowned with success. The cloud which had so long shadowed our lives was thus suddenly lifted. This would give employment to every member of our household; and it proved to be just the kind of relief most fitted to our circumstances.

On returning home and making known our late adventure and its favorable termination, exclamations of surprise and joy were voiced by every little tongue; hope beamed upon each dear little face, and we went aside and wept tears of gratitude and thanksgiving for our unexpected good fortune. We were a thousand times repaid for all the effort put forth to ensure success, and gained from the exertion renewed self-reliance and a firmer trust in our angel friends.

We had gone out in the morning of a cold November

day, amid a drizzling rain, — a stranger without recommendation, friends, or money, — and told to these men of business our needs, and asked for time in which to pay for what was necessary to engage in our new undertaking. We told them we knew we should succeed, that we must succeed; and they seemed to believe that we would, and granted our request. And the future proved the fact; for we did succeed far above our most sanguine expectations. So much so that we met all our liabilities long before the time had expired for their settlement.

We were much amused at a German crockery dealer with whom we had made a bill of a hundred dollars or more. He had been the most backward of all in favoring us in our new enterprise. When we went to settle the account, he said, "Vel, by George, dish do beat mine dime. I did not vish to give you de credit, for, to dell de blain druf, I just expected it was dot much out from mine bocket; but somehow I had to do just so, and, by George, I am not one bit sorry dot I done it. But I cannot for de life of me see how you have managed to get along so well. It ish one mystery to me." Nor were many others less surprised.

We were altogether ignorant of hotel-keeping, and consequently made no provision to guard against imposition from those who make it a practice to leave without paying their bills. Yet we soon found that others there were who took cognizance of passing events. We were made aware of this fact on one occasion when busy preparing the morning meal. No one was near, and we were getting around in a mechanical, dreamy kind of manner, and was startled by hearing, "Go to the alley fence." In a few moments we did as requested and found beside the fence inside the yard a

pair of saddle-bags, filled and buckled securely. We soon recognized them as belonging to a man who was staying at the house and who owed more than a month's board. Without any motive whatever, we took them up and carried them in, but saw nothing of their owner for over two months. We had long before the end of that time concluded we should lose the amount, and had quite forgotten the circumstance, when to our surprise the man one day walked in. He began forthwith to apologize for his past conduct, and said, "I may as well own to the truth, for I believe you know it any way. I had no money to pay my bill, and I had not the courage to tell you so. I therefore determined to leave without your knowledge, and had placed my saddle-bags where I could reach over the fence and get them after getting my horse ready. But when I went for them they were gone, and I felt you had taken them. Now I will settle all differences, and you can give them to me. Their contents do not begin to be worth what I am justly owing you, yet I could not rest until I came back and paid you. I had been used to getting along after that fashion and it never troubled me so before; but I feel so thoroughly mean that it will, I think, break me of such habits."

We gave him his property, warmly thanking him for his kind consideration, no word of censure or complaint passing our lips.

Whenever after that he visited the place, he always patronized the house and recommended it to others. His dealings with us ever afterwards were honorable and just; so were those of every one he brought with him.

We reserved a room in the house for the purpose of holding spiritual seances, which we did on two evenings



of each week. Every inmate of the house who chose to do so was invited to attend and receive its benefits, free of charge.

We were frequently told by persons who patronized the house but who opposed Spiritualism, that we would ruin our business and drive away custom; but we knew otherwise. These same disbelievers remained with us; why not others? Furthermore, our friends on the other side made different statements. They told us that light was going from that house that would shine with increasing brightness through all coming ages.

Strangers and transient visitors were often induced to sit through curiosity, and by doing so became convinced of the fact of spirit return. Some were developed as mediums, who afterwards brightened their own homes and life by its use. Ours was not only a household of faith, but one of knowledge. Facts were ever occurring to strengthen our faith in the affectionate watchfulness of the angel world.

At one time a Colonel H —, who lived in an adjoining town, attended one of these circles, and so delighted was he that he afterwards came regularly once every week. He had a spirit friend, to whom during his earth life he was most warmly attached. This spirit had been a genial, cultured gentleman, and often gave interesting communications of a general character; many of these were preserved.

Below we give one, embodying a series of questions and answers that may be interesting to the reader. The medium at the time was influenced to write. The intelligence controlling purported to be General Somerville, the friend of Colonel H —.

The question was asked, "Which had the first beginning, spirit or matter?"



*Spirit.* Scientific research has failed to date the beginning of matter. The spiritual philosopher and seer have been unable to discover the commencement of spirit. They are in my judgment co-existent and co-eternal.

*Question.* Has matter no force nor action independent of and apart from spirit?

*Spirit.* We can conceive of none. Matter without the energizing contact of spirit is cold, lifeless, and dark, and forms the negative side of nature. But we find evidences of life everywhere throughout all matter; hence we know spirit to be omnipotent.

*Question.* Do spirits who have never inhabited human forms possess any knowledge of physical law?

*Spirit.* We know of no such individualized spirits. Our idea is that spirit can only become separate individualities by contact with matter.

*Question.* Then when the spirit and its body of matter are sundered by death, so called, is it then to again be merged into the great ocean of spirit and lose its identity?

*Spirit.* We know of no individual spirit that is not clothed in matter, yet of a nature so subtile that it cannot be discerned by human eye or touch. Don't be anxious, friends; you will know yourselves over here even better than you now do. You, too, will know your own.

*Question.* Is spirit benefited by its expression through matter, in individualized form?

*Spirit.* Life would be a failure were it otherwise. Both receive benefit, and their earthly union should be prolonged to the utmost extent. This is why nature has thrown protecting laws around all physical life to the violation of which is attached the penalty of pain.

*Question.* Does it seem in accordance with justice, that those ignorant of the penalties which are attached to the violation of these laws should be made to suffer equally with those who understand them? That is, I who am aware that fire will burn me by coming into close contact with it, might justly be made to suffer. Should not the ignorance and innocence of the little child be sufficient cause for its exemption from pain, in the violation of these same laws?

*Spirit.* Further reflection on your part will convince you that is illogical. Were these exceptions made, few if any would survive to maturity. These laws are no respecter of persons, and most justly so. Nature builds up an earthly temple for the indwelling spirit, little by little, year by year, as the spirit hath need. Each of the composing elements are liable to be destroyed or changed by coming in contact with other more powerful elements, and the inhabiting spirit of even a child would soon be driven from its house of flesh were the penalties removed, or the pain mitigated. Ignorance of the law forms no excuse. All must learn to adapt themselves to these laws, which are found to be unchangeable.

*Question.* Now do we understand you to state as a fact that spirit and matter are indissolubly connected?

*Spirit.* We have given you all the information on the subject, we possess.

The intelligence then wrote the following lines and left:—

“Matter slept in her cold bed,  
Till spirit was to matter wed,  
Electric spark from throne supernal  
Joined matter unto soul eternal;  
Then life sprang forth with power divine,  
And comets burned, and suns did shine,

And what before seemed void space,  
 Sprang life and beauty in its place.  
 Spirit hath made matter rise,  
 And matter hath made spirit wise;  
 Thus each to each their part fulfil,  
 And both obey Creative Will." — SOMMERVILLE.

Upon one occasion, just after all had dined, the captain of a vessel from Mobile, Alabama, came in and called for dinner. We had neither seen nor heard anything of him before this. After he was seated at the table and properly attended to, and as we were turning to leave, we paused to say: "Sir, excuse the liberty we take in telling you that a large, tall, broad-shouldered man stands beside you. His eyes are blue, and hair light, with a very fair complexion. He is a native of Scotland, and is dripping with water. He says, 'Will you do what I requested of you?'" The captain looked up, pale and disturbed, without a reply, and we passed on. Some hours later we were passing him in a hall leading from the house. He spoke to us saying, "You have excited my curiosity; my vessel lies anchored in the bay, and no man has come ashore since her arrival, save myself. Some time after leaving Mobile, a Scotchman, answering the description given, threw himself overboard. It was during the night, and all efforts made for his rescue failed. He was drowned. In the cabin of the boat was found a note written by him and addressed to myself, making the request that I should write to Scotland and inform his relatives of his sad fate. The letter I have just written, and am on my way to post it.

"The vessel has not landed since the drowning, and I came here immediately from the boat, not having spoken to any one of the circumstance. Can you tell me how you came into possession of the facts?"

We replied, "What was said to you is the only explanation that we are able to give."

"Would you pretend to have me believe the dead man was present?" he asked.

"Not the dead, but the living man," we answered, and passed on.

While engaged in this business we had many interesting seances, and were the humble instruments through which the angel world were enabled to impart the first knowledge of immortality ever received in that far western locality.

We felt altogether incapable of looking after financial matters, and never at all seemed burdened by any fears of persons leaving us unpaid. Men often left owing for their board, and without our knowledge would afterwards return and settle the amount. We cannot recall one instance in which we were not compensated for all services rendered to others, while pursuing this humble avocation; and we know our success was due mainly to unseen influences and aid.

We will give another occasion in which relief came to us in a manner altogether different to the one just related.

Some time before the late war, we found it necessary to move from where we were then living. Our slaves had been hired on farms, but that year crops had failed, and at its close they were thrown out of employment. We feared that we should be compelled to part with some of them, that the others might be fed and clothed, which would have been the case had we remained in the place. We had long been trying to effect a sale of our home and furniture, to enable us to make the change we wished, but failed to accomplish it after repeated trials. One night after having given up all

hopes of making the desired sale, we dreamed of going to a certain store in a village where we resided, and where we always made our purchases. We there met a stranger, who told us he had teams waiting ready to move us.

The dream, simple as it was, so impressed itself upon our minds, that early next morning we went to the place designated. There we saw the man of our dream the previous night, and soon found from his conversation with others present, that he had only a few days since come to the village, and that he was expecting to locate there. He was a physician and was seeking a home in the town.

We spoke to him of our place, and the terms upon which we would sell it. But he did not wish to buy furniture, and as we wished to effect a sale of all, he declined to purchase. We left the store, feeling in a vague way that he would yet buy both house and furniture. Strange to say, all our former anxiety in regard to our anticipated move was gone, and we returned home with a feeling of content. And when near evening the gentleman came to say that he had upon reflection concluded to buy upon our terms, we were not in the least surprised.

We know that those unacquainted with these manifestations will question if such information can be given at all by spirit intelligences; why can they not be more explicit, and give it in a manner more easily understood. As before stated, it may be needful for us to exercise our own judgment and energies for our growth and development. The experiences and lessons of this rudimental life are needed, else we should not be compelled to bear its trials. It may be, too, that the world has been so long spiritually nurtured on mysteries, that



advice or aid given in the usual manner would be unnoticed and not acted upon; or it may be that conditions are more favorable for communication in this manner.

We do not relate the above incidents with any view whatever of encouraging any in an indolent, careless life, but to encourage every honest worker with the assurance that the angel world is ever ready to help those who are striving to help themselves. And we believe when we are doing our very best, and our unseen friends see that they can give advice or make suggestions that will prove beneficial to us, the knowledge will be given unsought.

We are pained to see persons who profess to be Spiritualists, seeking mediums for the purpose of consulting their unseen friends, whenever the least obstacle arises in their material pathway. And when they fail to obtain the advice sought, or are made the subject of ridicule by designing mischievous spirits, we cannot find any pity in our hearts for them.

A strange gentleman not long since called upon us. After introducing himself and before he was seated, he said, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, tell me how I can obtain some money."

We looked at him with a feeling of surprise and contempt, at the same time telling him that we were as needy as he, and thought the best way to get it was to go earnestly to work and earn it. Some would have considered him insane, but we found him a gentleman of culture, with, however, a very limited, and we think, erroneous knowledge of spirit communion. He no doubt, after being assured that his loved ones still lived and cared for him, felt that they would provide for his welfare, and that there was no further need for exer-



tion on his part; that he could make any demand on the spirit world, and it would be immediately granted. Yet he, like many others, soon learned to his sorrow that such was not the fact.

We have often seen accounts of spirits giving information about hidden treasure, and opening avenues for men to accumulate fortunes, but have had no experience in thus using the invisible world.

Within our circle of acquaintances, we know of some who say that they have made large sums of money through the aid and direction of their spirit friends; yet according to their own statement the money proved anything but a blessing to them.

We with many others have often questioned if it be right and proper that even mediums, who devote their entire time to the exercise of their gifts, should receive compensation, except what would be offered without a stated charge.

The little mediumistic power we possess has never been used for gain, and seldom in a public manner; yet we have through our experience become fully satisfied that spiritual advantages, like all others, should be earned, or what has been earned materially should be exchanged for these benefits, when they cannot be obtained personally.

We have frequently been told that if mediums did not make charges for seances, they would be much better remunerated; but our experience proves the opposite to be correct. That there are a few large-souled men and women who are exceptions, we freely own; but the majority of the human family would draw the last of life from a poor sensitive, and never give a thought as to their material needs.

A lady now residing in this city, who is worth thou-

sands of dollars, came to us not long since and pleaded so earnestly for a sitting, that we were compelled to put aside some urgent work upon which we were engaged and grant her request, the result proving most satisfactory. She had communications by raps, through personating; also clairvoyant descriptions of relatives and friends, those who had passed away from this and the other side of the ocean, and of familiar scenes in other lands. So interested were we, that when we were through with the seance we found to our astonishment that more than three hours of our precious time had been consumed.

When this lady arose she asked what were the charges, and was informed that we did not wish to give sittings to others, and never gave them for purposes of pay. She said, "Oh, I must do something for you, as I have encroached upon your time, which you could not otherwise afford to lose. I could not think of leaving without compensating you; I would never rest satisfied. And I am truly grateful to you both for the privilege accorded me." With this she opened a well-filled pocket-book, and took from it a piece of money, laid it upon the table around which we had been sitting, and returned to her home of luxury.

When we came to examine the money, we found it to be the munificent sum of fifty cents in silver. We did not murmur, nor do we now. We long since came to the conclusion that all things are useful, this seance proving so in the way of making history.

The cry all over the land is, "Send us mediums," but the inducements are far from inviting.

Orthodox celebrities come and engage our public halls, and charge a dollar and sometimes more for admittance, and nothing is said of the propriety of their

taking pay; but let a medium or lecturer come, asking half that sum, and their right to charge is forthwith questioned, though they might be able to give positive proof of immortality, whereas orthodoxy has not been able to produce one fact to demonstrate it during many hundred years of active ministration.

Even though the mediums should be dishonest, no one stops to think that their claim is equally as good as that of the clergy, since the latter cannot produce the manifestations that, according to their Bible account and teaching, was the test of apostles and believers.

If orthodox Christians of to-day have received the Holy Ghost, of which they so much speak and preach, it falls far short of producing the same results as it was said to have produced in the early stages of the Christian Dispensation. The ministers not only possessed and exercised spiritual gifts themselves, but had the power to impart it to others, for "They laid their hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost . . . And when Paul had laid his hands upon them the Holy Ghost came on them, and they spake with tongues and prophesied . . . and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance." It gave them directions. "The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Paul."

Where to-day are we to look for such manifestations, save among Spiritualists?

We have not made these Bible quotations with a view to sustain the spiritual philosophy, for it has its own phenomena and facts upon which to rest. But we refer to them to remind all Christian professors that they are lacking in these very essential features to substantiate their claim, even to the qualifications vouchsafed to them by the Christian Dispensation.

None can reasonably deny that that dispensation is altogether imperfect, that it has long failed to give consolation to agonized human hearts, pleading, yet pleading in vain, that their teachers tell them something of their loved, so-called dead, and where they have gone.

The old story of their having found rest in an Abraham's bosom, or in a golden-paved heaven with God, is no longer satisfying to the famished soul. The time has come when humanity must have positive proof of a future existence. The restless soul, with its intense yearnings for immortality, will not be stilled by anything short of knowledge. Affection stands at the portal of every household with outstretched arms, imploring the presence of their departed; and we would sooner believe that the myriads of worlds teeming with their countless thousands of inhabitants are myths, than to think these longings and aspirations have been implanted in the breast of man to perish without their gratification. Without their realization we could never have a pleasure without a pang of anguish, and man would be far better had he been born a brute. But truth has lent a light, and humanity has struggled valiantly in all ages to combat error. Intuition has traced a way through the trackless void, and discovered the abode of our heart's treasures, and they retrace their steps to answer affection's call. Immortality is to-day a demonstrated fact that will give to the darkest life a new lustre, and cheer every sorrowing soul of earth by bringing it into loving sympathy and conscious communion with the angel world.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

ON the morning of April 19, 1885, at 9 o'clock, the kind and well-known voice of our beloved guide was heard, bringing to our listening ear this message: "Go to the Spiritual Convention at New Orleans." Having previously had no thought of the possibility of making the journey, doubts of its accomplishment began to surge into our mind, yet an interior counteracting force seemed to urge us to do so.

How many times in life have we, and doubtless others, been brought to decide between two contending forces within the kingdom of mind, one pushing us forward in pursuit of some object to be attained, the other drawing us back, placing all manner of obstacles (which are usually imaginary) in our pathway. Our experience in all such controversies has been, that it is wise to follow the command first presenting itself to the understanding, as it generally proves to be the inner voice of our own spirit, or that of a kind guardian. By following the counsels of either of these, we have ever been led in the ways of wisdom, which is the only way to all true success. In this case the demand with interior promptings gained the victory. At 3.30 the same day we were steaming our way to the Crescent City, to attend for the first time a spiritual convention. To this we went as a silent spectator but honest seeker for more light. We have ever had serious doubts as to the wisdom of such gatherings as a means of convincing others



of the facts of the spiritual philosophy. Were it possible for any degree of harmony to prevail among so many differently organized minds, the result of such gatherings would doubtless be favorable to the imparting and reception of truth. But alas! such is not the condition of Spiritualists at present. The knowledge of life, after so-called death, or rather of a continuous life, and an intelligent communion between these of earth and those who dwell in immortal regions, constitutes a Spiritualist, whether the individual be in a church or out, whether wise or foolish, saint or sinner. Here, however, we would say, that when Spiritualism does not make of believers better men and women, it fails of accomplishing one of the chief designs of the angel world.

We find that all Spiritualists agree upon the fundamental facts of the philosophy, but few agree upon other questions which are ever arising for consideration. Kind reader, we, like many others, accord to ourselves the same privilege of expressing our views, they being simply *ours*, when we say we do not approve of these public displays of Spiritualism at the present time. At different times we have been impelled to take part in smaller and various kinds of spiritual assemblies or gatherings of Spiritualists; yet in the honesty of our souls we much doubt if any good resulted therefrom. We make this statement from the best of motives, and with no desire to disparage any of our noble workers in the field of reform.

Spiritualism is yet in a formative state and we must not look for perfection. Perhaps it might be needful for us, as reformers, to first adopt the teachings of the angel world as a rule of life, and attain to a state of harmony before we go out to teach and preach these



glad tidings of the New Dispensation. Should any be hungering and thirsting for the right or righteousness, to all such spirits and guardians are drawing very close, are waiting to minister to them, and an avenue will be opened whereby they will be satisfied. Often light and comfort will be imparted to such in the quietude of their own homes, and beautiful truths be made to well up in their own souls. Our air is drawing very close to the invisible world. The breeze from both often seems to blow gently on life's fevered cheek. The spiritual understanding of every mortal is being enlightened. Each one will soon know of this good for himself and herself. In the kingdom of mind the spirit is even now warring against error, and striving to overcome and eject it. By and by spirit will be victorious and each human soul be purified and uplifted.

The above-named convention brought to us much benefit in forming the acquaintance of many who are firm advocates of the philosophy in our own state, among others, one of our mediums from Texas, Mrs. L. S. Gardner.

Soon after our return home the presiding spirit of our home circle directed us to invite her to come to us; also to discontinue our sittings. This we did and awaited further developments. A few days brought to our home our beloved sister and independent slate-writer, accompanied by the esteemed lady and faithful worker, Mrs. L. A. Craig. A week was most profitably spent in receiving beautiful tidings from "the beyond." Many here, through Sister Gardner's true and pure organism, were brought to a knowledge of the continued existence of the soul, and its power to commune with the loved of earth. They left with the prayers and blessings of many attending them.

The preceding has been penned that the reader may partially comprehend what seems to be the mysterious workings of spirits in human affairs. We would like the reader to recall what the presiding spirit at one time stated in a previous part of this book (page 62) about attending an Electric Institute, and see, when reading further on, the work he was preparing to do.

For many years one of us (the mother) had been used for writing messages from the spirit world by the control of the hand. But now the waiting immortals informed us we were going to have another phase of mediumistic gifts conferred upon us.

Two or three days passed in which we were the most of the time in a somnambulic state. One evening on fully regaining a normal condition, we found ourself seated at a covered table, holding a slate with the following written upon it from right to left, and read only by holding it before a glass: "Through you we can give what is called independent slate-writing. Be faithful to the heavenly trust. Never use the gift for an unholy purpose or for material gain; keep it untarnished from the world. Feed the spiritual hungered. Comfort the oppressed and bring joy and gladness to weeping hearts. Uplift the fallen. Freely as you have and will receive of us, freely give to humanity. — C. Smith."

In a moment it flashed across our mind that this was what was offered to us (see page 193) by the kind spirits when in a state of spiritual exaltation, but was refused acceptance, fearing the responsibilities attending so high a calling.

We passed some days testing the truthfulness of this new-found power, and doubts began to enter the mind as to the writing being independent. The hand had been used and guided unconsciously on former occa-

sions, and we thought it might by some means unknown to us be so used to produce the writing. Thus was our confidence in a moment destroyed, and we resolved to have no more to do with it, nor anything our material senses could not grasp. We, like others, failed to bring forward the intelligence received as proof of its origin and angelic source. For some days we were prisoners fast locked within the dingy walls of "Doubting Castle." Such a state of disturbed mind could not be long endured. Our souls began to yearn for light. They grew hungry and must be fed. Again was the loved voice of our guardian heard saying: "Write to Mrs. Gardner." Immediately a letter was penned to her asking a message from the spirit world. We were careful not to give any reason for the request. A few days brought this:—

"Many times you think you are going wrong, but just go on; in the end you will see your impressions and directions were right. Do not delay your work too long; never doubt me; what I have promised my dear mother and brother, that and more will I do. Transition from earth to spirit life makes no change, only enlarges the capacity to love. I see, I know all you wish, all you dream to accomplish, and see and know it will be done, for legions of helping hands are about you. What we have worked for shall not die. The truth shall have another banner to wave from the mast-head of progression's ship. Fear not, but remember spirits are mighty to help, when that help is received as given, in purity of heart. Oh! how the soul goes out to the loved ones of earth; how it yearns to embrace them and on the wings of love bear them to the homes prepared in this blissful summer land of living realities. Oh, my mother! look up, and see through the mist of physical

life the glories of the hereafter. Yea, behold the eternal beauties of the everlasting present, and rejoice, while *lifting the veil*, that the sorrows of earth work out for all a far more and exceeding weight of glory. — Ned.”

Words cannot picture the joy with which this loving message was read. Our souls were filled with unspeakable gratitude, both to the dear spirit and darling instrument through which it came; and here we will add a portion of the sweet letter from the medium that came with the message. Would that more such passed between co-workers in our cause; then, perhaps, not so many would be found weary and fainting by the wayside.

“MY DEAR FRIEND:—

“I am always thinking of you and my pleasant visit, and do enjoy your dear letters so much. . . . I do hope you will have little trouble about getting out your book. If I had the ordering of it all, you should have none at all; but when the heart is free to desire, the hands are tied, and we can only hope and pray, for every earnest desire is prayer. . . . I hope you will go to Waco. . . . Oh! don't you want the paper to be a success? \* We ought to have one periodical in Texas, and if the true, honest-hearted Spiritualists would determine to work in unison we could. There are enough who love truth to show the world that we are not ashamed of our philosophy, even as a religion; but it looks as though many are ashamed of the cause, the way some Spiritualists act. At home they are Spiritualists, and abroad, though they do not pretend to any

\* Referring to *The Harmonia*, a Spiritualist periodical in Waco, then in contemplation.

thing else, are severely silent on the subject, or admit the truth under protest. Well, the sheep and the goats will be separated some day, and I think our fleece will be white as snow, for the world knows what you and I are. Oh, for the glorious time when we shall be seen and known as we are; when all masks shall be laid aside, and earthly surroundings will have no influence! But who shall be able to stand in that day? Now I want to ask a great favor. Can't you put on your bonnet and come to see me? I live in a little cabin in the piny woods, but the welcome you would receive would fill a mansion. . . . Don't wait for me to write. Please write as often as you can; you don't know how I enjoy reading your letters; I see something new each time.

Your loving friend,

"L. S. GARDNER.

"COLMESNIL, Tyler Co., Tex.,

June 30, 1885.

"May angels forever watch over the faithful, dear medium."

We again had a sitting for the manifestations; first for clairvoyant. In a short time one of us (the son) became clear-sighted, first seeing a light through the forehead between the eyes. This light soon began to revolve with the greatest rapidity, becoming constantly enlarged until enveloping the entire being, seemingly bearing it through space with the utmost velocity, until it reached an atmosphere of extreme delight, — a plane of life inhabited by purified beings from earth. The surrounding scenes were of indescribable brightness and beauty. While looking around on this heavenly-lighted land one of its inhabitants with love-beaming face approached and placed something within the hand,



then slowly a descending sensation was felt, and the normal state regained.

We received no more in that way; then we held a sitting for the independent writing. The first message coming was, "We have taken you to the height from whence descend the messages." The question was then asked, —

"Does one spirit do the writing, or does each write his own message?"

*Answer.* This is a mode of telegraphy. I am the operator. — C. Smith.

Many other questions were asked and answered, and we arose with thankful hearts that every doubt as to the spirit source of these love-laden messages was forever removed.

Upon the slate was written, "Look on the lower side of the slate; you will see where your hand has been." We did so, and found it wet from the perspiration and impression of the hand. This we now show to investigators and sceptics when sitting for manifestations. Should a pencil be placed upon the slate, it is instantly thrown off by a strong force.

Rocks are frequently thrown against the under side of the table, and flowers dripping with water sometimes are found upon the slate, with the name of the friend or relative bringing them. The report below appeared in *The Harmonia* (Waco, Texas) for April, 1886: —

"The following messages were received by independent slate-writing, through the mediumship of Mrs. S. J. Finck, in the Spiritualists' Hall at Galveston, before a large audience: —

"*Slate 1.* 'Friends, accept these flowers.'

"There came with the above message two small roses,



fresh from the dew, and one sprig of heart's-ease, all very wet as if just dipped in a basin of water.

"*Slate 2.* 'I left anguished friends whom I yearn to comfort.  
EOLA COLMAN.'

"Recognized by Miss Lenideny.

"*Slate 3.* 'I would like to get a message to my friends; they live in Brenham.  
HALLIE B. COOKE.'

"Recognized by Mrs. Talbot.

"*Slate 4.* 'It was not death, death, death; but life, life, life everlasting. I am now more than comfortable, and exceedingly happy.  
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.'

"*Slate 5.* 'Good night; God bless each of you.

"'E. FINCK.'"

Here we will state that we experienced a feeling of disappointment that our loved son and brother was not the operating intelligence, but soon that unpleasantness was overcome. We two had been sitting regularly for clairvoyant observations, but we found the kind spirits had still another object in view, which this message will fully explain.

"Now, my young friend, I want to say that we have long been transferring the healing power your mother possessed to you; this added to yours will make of you a fine instrument, through which the angel world may impart the blessings of health to suffering humanity. This has kept me writing longer than I otherwise should, as your brother is now capable of filling my place. I shall soon give way to him, and will then devote all my time, energies, and spiritual powers to healing. He needed experience that he might manage the electrical currents wisely, to avoid all unnecessary dangers and mistakes. I want one more sitting of an hour, when you are rested and tranquil; then your

brother will take charge, and I shall remain with you.  
— C. Smith."

Then came this message from the ever faithful Indian:  
"Us will go with you too, Brave; us can't help do  
scratch talk; us will bring good magnetism to help make  
sick folks well. — Swift Foot."

When the favorable time came we held the seance.  
It passed in silence with no manifestations, save some  
distinct raps on the table and about the room, until the  
hour had expired; then the table began tipping quite  
lively as if expressing joy. The question was asked, —

"Will you now write some for us?"

Answer by raps, "No."

The request was repeated: "Will the dear spirit  
write?"

"No," was again rapped.

We bore the disappointment as best we could, while  
the table was vigorously tipping us, "Good night."

The next seance we held for the independent writing;  
we inquired why the writing was refused at the former  
sitting.

*Answer.* We could not write. Had not the time.  
We have degrees of excellence conferred upon faithful,  
proficient students here, similar to those you have in  
your colleges, such as A.M., M.D. I went to the Elec-  
tric Institute to receive mine before writing. My de-  
gree is E.M., meaning *Electrical Manipulator*. My  
brother, you do not know how faithfully I have  
studied this mode of telegraphy. For seven of your  
years have I been a student here, where the soul is  
not encumbered by garments of flesh; but I never  
murmured at the time and energy spent in acquiring  
knowledge that will bring such comfort to both mortals  
and immortals. It, too, will be the means of uplifting

humanity, especially those who embrace our grand philosophy. We behold a vast field in which to labor; and many will rise up and call you and our mother blessed, even while in an earthly form. How proud and happy I feel that such a work can be done through you, who are to me so dear. Angels will attend and bless you both. — Ned.

What care we for the scoffs of a material world? We are but travellers encamped for a brief stay, and can only repeat, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

By the untiring efforts of a few workers our contemplated magazine was brought into being, the motto of which was given to us clairvoyantly, and by independent writing, at the same time, during our Sister Gardner's stay with us. "*Truth, Purity, and Justice*," was its significant motto, given by the angels. We copy from its pages a strange experience, which we think will be interesting to the reader, and perhaps instructive.

#### SOUL HEARING.

One night not long since, after retiring, and striving in vain to invoke that sweet sleep that is ever "nature's sweet restorer," I gave it up as a hopeless task. Soon, however, a holy calm seemed to envelop my whole being; I felt myself becoming insensible to my physical surroundings, and it seemed as though I had travelled away from the body. I felt a buoyancy of thought and mental activity unsurpassed in any state of dream life; yet I knew myself to be fully awake, and conscious of what was transpiring. I could not realize where I was, when my attention was arrested by hearing a conversation between two spirits; one knowing of

the fact of spirit return to earth and the possibility of communication between the two worlds, the other a disbeliever.

As soon as the conversation ended and I had regained my normal state, I arose, and, getting pencil and paper, proceeded to write down what was heard, not really knowing or thinking why. The next seance we held, I was informed through what is called independent slate-writing that my experience was what the immortals called "soul hearing"; that a spirit had been long earth-bound in this locality, and could be relieved by communicating with his friends. This he refused to do, thinking it to be forbidden by God, and fearing that by engaging in it he would be transgressing his laws. With the above by way of explanation, I will state the conversation:—

*Unbelieving Spirit.* I have wandered in darkness from place to place in search of God and Christ, but find them not; and I am prohibited from communicating with friends of earth. Has life been a delusion?

*Believing Spirit.* Not a delusion, but a reality, which fact your presence and mine fully demonstrate.

*U. S.* Then where is God and heaven?

*B. S.* The curtain, my friend, has raised upon new scenes in your life, even as it will with others who are now in earthly form, who go along easy, unmindful of the teaching of the spiritual philosophy.

*U. S.* Don't preach Spiritualism to me. Give me my God and his written word; that is my only hope. I dare not send one message of love to my friends of earth, because he has forbidden it. Between them and me there is a great gulf I dare not cross; and my soul cries out in agony for God and heaven.

*B. S.* Then behold him diffused throughout all life—

in you, in me, above, around. False theories and mis-education have made the gulf between you and earthly friends. Be assured that God forbids not this sacred communion with those who still are dear. The way is open, the gulf has been bridged; fear not to cross. Come and go to your earthly loves. Tell them your hopes and fears, your sorrows and disappointments, and you will soon be relieved.

*U. S.* You are crazy to suppose I could be guilty of such sin; God forbids it.

*B. S.* Thus ever it is. We cannot converse with orthodox bigots, either mortal or immortal, but the "crazy" is always thrust into our faces. Oh, my friend! do you not know your whole life has been a gross error in regard to spiritual things? You have let your minister guide life's ship, while you were in spiritual idleness and blindness; and now you are stranded. This is the effect of not thinking and acting for yourself in this most important matter of life. Truth should be sought and accepted while on an earthly plane; for that alone will survive the change called death, and without it the soul enters this side of life poor indeed, and must here learn how to gather imperishable riches. Do you see that you have brought with you no material gain to this world of spirits, and that it is now a curse to you instead of a blessing? It binds you to earth, where you fear to go. It was your treasure; and where that is, a man will also be. Every moment of your earth life was spent to accumulate material wealth, which was gained, but at the cost of impoverishing your soul and starving your spiritual nature, which is the grandest, noblest part of man; the all of him that is immortal. Pause and reason; know that you are now a spirit, disrobed of the garment of



flesh, and through your earthly teachings you are dwelling in regions of darkness and doubt; the glorious light from above cannot penetrate the atmosphere by which error has enveloped you. Be considerate, and think, as you never have thought, with reason not warped and distorted by prejudice. Think what would be your emotions were it even possible to find the Master mind, the God, the Great Architect, or what you may choose to call the principle of all life, by whose wisdom and power immensity is filled with countless billions of rolling worlds teeming with active life. You and I are no more in comparison than so many grains of sand on the ocean's shore. Could you bear the ineffable glory, brightness, and grandeur of such a presence,—a presence too boundless for the imagination of an angel to picture or even to conceive? Would you, I ask, be able to behold it if found? Should you persist in your fruitless search, many dreary hours and days are in store for you, and long will be this night of spiritual darkness. Yet the time must come not only to you but to each and all, when the spirit of God will be found within the temple of the human soul. These errors gathered in the kingdom of earth now weigh you down as so many rocks upon your shoulders; you are bound hands and feet by material withes, and Samson-like, you must use your spiritual strength to burst them asunder, that you may come forth an emancipated soul. You have neglected grand opportunities while upon earth of acquiring truth to satisfy your spiritual needs. You have had the seeds of error sown in your soul, and are now reaping the bitter harvest. You have built of the wood, hay, and stubble of error, and lo! it must be consumed by truth's refining fire. Now, tethered and



weighed down to earth, your spirit cries out for something grander and better than its past material cravings. Poor, oh, poor indeed, are souls that have sent nothing over here before them! They find themselves homeless wanderers. It thrills my heart with pain to see you sad and despondent and to hear your moans of anguish; gladly would I lead you forth from this state of bondage.

To this came no reply, but a pure, soft, sweet voice came to my soul, singing:—

“Worship a principle — a name never;  
Sow seeds of truth ever and ever.  
Sowing to spirit a rich harvest will yield,  
Sowing to flesh grow tares in life's field.  
When the soul and body by death are made twain,  
And angels come reaping life's golden grain,  
Triumphant they'll bear its trophies on high,  
Away from the earth and the sound of a sigh.”

Then I heard no more. This experience has been convincing to me that erroneous doctrines, acquired while dwellers in these bodies of flesh, will cling to the spirit after so-called death, marring its joys until they are outgrown; and that they will retard the soul's progress onward and upward.

A. A. FINCK.

GALVESTON, Texas.

Friends, do not for a moment suppose that because sensitives have glimpses from beyond earth's valley that theirs is a favored life, and one to be coveted. It is true they have at times grand upliftings of soul, else the howlings of ignorance could never be borne, neither the burdens of those with whom mediums are ever coming in contact. They feel the joys and griefs of those around, and their way often lies over rough, stony pathways. They are unfitted to battle for bread, and are

always regarded by the material judgment as failures. Now and then, however, some angel in human form appreciates their work, and gives a consoling word. From such we have in dark days been the happy recipient of much kindness, in days of physical exhaustion from so often giving sittings with but little and more frequently no compensation. At times when heart and flesh failed, we have been blessed and encouraged to go on by many such loving letters as the following:—

“MY DEAR SISTER:—

“Your welcome letter came with the magnetized paper. . . . I felt from its use an invigorating influence. I read your letter with feelings rather of sadness, knowing well how sorely tried are the dear messengers between the two worlds. My heart goes out in deep sympathy to them. I rejoice to know our beloved cause is being recognized in Galveston. . . . It is with a fear of intruding upon your valuable time that I write this, and hope you will not think I wish to draw you into a lengthy correspondence; but I wish to give you a sisterly invitation to come to our quiet home and rest, when the weather gets too warm for you in the city and you feel worn out. Only let us know, and we will get you here with pleasure. You need not think this a selfish motive; you will suit yourself in remaining for a long or short time. . . . May God and the angels bless you.

Your sincere friend,

“ALMEIDA A. FORDTRAN.

“N. B. The enclosed five dollars are for yourself, to be appropriated as you think best. A. A. F.

“INDUSTRY, Texas, Jan. 15, 1886.”

At one of our private seances for slate-writing near a year ago, the following message came:—

“MY YOUNG FRIEND:—

“Spirits have wanted to control you, but you come nearer controlling them. You have strong psychological power; use it. We will try to give some ideas about it. Learn to bring all lower order of matter to which you are related in subjection to your own will. Don't try to destroy any material desire within your self, but bring all into complete control. Always have a motive, and work patiently and without passion for its consummation. When you have self under complete control, all else is obedient to command. You have much; you have naturally great powers of self command; this is why you are good at healing. That with your honesty and purity furnish what is needed for a healer. We do not use an unholy, impure organism, lest it be imparted to those who are to be healed. This is why we hold to you, my young friend. Let us use you.

“C. SMITH.”

We were then requested to have circulars printed and sent out to the world. With many misgivings and much timidity we began, trying to write out a fitting circular; but each effort seemed less satisfactory. After spending much time in efforts to produce something suitable, and we were about giving up in despair, raps were heard on and around the table at which we were seated. These we understood to be a call for the conditions required for slate-writing which we immediately furnished, and the following was received:—

“MAGNETIZED PAPER FOR HEALING.

“*To the Afflicted.*

“READ! READ! READ!

“Previous to the year 1878, an Indian spirit attended our family, making this paper through the organism of

one of its members. Until then its use was principally confined to the family and a few neighbors. During that year, however, under the directions of the spirit of Dr. C. Smith, it assumed a more practical and important feature, and I was called to act as medium; yet, as stated by the spirit, I was not anointed for the work until Oct. 1, 1885, at which time I was requested to begin the work of healing, and to place the paper in reach of the public for the benefit of suffering humanity. The following communication was received through independent slate-writing in regard to it: 'Get ready some common blotting-paper, then ask the aid of your spirit doctor and Indian help who are ever ready to respond to your call. Then put the paper in a darkened place, as the light burns up and destroys the fine magnetisms prepared and brought by the Indians for healing purposes. Place your hand in contact with the paper for five minutes to conduct the magnetism thereto, then request Swift Foot to wrap it up; otherwise it will not be preserved longer than would a human body uninhabited by the living spirit. The wrapping renders it impervious to any touch save the sick. This paper will equalize the *electro magnetic* currents in the system, the disturbance of which is the cause of all disease. This paper should be made damp with water and applied to the part affected until relieved. Whenever it has been used, the most satisfactory results have been pronounced. Therefore we now place it within the reach of all, and honestly recommend it to diseased humanity. We have used it for years and *know* if directions are followed relief will be sure to follow whenever the case is not incurable. We shall also magnetize paper for insanity and developing purposes when called for. . . .'

Thus did the kind spirit come to our relief, as on many former occasions.

Soon after the above was given, we were requested to send the paper for trial to different persons and places throughout the State; among others Col. Booth, of Hillsboro, Texas, was named. We were also told to send it to him immediately. He was to us an entire stranger, yet the paper was mailed according to direction. A few days after this the following letter came from an esteemed lady and worthy medium, who was at the time on a visit to the village in which the gentleman lived. The reader will see by it, that the dear immortals do come near about us, and take part in our life endeavors, aiding us, when our work is of a laudable character. We copy such portions of the kind letter as we deem may be interesting to the many friends of the lady, and important to establish confidence in the curative power of the paper.

“DEAR SISTER FINCK:—

“Your anxiously looked for letter came to-day. Oh, you don't know how happy I felt to read those kind words of remembrance from your dear self. If you could just know how much good your visit to Waco did poor me, you would never regret it. I have felt so much better and more contented since meeting you. Truly does each one feel that the light of the angel world is shining through your blessed organism. . . . Old Father Dutton regretted not seeing yourself and son, but I explained everything to his satisfaction. . . . He is an old veteran in Spiritualism, nearly thirty years in Waco, the first outspoken Spiritualist in the place. His house has always been the stopping place of mediums, and a warm welcome they ever meet. The dear old man's



pocket-book is always open to the cause. He and his good wife are truly mediums' friends. . . . Many others have expressed regrets that they did not meet you while here. . . . Some, both outside and inside our ranks, seem to think that many of us try to grasp ideas of too high an order. Now I say, no man, woman, or child ever reaches too high for an idea, thought, or anything else pertaining to the welfare or philosophy of Spiritualism. What say you, dear sister? You know there are plenty of people who think that common laboring men and women have no business to have high ideas or advance them, yet all such need to know more of the principles underlying the spiritual philosophy. . . . The failings and short-comings of mortals are born of the flesh, and many grave faults are due to prenatal influences. In the happy 'by and by,' when we shall have cast off the old garments of earth, we shall learn useful lessons from every rent and patch. Oh! the happy 'sometime' that awaits us all, when we shall see and know things as they are, not as they seem, and when we will be free to ramble with loving ones by the crystal rivers and lake shores, whose borders are forever green, and blossoms never fade; where natural, living fountains are continually throwing their silvery spray in a sunlight that casteth no shadow. Where the rocks and hills and grand old mountains, the rivers and lakes and tiny brooks, the trees and shrubs and gorgeously tinted flowers — everything, even the very atmosphere, is palpitating with a self-musical cadence. Where we can see the pulsation of every quivering breath drawn by the grand, endless universe of God. What a privilege it is to sometimes have the spiritual vision opened, and look into the promised land! Yet with what sadness and regret do we turn our gaze backward and take up the cross. . . .



"I and the paper reached Col. Booth's the same evening, and I witnessed its wonderful effect on little Ethel Attaway. It adhered to that child's stomach nearly thirty hours without being bandaged, at least it was put on at 8 o'clock and remained fast until it was removed the next day. I hope your son will meet the success he deserves. All were delighted with the result. . . . Last night I could not sleep, and about midnight I got up and lit the lamp, got the slate, and found that 'Honto' wanted to write. Is it not strange that she chooses moonlight to 'say much.' So she has written these lines for you :—

'How do you do, squaw of the scratch plate,  
     Me come, as me telled you me would.  
 Me waited, and waited for dissions,  
     So me come as soon as me could.

'Me come from the hunting-ground, squaw,  
     Me come in my spirit canoe.  
 Some time you can sail with me, squaw ;  
     Me painted my boat red and blue.

'Honto have heap, much buisum,  
     To tend, so many circums me go.  
 Pale faces love me what know me,  
     And Honto loves pale face, you know.

'Honto am got some more medies,  
     That me passes into deep sleep,  
 So the spirits can come through them,  
     And talk to pale faces heap.

'The preach-chiefs try to teach Indian,  
     And tell them 'bout place in the sky,  
 Where Lamb blood wash out all the bad ;  
     Now Honto know that am a big lie.

‘Indian knows, when he hears the Great Spirit’s voice  
Heap better than the pale faces do,  
Him telled us ’bout good hunting-ground;  
When us come here, us find it all true.

‘That’s why us comes to the circums,  
And work for the pale faces so,  
And tell them none but *them self*  
Can make their blankets white as the snow.

‘Now, pale squaw, when your work am done,  
And you come home, way up above,  
You will find all the God us knows  
Is Charity, Truth and Love.

‘HONTO, *Indian Squaw.*’

“My sister, you just can’t know how I have wanted to come to you, and sit down awhile by your side. I can talk to you as I can to no other. I sometimes feel if I don’t get rest I shall go mad, not so much my hands, but head. I feel sometimes as if my brain was on fire. It is sympathy I want; complete soul sympathy, such as you can give. Not the little sugar-coated kind that’s fixed up for the occasion, like taffy for little children.

“Sister Finck, it is a glorious but sad gift for any one to possess, — this looking into people’s souls; seeing great, strong, beautiful exteriors, with an interior or spirit so weak and tottering that it takes all the empty praise that can be piled up against it for props to make it stand alone. Well, well, with all the ups and downs of life, its worries and rough places, we find many things to enjoy. The old earth is very beautiful, and abounding in things and people to love. I must close lest you begin to think I’m writing a book. I hope to meet you very soon.

“Your sincere friend and sister,

“WACO, Texas, Nov., 1885.

ALICE BLACK.”

As further proof of the knowledge and assistance of immortals in the affairs of those of earth, we are impressed to record that on one of the closing days of November, 1885, we received this message: "Get ready and go to Waco. Your services will be needed, and we want to introduce you to your work of healing.— C. Smith." We did go, and copy from *The Harmonia* the result of the visit:—

#### A PLEASANT WEEK.

On the 21st of September I received a visit from my friends and workers in the cause of Spiritualism, Mrs. Sue J. Finck and her son, A. A. Finck, of Galveston. I had looked for them while Mrs. Gardner was with me, but was content with the disappointment. It was a week certainly spent with spirits and for spirits; it is hard to decide who were partakers of the most good, though I feel myself most blessed of all. The day after their arrival my baby boy of three years was taken with the dengue fever. Dr. Smith, through his medium, A. A. Finck, began treating him with his magnetized paper, and in twenty-four hours he was well and has not been sick since. I had three others to take sick, and all were successfully treated by the same. I can truly testify to the efficacy of his paper in curing disease, and his theory I think so sensible and reasonable,—that all disease is caused by inharmony of electric forces, and the paper equalizes the same and causes harmony, which is health. He claims he is living out his earth life in the practice of medicine through Mr. Finck; and here let me say, long life to his medium and faithful worker, for he is destined to do the world great good. While we were benefited by him in physical health, we feel that we had a renewal of spiritual health

and growth by being in the spiritual aura of Sister Sue J. Finck, with her wonderful powers of independent slate-writing, which is unlike any we have ever seen; it comes backwards, so that it has to be read in a looking-glass, which is so very convincing of the power of the spirits. So many were the loving messages we received from high and exalted spirits, whose progress in the spiritual realms were marked by their communications. The spirits having selected two such pure channels as these two mediums are, I know they will be the means of doing much good, for they are such faithful workers, and may God bless them both is the wish of

MRS. L. A. CRAIG.

Many others were convinced of the power of spirit healing. The dengue was prevailing almost as an epidemic, and those who were spiritually treated recovered in a few hours; but others who were doctored after the old mode were lingering for weeks.

We who have the intuitions somewhat developed are able to grasp interiorly these spiritual facts, and we think strange that others do not. It is sometimes amusing to contemplate the amount of evidence required by people who are spiritually blinded; and still with all they cannot believe, nor perhaps will they ever be able to do so, until so-called death destroys their gross materiality and unseals the eyes of the spirit.

Not long since we were giving a seance to two strange ladies. One of them after getting numerous tests and asking many questions that were satisfactorily answered by her husband, who was at the time communicating, finally said: "Now, husband, I don't know of anything else to ask [pausing]. Well, you may give me the names of all our living kin [another pause], well, and

dead ones, too." In response to this we began then to get names, names, and nothing but names, until, perhaps, more than a hundred were given, not one of which she recognized. This ended the seance. A few days after this, while sitting for another, we were relating the incident, and was asked what we thought it meant, when, on examining the slate we found written: "A spirit's rebuke."

We give in the Appendix that follows a communication received when asked by a person sitting, about the origin of man (*A*); also two received before a public audience in the Spiritual Hall, Galveston, Texas, published in *The Harmonia* (*B*); together with a contribution from that journal in which will be found the ideas of a writer on the same (*C*); also contributions from our pen which have from time to time appeared therein, having been requested to republish them in this volume.

In closing, we ask the kind reader to refer to the little circle we formed and see to what, through faithfulness and an earnest desire for truth, it has led. The beautiful angel who brought the symbolic trumpets (see page 192), surely must have known that some avenue would be opened through which they would be sounded.





## APPENDIX.

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### A. THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

The following was given by independent slate-writing through the mediumship of Mrs. S. J. Finck, of Galveston, Texas: —

*Question.* What is your idea of the origin of man?

*Answer.* We have gleaned but few facts in that line of thought, as neither our work nor our inclinations have led us in that direction. From association with others, however, who have investigated the subject, we shall give opinions we have drawn from the result of their labors. First, bear in mind that the earth is not composed of *dead matter*, as there is no such thing in existence; but it is pregnant with life. Within the dark womb of our common mother — earth — were, and are, the germs of all material life, all that ever was or ever will be. A wise assembly of immortals, *born on older planets*, have since time began on yours, been laboring to prepare conditions for the physical expression of this same life; just as you would make ready for the forthcoming generation of your different seeds, *save* that the laws which govern these things are by them better understood than by you of earth, and the conditions more wisely considered. When all was in perfect readiness to produce and sustain material life, — we mean soil, climate, and locality, — then a distinct and separate species of vegetable, mineral, and animal life came forth in an infantile state, expressing itself according to these same conditions of soil, climate, and locality, which are ever found adapted to their different needs;

life that would develop in a warm, stagnant, muddy pool of water, could not come forth and exist in a clear, cool, running stream. When all the particles and elements needful for the birth and sustenance of all things below man were congregated, attracted, or gathered together in a favorable locality, then from these various elements came forth man, *male and female, positive and negative*, simultaneously. Hence you find man an epitome of the universe, composed of and related to *every living, breathing thing*, and possessing and expressing life in a form which can never lose its identity. This positive and negative *man form* is the highest expression of life through matter, and in *every particle of matter*; for it takes some of all things to produce man. Like all other expressions of life or spirit through matter, he at first was weak and helpless, but was tended and cared for by the same spirits who, under wisdom's divine guidance, prepared conditions for his birth. As you know, the nearer related these different species are the more readily their lives may be blended; as you would say, mixed or crossed. Yet there are some so distinct from others that they will never lose their identity of form; they would cease to produce by any other save their kind. Such is man, and likewise many other of the animal and vegetable kind. Let your own observations and experiences aid you in solving this great problem of life. Spirit is omnipresent, and is ever expressing itself agreeable to conditions. When once expressed it is obedient to the immutable law of unfoldment, and is endowed with power to reproduce after its kind. Man, and all life below him, through the law of necessity, are obedient to conditions; the better the conditions the higher the expression of life. Now, those species brought forth under perfect conditions retain their identity. We have tried to express ourselves as fully and freely as your language will permit, and would recommend the study of the legends of past ages. Beneath their crudities will be found many facts which will throw light on the present age, — the Genesis creation of man, for instance, being

not of itself a truth, but imperfectly containing one. You will also gain much information through communion with nature and your own soul. Your wise guardian is ever waiting to aid your aspirations for truth, and this we hope will open an avenue of thought through which it may be done.

ED. FINCK.

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B. MESSAGES.

He who would destroy this phenomena, would sweep away the foundation of the past Christian dispensation.

F. A. MOOD.

We are on Progression's ship; we have no anchor; love fills the sails, and we are bound for Port Harmony.

CAPT. LAULESS.

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C. WHENCE THE SOUL?

I have read Mr. Bradbury's exposition with care. We are all in search of truth and seem to entertain different notions. I will, with your permission, state in a few words as possible wherein my spirit friends seem to differ with Mr. B., and I do it with the most friendly feeling.

He says, "I start with the soul as a primordial being"; and again, "for it was not produced from matter." Now, put those two ideas together, and compare them with what came through the medium, Mrs. Finck: "First bear in mind that the earth is not composed of *dead matter*, as there is no such thing in existence; but it is pregnant with *life*. Within the dark womb of our common mother—earth—were, and are, the germs of all material life, all that ever was or ever will be. . . . Hence you find man an epitome of the universe, composed of and related to every living, breathing thing, and possessing and expressing life in a form which can never lose its identity." The spirit communicating

also says: "A wise assembly of immortals, *born on older planets*, have since time begun on yours, been laboring to prepare conditions for the physical expression of this same life; just as you make ready for the forthcoming generation of seeds."

You should print the salient points of this communication in large caps, and hang it where everybody could learn a lesson of wisdom. I have been nearly twenty years learning the great lesson contained in that message. The production of the human soul has puzzled the brains of very eminent men, living in different ages; and it is to be regretted that Friend B. did not reply to the interrogatory at the head of his article, and as it is not produced from matter, why not tell us plainly what it was produced from? I have had the opportunity of listening to perhaps two hundred lectures, purporting to come from a delegation composed of some eminent spirits, and among the first cardinal ideas they presented was simply this: What is not matter or substance is *nothing*; that all matter is eternal, uncreated, and composed of infinitesimal or invisible atoms; that each atom is a living or soul entity; that some of these atoms manifest life and activity, and are said to be in a positive condition, while the great mass are inactive, and being negative, we call them dead. That which is alive emanates from and subsists upon what is apparently dead, so that we may say that life comes out of death by processes in nature. There is nothing outside of nature, all of which consists of the atomic particles that constitute matter, and aside from this there is nothing.

Now, Mr. B. says the soul is a being that has attributes, or that it is something, and still it is not a product of matter; but these spirit instructors, whose vision is microscopic and who see spiritualized matter of every shade of fineness, declare there is nothing but material substance from which a spirit or soul can be made, and the spirit, communicating through Mrs. Finck, says in substance the same thing, or conveys the same idea. Candor compels us to say that his definition of soul and spirit is vague, indefinite, and unsatisfactory, as it does

not convey any rational idea of their real nature. The attributes or faculties of the soul are sometimes called organs, and are, as far as ascertained at the present time, some forty or more in number; but wisdom is not one of them; that together with intelligence is an acquirement, the result of cultivation. The spirit is the body of the soul as much in earth life as in spirit life; in the one case it exists in the physical organism; in the other case it exists independent. If you wish to see exactly how your spirit will appear, just look in the glass, and you will behold its precise appearance to a spiritual vision. If it did not look in that manner, how could it be recognized and identified? Mr. B. is correct in stating that the function of reproduction does not reach the soul, which is an eternal entity. The soul of the child is just as old as that of the parent, and has been somewhere and something for all past eternities. All the parents can possibly do is to furnish a physical organism, in which a spirit individuality may reside during the temporary earth life; and as all the manifestations of the new-born spirit are through the physical form furnished by the parents, that gives coloring to the characteristics of the child, and we say properly the child inherits peculiar traits from the parents. We learn that every indivisible particle of substance in the broad universe is a soul entity, containing within itself all the properties of every other particle and all possibilities of development; that the real individual soul entity is the least of all things existing in nature, yet it is an integral part; this is why it eludes the research of the inquiring mind. The only possible way the soul entity can manifest itself is by the accumulation and organization of other entities which compose its spirit body. Nature has provided methods by which the process is being accomplished continuously right before our eyes, but somehow we had to wait till our spirit friends revealed these facts before we could make the discovery. This process is called development, or evolution.

We are told that planets are constructed for the



grand purpose of developing the crudest possible soul entities, which are simply infinitesimal atoms, and the *modus operandi* is to pass them through organized structures composed of other atoms more negative than themselves. For this purpose the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms are used, — they are a necessity; soul entities must pass through them all in the process of evolution. The crop of vegetable life is annually picking up from the mineral untold millions of tons of soul entities, which are called dead matter, but which, they say, immediately when it enters the vegetable, becomes protean, life or protoplasm. The spirit through Mrs. Finck says it is not dead matter in the mineral, and we learn that the vegetable has no power of changing dead matter to that which has life; consequently the vegetable picks up the particles which had the latent element of life within them all the time, and when those atoms are so picked up and are made to exhibit their life forces, they have taken a step upon the ladder of eternal progress. The animal crops the grass, and man eats the animal, and thus builds up his physical organism; and here we see that so-called dead matter may be transmitted into man physically in a brief period. In earth life we identify a person by looking at the physical, as we cannot see the spirit; so in spirit life the identity consists in the spirit body. It would require a wonderfully intensified spirit vision to discern the soul entity; they see only the spirit body, unless it may be in the very highest spheres of spirit existence.

Mr. B. is in error concerning sex in spirit life. A man here could not be identified unless he was a man there; so of the female. If spirit life was not perfectly natural and analogous to this, our experience here would be no preparation for a life there. All the change there is we drop the physical body and retain the spiritual organism, which is a *fac simile* of our bodies, only composed of finer material. He is correct in saying there is a group of organs in the animal brain which are also in the human brain. Now in the human, these organs or faculties he mentions are attributes of the



soul; they are an integral part of the spiritual nature, belonging to the selfhood, just what every spirit carries into spirit life with him. I think we can find every one of the faculties he mentions, and a good many more, fully developed in the dog, and still more in the ape; and if they are attributes of a soul in the human, what are they in a dog? Common sense tells us, just the same. The dog has some of the attributes of a human soul,—that is, just enough for a dog in full activity; and by what authority can we say he has no soul? The dog, as well as every other animal form, has a selfhood, an individuality; it is a real something in nature, and it seems to be an axiom with spirits that something cannot be changed to nothing; hence they unhesitatingly declare that every animal possesses a spiritual body which survives all dissolution. There is, they tell us, an element which they term evolution, or progressive development, which pervades the universe of nature, and all things are subject to its controlling force. The general tendency is to change to a higher condition, and the spirit of each animal is subject to the same universal law, and nature has provided a method by which each individual spirit may progress upward. The mistake our friend makes is not to grant to the animal the inherent right to progress to a higher condition. He does not discover that they have all the possibilities, all the organs within them, latent, ready to be brought into activity when they arrive at the proper conditions; and the only reason why man has the higher organs developed is because he has passed through all the lower conditions. There is where he developed the basic powers of his spiritual organism. There are untold millions of individual organisms of every grade to be born during the next decade, and each one must have a spirit endowed with a soul developed up to just the condition of the organism to be born. If it is Anglo-Saxon, a suitable spirit is required; if an Ethiopian, one less unfolded answers; and if an ape, one still less; but you cannot reasonably suppose the spirit of a wood-chuck would do for the ape, or of a dog for an Ethiopian, or

you would not put the spirit of the defunct ape into the Anglo-Saxon. Still the proper spirits are to be supplied, and as far as any information Mr. B. has given us, the query still remains, "Whence the soul?" But we seem to know some things absolutely; they do not come to us by conjecture; we know untold millions of deaths have occurred in the last five or ten thousand years, of every description of human and animal organism; we seem to know another thing,—there never was an organism without an individual soul and spirit entity to survive the dissolution of the physical. One more thing we know,—the universal element of progressive development pervades all nature, nothing escapes its influence; these souls or spirits are subject to this universal force; they must of necessity go to higher conditions. Here are the spirits already furnished by the silent processes found in nature existing by the millions, waiting anxiously to go a step higher upon the ladder of eternal evolution. There are doubtless one hundred million of Anglo-Saxons to be born within the next fifty years upon this continent. Asiatics, Europeans, Africans, and aboriginal Indians have been dying by millions for untold ages in the past, and there are millions of spirits who have been in that life their allotted time and are all ready to step into a higher organism.

W. F. LYON.

ADRIAN, Michigan.

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#### A HOME EXPERIENCE.

Much of the phenomena attending Modern Spiritualism is of a private or home character; in fact, that which reaches the heart most effectually is the manifestations that are ever occurring amongst every class within the sacredness of home. But little, and many times nothing, is said of them by the happy recipient, who fears the cold criticism and ridicule of a material humanity. Yet, friends, this extreme delicacy should not exist; these same footfalls of angels have been heard in other homes, and telling them will strengthen others whose cup of joy has been made full by similar experiences. The

time has not been long since we made the inquiry, "Who are Spiritualists?" but to-day we ask, "Who are not?" Those who are too creed-bound to outwardly express it, inwardly believe it, or at least, hope it may be so. I have belonged to two different orthodox churches. In the early days of life I sat regularly under the drippings of a Christian sanctuary, yet I never yet have seen the man or woman who thought hell was made for them, but I have seen and met many who believed it to be made for their next neighbor. Touching incidents of the fact of the constant loving care of the spirit world have many times occurred in our family, and when related to others, although these same others may have been professed opposers to the spiritual philosophy, yet it would evoke from them some like experience. The presence of the celestial visitants is not confined to the homes of believers, but they are crossing every threshold, with the eager hope of gaining an entrance into the consciousness of some loved and grief-stricken heart. They are ever laboring with watchful and tender care to break through the creedal walls that custom and so-called religion have been so long building, and in this enlightened nineteenth century venture to assert that not one man or woman, who is possessed of any degree of human affection and feeling and ordinary mentality, in the sincerity of their souls, subscribes fully to any church dogmas or doctrine. While we all admit that sweet memories cluster around the past dispensation, because it was the belief, perhaps, of a sainted mother or manly father, yet be it remembered that these same fond recollections cling to many other time-honored institutions and things which we have been compelled to dispense with through the irresistible law of *eternal progression*. The discovery of the spirit world is not surrounded with half the seeming impossibilities that was the discovery of this western world of ours, — this continent all pulsating with new life, prophetic of grand possibilities, and destined in the future to give birth to a people who will be truly enlightened, a liberty-loving and living race. These late upheavals and strifes

between organized men and organized money, these feelings of doubt and distrust permeating both church and state, are each and all finger points on the road of time, indicating where we are going. My pen or inspirations have somewhat taken me from the incident that I started to relate, which at the time awakened within my soul such emotions of gratitude and love that I am sure it will touch a tender chord in some other sorrowing, hopeless heart. Not long since a last and youngest daughter had chosen one upon whom she lavished more affection than those of her childhood's home; consequently wedded him of her choice. Now, while my reason and judgment said this was altogether right and proper, — these marriage relations, I mean; these relations which the most of us have or will form, — yet unhappily for me my soul cries out in agony at other ties that are so often sundered, in this life at least. It, too, may be a mother's selfishness that I have tried in vain to conquer, but the marriage of my children has ever been attended with a heartache, worse even than their bodily death could cause. This feeling, however, has been crushed and smothered on each such occasion, in consideration of their feelings and happiness. This last darling daughter was yet to remain in the old home with us, which she did until the illness of her husband required a change of locality, and duty called her by his side. I have written the above by way of explanation, that the following may be fully comprehended.

She came one night to my bedside after I had retired, and imprinted upon my lips a warm kiss of affection, saying: "Mother, we must leave you to-morrow." For some moments a choking sob of grief prevented any reply, but upon gaining self-possession, I calmly replied, "Be it so." Both our hearts were too full for further utterance, and thus we separated for the night. When left alone, under the weird influences of darkness, my mind became occupied by the great problem of life — why we lived, loved, and were separated; why these painful changes that time was ever bringing to each and all; of the dear ones that had thus left, forming new

but no holier ties than that of mother and child. I was thinking that now mine had grown to man and womanhood, soon the last may pass through the home doorway, and I be left on life's bleak roadside alone, and in the depths of my heart I prayed to be taken before that be. In that moment of agony I saw the page of a book, upon the top corners of which were the words arranged as below, with the names and marks:—

“SUSAN J. FINCK.

A. A. FINCK.

“LOOK ON PAGE 26.”

This at once aroused me from that state of intense thought into which I had fallen, and I reached to feel for a pencil on a table standing near by; but failing to find one, I kept repeating the words and fixing their arrangement in my memory, until I was sure I could retain them until morning, which I did, making a note of it; after relating the vision to the family I was much impressed it was fraught with meaning. Time passed on, and the circumstance was forgotten, until one evening very recently we were sitting for slate-writing, and my son, A. A. FINCK, had been asking about some clairvoyant visions he had seen. (Just here I will state, that while sitting for slate-writing I can never think to ask any questions, and furthermore, the good spirits for some reason never give me anything in that way.) After we were through with the slate communications, we were speaking of what had been written in regard to my son's clairvoyant perceptions, when it occurred to my mind that I might have learned something of what I have related, and I so stated to him, who replied in a careless, unthinking way: “Mother, I can tell you, it was page twenty-six of our book.” In the same manner I replied: “That is so!” We had been passively sitting for spirit communications, and were both sensitives and in good condition to receive impressions or inspirations from life's more elevated plane. We got the manuscript and turned to page 26, which was the close of the introductory chapter. Dear reader, bear in



mind this book is a product of his spiritual experiences and mine, and was written by and through my son and self, whose names were seen on the corners of the page as above. Your own perceptions will readily discern why the good angels presented a vision of that particular page at that most needed and welcome time. I copy from page 26 (43 of this volume), these comforting words: "Through all our eventful, and oftentimes perilous lives, have we struggled through most trying scenes, receiving spirit aid and direction when heart and flesh had failed us, and freely lending our humble organisms to the blessed immortals to pour consolation's sweet balm into other sorrowing souls, whenever conditions were favorable and opportunities offered." I was comforted, and saw there was work still for me to do, and I know the same sustaining hands will lead, direct, and aid me.

In conclusion I would say, we as Spiritualists need more of an affectional nature in our literature. Spiritualism has been largely treated upon in its philosophical, intellectual, and scientific aspects, but our kind guides tell us that these manifestations are born of human affections, and I am impressed through the affectional nature of humanity they are to be emancipated from all error, and finally come forth in pure and perfect freedom, a royal people, fitted to walk and talk with the angels.

SUE J. FINCK.

GALVESTON, Texas.

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#### CHRISTMAS GREETING.

[Through the organism of Mrs. L. S. Gardner.]

"Peace on earth, good will to man." Let it ring out till the glad tidings not only reach the uttermost ends of the earth, but until all men shall feel the drawing of the silken cord, until every heart shall echo the sweet refrain, "Peace on earth." While we do not hold to the mythical isms and customs, while we repudiate the idea of a universal Saviour and the Bible plan of salva-



tion, we love the pure and beautiful, and reverence the *true*. How beautiful the thought of angels heralding the advent of a peace-maker; that the light of a new dawn was ushered in by song and the well wishes of celestial guardians for the peace of earth. Christmas stands as a hallowed day in the lives of many. In the dreariest time of the year it comes as a ray of sunshine. The winds whistle through icy lips the joyous refrain. Why is this? The echoing chimes answer, "'Tis the power of love." From the first Christmas, good-will has flowed as a stream from one to another. It is a day in every clime, every country, held sacred; some heart knows and feels it is a time of reunion; in every home there are unseen visitants, words of cheer uttered to the soul alone. Around each hearthstone are clustered memories kept bright by the love of those who having passed from the shadows throw back the glimpses of their spirit lamp. Christmas has, in the revolution of years, lost much of its religious import, but has planted so many sweet flowers in the garden of the soul, so many tear drops have been crystalized into crown jewels, that we with our earthly friends welcome it as a time of rejoicing. With us it is a great circle day; we draw nearer to our human loved ones, because they unconsciously give us the conditions, open as it were the door of communication, by sending memory into the years that are gone to gather tender thoughts of "their dead." Then, friends, let us cherish the holy day, not holy as the birthday of a God, but sacred because by the power of association it draws us nearer together. Celebrate it with laughter and song, if the heart be light; with calm resignation, if troubles are around you, realizing that your friends on the living shore rejoice in your happiness and grieve with you in your sorrow.

NED FINCK.

## LETTER TO MRS. L. S. GARDNER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

Your letter came late yesterday evening, bearing the loving message from my darling boy, for which accept many thanks. My dear sister, one cause of my not writing before is that I have been trying to materialize upon paper some of my experiences since you left, and have found it difficult to do and be rightly understood. We know so much that can't be worded. I would not try to explain my recent experiences to any one but yourself; you alone can enter with me into "the holy of holies" of the human soul, since your experiences spiritually, I am sure, have been similar to my own, so far as you have gone. Now I shall write plainly and honestly as human language will permit, and what I cannot express you will be able to grasp intuitively. Remember, I am writing to the Witch of Tyler, not an ordinary human. What of my experiences spiritually, that common humanity will be able to grasp and profit by, I may be able to give in a contribution to our magazine that is in process of being born. As an introduction to what I am going to write, I must say that from earliest childhood I and my brother (of whom you have heard me speak) were "sleep walkers" or somnambulists, and have performed wonderful things while in that condition, much to the inconvenience and annoyance of our father. Now I often sleep this kind of sleep, and can readily distinguish it from natural sleep by the complete exhaustion felt upon awakening. During one of these sleeps I saw and became familiar with the different modes of communication between this and the spirit world, from inspiration down to the grossest manifestation, and different organisms fitted to produce them. I clearly saw the wires spanning immensity, and noted many places that in human language would be called batteries and telegraphic offices. I cannot describe it more perfectly than to say that in this room

there was a web like unto a spider's, whose ends or fastening seemed lost in the walls near the cabinet where I was sitting, and over my head seemed a centre, that is, a much thicker place, with the finest of wires running from every direction to this centre. Many of these thread-like wires ran downward from the upper heavens and seemed made of light. I found them to be thought conductors. I took a slate, covered the table, and held it under as you do; when I awoke I found a communication, not written as it is for you, but upside down and backwards. After this we had much writing, and get it now whenever we sit. Let me impress upon your mind *that a medium is a medium every moment of his life, day and night.* The want of this knowledge has plunged many in a sea of doubt. Spirits have many and various ways of gathering and imparting intelligence to those they are using, and many times the mediums feel themselves dishonest; this is simply meeting a demand for physical manifestations. This is a materialistic age; nothing will appease the hungerings of humanity but something they can see and handle. You will be able to perceive and intuitively grasp much that is unwritten. Now, my dear sister, I have not written half I could if time allowed, but I fear to offend by too much advice. With much love, I am your fellow-laborer,

SUE J. FINCK.

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#### SPIRITUAL HALL AT GALVESTON

The Spiritualists of Galveston have organized, rented a place for meeting together, and we hope will be able to harmonize and work together for the enlightenment and spiritual advancement of themselves, and the diffusion of the spiritual philosophy to all earnest seekers for truth. The following is from Mrs. Sue J. Finck:—

After repeated efforts to secure some place where we could assemble together for spiritual advancement and social enjoyment, we have at last, through the aid of

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kind hearts, procured a hall and rooms in the Masonic Temple. Here we have opened a reading-room, have a nice library where any and all who may desire can spend a pleasant hour in a liberal atmosphere. Some one will be found at the hall from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., by whom all visitors will be received, cordially welcomed, and entertained. Our place of meeting is designated by the name of Spiritual Hall. Spiritualism being comprehensive, it embraces all reformatory movements. We have subscribed to no articles of faith, and are unfettered by creed. Our platform is broad and free for the fullest expression of the highest and best thoughts on the living issues of the day. A chairman, secretary, and treasurer, are the appointed officers to transact the business pertaining thereto. At as early a day as possible arrangements will be made for lecturers and manifestations of spiritual power.

A. A. FINCK.  
MAGNETIZED PAPER A SPECIALTY.

Address A. A. FINCK, Galveston, Texas.

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## TESTIMONIALS.

ADA, Mich., Feb. 17.

Mr. A. A. FINCK:—

DEAR SIR: I received from you two sheets of magnetized paper and commenced wearing it at once. After using the two sheets I can see it has helped me, and I most sincerely thank you and your spirit guide for the benefit it has done me. Enclosed find one dollar fifty to pay for what I have had, and send the paper for the remainder of the money.

Yours truly,

C. V. CHASE.

HILLSBORO, Texas, Dec. 19, 1885.

A. A. FINCK:—

DEAR SIR: Some time ago you sent Col. W. S. Booth of this place some sample sheets of your magnetized paper. At the time my baby was very sick with a bowel complaint and had been for some time, and the application of one sheet 24 hours made a complete cure. I want you to send me by return of mail five sheets of the paper; my father is quite sick and I want them right off.

Yours truly,

H. F. ATTAWAY.

This is to certify that my son and myself applied to Mr. A. A. Finck for some of his magnetized paper for friends, and that after they had used ten sheets they

were completely cured of kidney disease; also that a young man in my house afflicted with pain in the breast for years was restored to health after a few applications. I most cheerfully recommend the papers to all who are suffering with pain in the kidneys or any other part of the body.

Yours most truly,

THOMAS H. DRYDEN.

357 Strand, Galveston, Feb. 15, 1887.

HILLSBORO, Texas, May 12, 1886.

A. A. FINCK:—

DEAR SIR: Enclosed find postal note for one dollar, for which send me five sheets of your magnetized paper. About five months ago I received two sheets of your magnetized paper when my granddaughter, Ethel Attaway, about ten months old, had been suffering three weeks with a bowel complaint something like the flux. My daughter placed one sheet on her bowels. She immediately went to sleep and slept 12 hours, and in less than 24 hours was perfectly well, and she has not been sick a day since. I know it to be an infallible remedy for all bowel complaints of children.

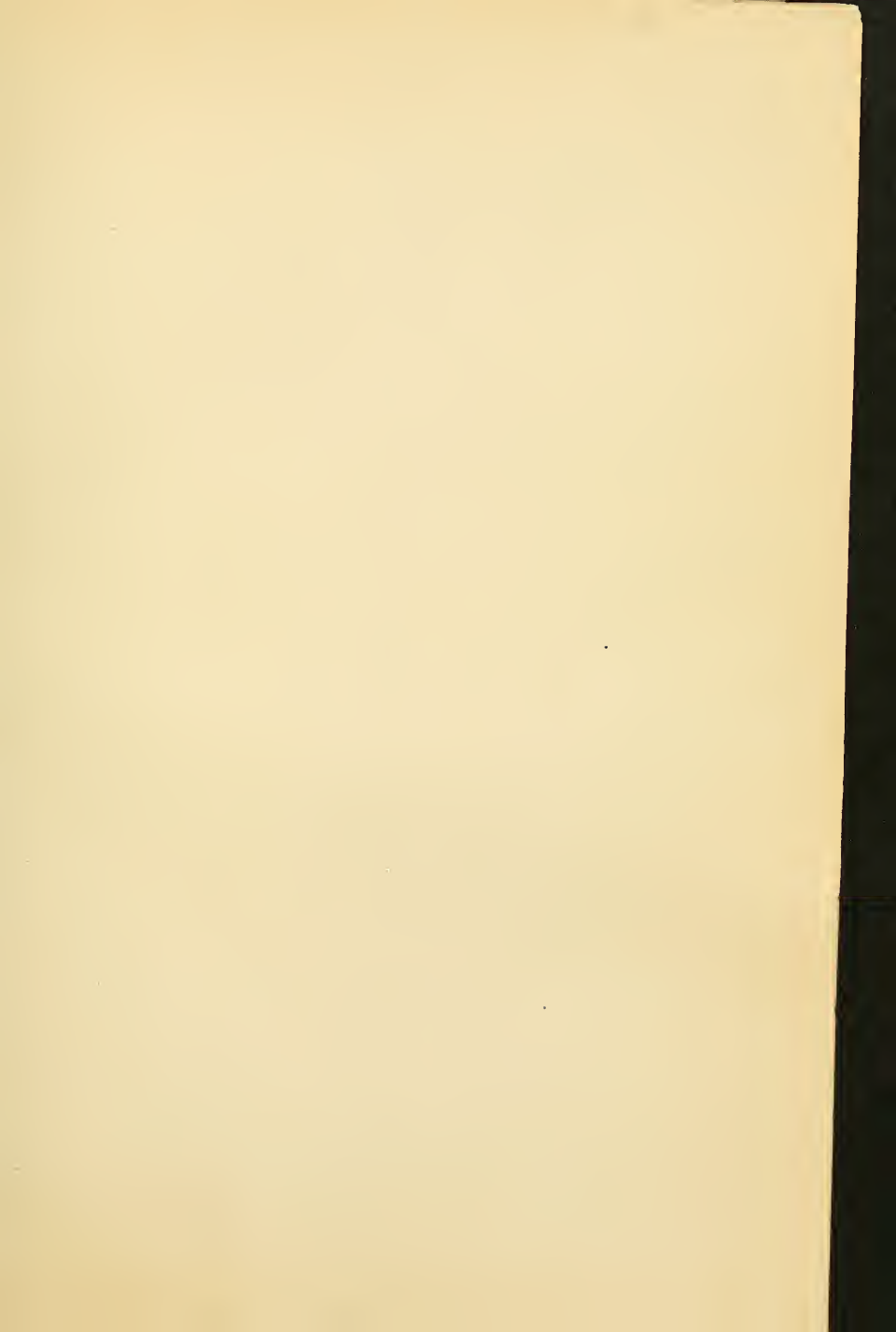
WM. L. BOOTH.


We have received a number of very satisfactory reports of the remedial and curative properties of A. A. Finck's Magnetized Paper. All those who are afflicted should by all means send for a few sheets of this paper, and give it a fair trial, and report results to us. The paper is on sale at this office, or can be had by addressing A. A. Finck, Twelfth Street, between Strand and Avenue A, Galveston, Texas. — *The Harmonia*.







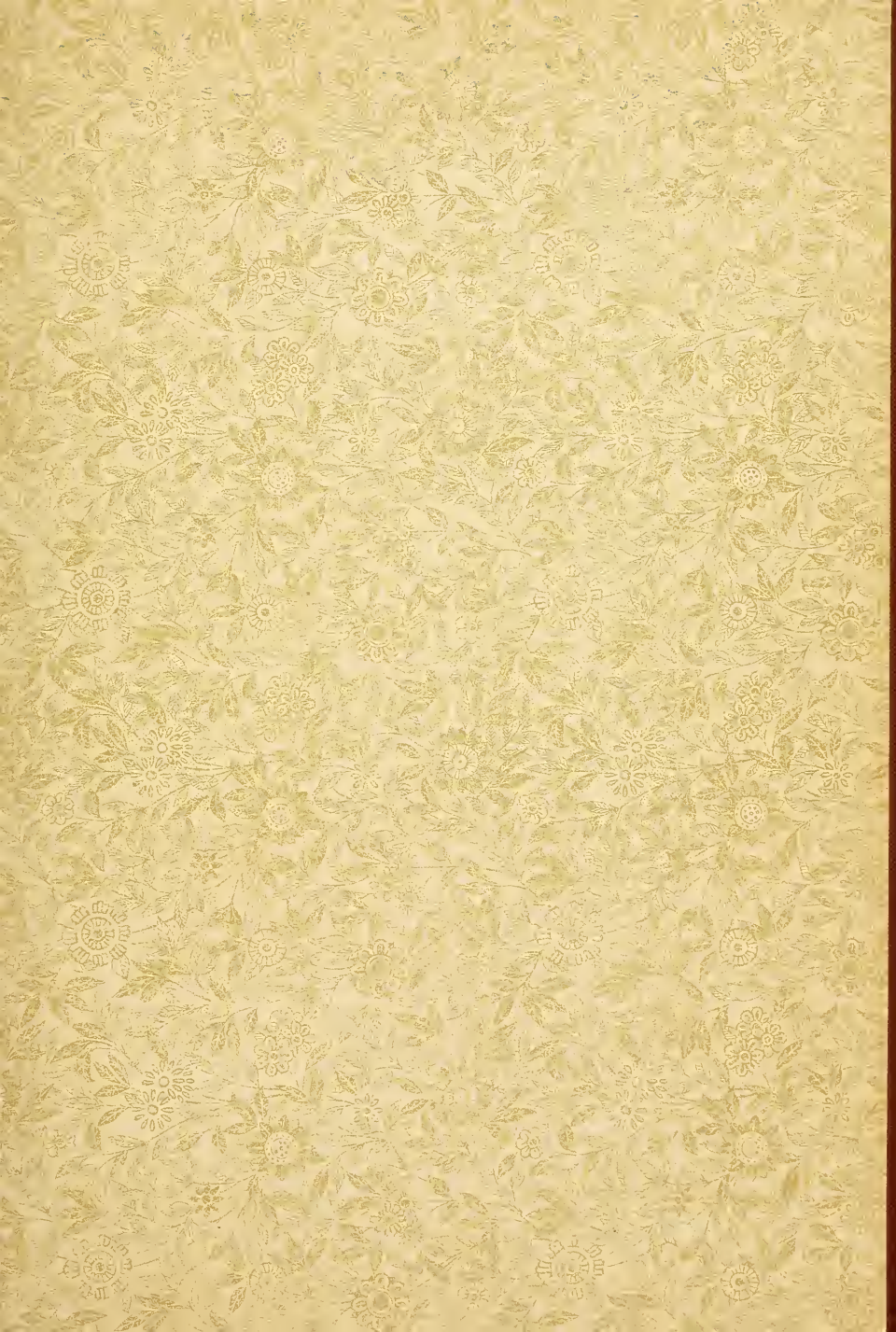




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